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NOVEMBER 30, 1946

SATURDAY NIGHT

PRICE 10 C

VOL. 62, NO. 13 • TORONTO, CANADA

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DEC 4 1946

TREMAINE
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TORONTO 5
DEC 27 3-R44-40

THE FRONT PAGE

Lame-Duck Congress

THE coal strike reveals an even greater weakness resulting from the unadaptable nature of the United States Constitution than that which proceeds from the fact that the legislative and executive branches of the government are often two years apart in conforming to a change in public opinion. The Constitution still requires the same delay in the assumption of power by a new Congress as was necessary in the horse-and-buggy era when it took weeks to learn who was elected from the remoter States and to summon the successful candidates to attend at Washington. The only Congress which can deal immediately with Mr. John Lewis is the Congress of which a large number of members have just been defeated at the polls. The new Congress cannot convene until January 3. That is far too late to be of any use in the coal strike emergency. This of course was an essential factor in Mr. Lewis's timing.

It is the general belief that the strike cannot be dealt with without legislation. It is probably an illegal strike, because it is a strike against the government which is still operating the coal mines; it would not be an illegal strike if the owners were back in possession. But the mere fact that a strike is illegal does not mean that is is preventable by process of law. Strikes are not prevented by declaring them illegal, as any member of the Canadian Government will cheerfully testify since Hamilton. Strikes can only be prevented by imposing effective penalties on those who strike illegally; and these penalties do not exist in United States legislation, any more than they did in Canada's legislation. The Canadian strikers were to some extent tired out and to some extent pacified by giving them part of their demands. The United States strikers cannot be tired out before an almost irreparable injury will have been done to American business; and they cannot be given very much of what they demand without an enormous increase in the cost of all American production.

It is highly possible, even probable, that Congress will have been called before these lines are read. It will be a "lame-duck" Congress, and it would be the height of unwisdom for it to attempt to pass any general labor legislation intended to be durable. But it can pass legislation that would make it very costly for Mr. Lewis's union to refuse to come to terms. Public support for such legislation, after a week or two of coal shortage, would be pretty emphatic, and neither political party would run the risk of alienating public opinion by blocking it, even to curry favor with the labor vote. If the conflict can be settled within a week or two, the result may be highly beneficial to business, for this is labor's trump card, and after it has been played and the trick gathered in, the course of the game for some months to come will be pretty clear.

Vote In Vacuum

THE Toronto City Council has decided to take a vote of the municipal electorate on the question, whether they desire cocktail lounges as authorized by the provincial government. The lounges have already been authorized, and the electorate cannot override the provincial government, and the vote will have no legal effect whatever. It will be a sort of semi-official Gallup Poll.

If a number of votes exceeding one-half of the *total* electorate is polled *against* the proposed cocktail lounges, the poll will have been of some value, and we shall urge upon Mr. Drew that he make some concessions to the public opinion thus demonstrated. But no such vote, of course, will be recorded. What will happen will be that about half the electors will turn out to vote, and something like

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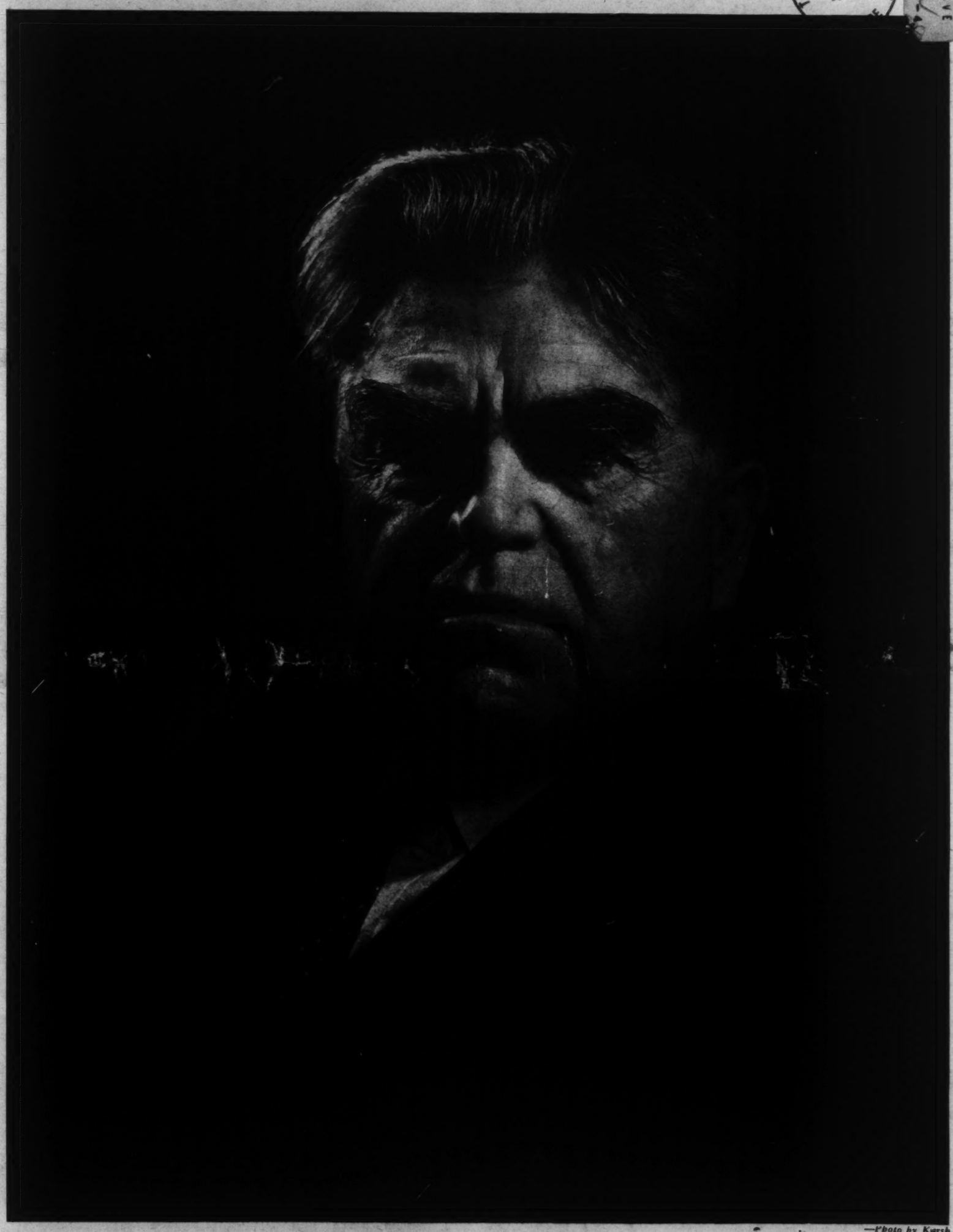

—Photo by Karsh

27 years ago John L. Lewis said he couldn't fight the Government; this time he wasn't so particular.

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Homes Must Be Given Balts While Morale High

These young girls, who would be an asset to any country, are Balts from Estonia who do not wish to return there and are now awaiting their fate in a Displaced Persons Camp near Munich.

The education of these Balt children in the D.P. camps in Germany has clearly not been neglected.

Discipline and morale are kept up by such organizations as these Girl Guides starting on a hike.

By B. K. Sandwell

AMONG the Displaced Persons in Europe for whom it should be easiest for Canada to provide a good many homes are the Balts—nationals of the Baltic states now occupied by Russia who do not wish to return to those states.

These pictures were taken in a large camp of Estonians and Latvians near Munich, extremely well run by an American woman commandant, Mrs. Kurth. Practically all of the work in the fitting up of this camp was done by the inmates themselves, who as will be seen can turn their hand to many types of occupation. The chapel in the cellar in the last picture was entirely their own workmanship. The morale in the Balt camps is reported by all observers as extremely high.

THESE photographs were supplied to SATURDAY NIGHT by the deputy commandant of the camp, an Englishman, who states that he has found the Balts very fine types, industrious, honest, lively and adaptable.

"One of the things which too few people realize is that in the case of Displaced Persons in camps 'he gives twice who gives quickly'—if the gift is the prospect of a secure and permanent economic settlement in some new land. The longer they remain in fear and insecurity, the more their stamina and morale are undermined, and they deteriorate as prospective settlers."

Most of these Balts are Protestants, which means that, as there is little or no organic connection between Protestant communions in Canada and those in continental Europe, there is nobody here with a special interest in pleading their case as there would be if they were Catholics or Jews.

Pride in craftsmanship has contributed a great deal to keeping up morale in this Balt camp in the U.S. zone of Germany.

Estonians are great chess players, but the player at the left in the above game is also a ten-mile running champion.

Mechanical skill comes naturally to these industrious Balt workmen who are here making their own camp furniture.

Cooks and dietitians are pretty useful people around a Displaced Persons camp even if the materials available are limited. Could Canada use a few workers like these?

The equipment which turned this cellar into a beautiful chapel was entirely the work of the inmates of the Balt Displaced Persons camp. Most of the Balts are Protestants.

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"The Iceman Cometh" When Illusions Are Lost!

Down-and-outs in the Bowery saloon of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh" (first act, 1¼ hours) are waiting for Hickey, the salesman who sometimes gives them a party to revive their morale and gets as drunk as they do.

But Hickey startles his host, Harry Hope, by announcing that he has got rid of his pipe dreams and doesn't need liquor.

By Nat Benson

HAD the Bard of Avon decided about the year 1610 to come out of his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon to stage, let us say, a bang-up production of his own sour commentary on the human race called "Timon of Athens," he would not likely have been greeted with anything like the tremendous hullabaloo which has raged about Eugene O'Neill's return to Broadway after 12 years absence.

The stormy and poetic-minded O'Neill is now undoubtedly the world's greatest practising dramatist, now that G.B.S. at 90 has gracefully retired to defend only his title as the world's greatest controversialist. O'Neill has won the famed Pulitzer Prize three times and the Nobel Prize once. Shaw is certainly his only rival, for Shaw's bust adorns even the main lobby's alcove of the Theatre Guild's ornate offices on 53rd Street.

Out of a dozen years of doubt-tortured and haunted retirement, richly productive because they revealed a true artist's creative restlessness, O'Neill has brought an almost-great play back to Broadway. The theatrical world remembered him best for his pleasant comedy "Ah! Wilderness," which was more like a tale of Booth Tarkington's than a creation of the heaven-storming Prometheus who first arose in Provincetown.

"THE Iceman Cometh" is an intensely provocative play—full of conflict, ideas, vigor, violence, profound common sense, deep human pity—just about everything that a great play needs but restraint and condensation. Out of a cast of 19, O'Neill has created 11 memorable, living, human characters.

True, they are almost without exception persons whom the best people in Rosedale and Scarsdale would regard as unquestionably scummy not to say scruffy—they are bums, bawds, pimps, down-and-outs, dipsos, an unforgettable bevy of confused, demoralized, defeated has-beens and never-wasers who have almost completely lost their former identities, and now catch only vague, shifting glimpses of life through a lifting miasma of bad liquor, blasted hopes, pipe dreams of tomorrow and remotely-possible regeneration.

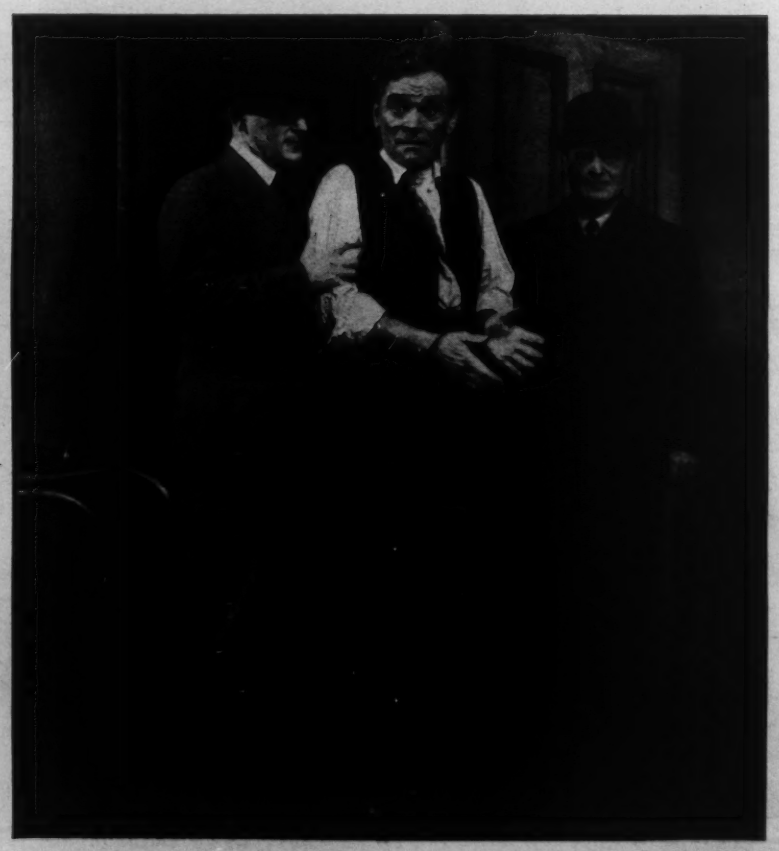
"The Iceman Cometh" is a long, grimly-honest *comédie humaine*, a relentlessly skilful delineation and presentation of the poor yet heroic hopes, fears, dreams, lusts, and vices of a dozen and

(*Continued on Page* 30)

Streetwalkers Pearl and Margie arrive at the saloon in not . . .

. . . too good a mood but cheer up for Harry's birthday party.

Once-vigorous editor of anarchist periodicals, Hugo Kilmar feels an oration coming on as he tipples with his cronies.



. . . by him! As he is taken off by detectives to "peace" and the electric chair, he feigns madness so that his friends may go back to pipe dreams, their own particular brand of peace.

But what has happened to the formerly exuberant Hickey? Carrier-of-the-white-man's burden "Captain" Lewis, Harry Hope and Larry Slade suspect his yearning for a peaceful life. Why, they ask, hasn't he pulled his usual gag about leaving his wife with the iceman? Because, Hickey finally flares, she was murdered . . .

DEAR MR. EDITOR

The Authority of Common Usage Is Disturbing to Some Purists

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR article "Broadcast English" is most interesting and timely. You speak of the verb "have" as exceptional, in that it does not prefix the verb "do" in questions and negations. May I point out that the verb "be" is another exception?

It is incontestable that exceptional usages in language tend to conform; even more so is the implication that good colloquial English tends to become good literary English.

In our house, however, the article gave rise to a hot discussion. The majority maintained that "Russia has not got the atomic bomb" is much more likely to be finally accepted than "Russia does not have the atomic bomb"—that the one is good colloquial English, the other a not very well-known localism.

Certainly the habit of using "do" with "have" in negations is very common in the Southern States. In Louisiana and Alabama you too often get the reply, "We don't have any", when you ask for a favorite dish at a restaurant. Once in Mobile, I boarded my usual bus, in a great hurry, and proffered cash instead of the customary ticket. "Don't you have any tickets to-day?" exclaimed the driver as he seized my dollar and ran into the office. Returning, breathless, he handed me the strip of tickets with the remark, "You see, I don't have any money." The idiom was new to the Canadians there—who had classified it with "How come?" and "You all".

However, neither Southerners nor broadcasters have, as yet, used "do" with the verb "be", although certain Irish dialects provide a little variety here. I once heard a small Irish-Canadian talking of his big brother's prowess and technique in "playing hookey." "Sometimes he bees in school at nine for roll-call," he said, admiringly, "and doesn't be here all the rest of the day!" It would be nice if the broadcasters would imitate this.

As for "has got", which some purists denounce, it would pass without comment in England, I imagine. Indeed most decently-educated people in England pay less attention to "authorities" than we do. After all, dictionaries are based on language, not language on dictionaries. The English attitude seems to be that "what we say" is the standard and the Fowlers of the world may take notice. Winston Churchill says "It's me" and regardless of grammar, they all cry "That's him!" and use "get" and "has got" etc. without a qualm. A little arrogant perhaps.

Curiously enough, the purists who shudder at "has got" use the word "gotten" freely, while in the U.K. it went out with "hath" and "getteth".

Sometimes on the other hand, respect for authority leads to such absurdities as the following beautifully expurgated version of a well-known nursery classic—found in a child's picture book, published in Boston, Mass.

Old Mother Hubbard
She went to the cupboard
To *find* her poor dog a bone.
But when she *came* there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog *had* none.

The italics are mine. Has SATURDAY NIGHT (got) an atomic bomb to drop on that one?

Toronto, Ont. A. W.

McClure and The Press

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MISS Dorothy Thompson, in her column in the *Globe and Mail*, November 15, says: "Not only negatively, but actively, we assist the communization process (in Germany)". Gault MacGowan, reporting from Berlin in the New York *Sun*, Nov. 6, said: "General McClure, chief of information services in the American zone, has just handed over the DANA (a sort of German associated press) to a cooperative of forty-one newspapers. The license to head the chain has been given to Dr. Rudolph Agricola, acting chairman of the publishers' committee, and editor of the Heidelberg *Rhine-Ecker*. Dr. Agricola is not a professional journalist, but a former school teacher (by the way, can't a school teacher become a journalist?), member of the Communist Party since 1933 (by the way, the year in which Hitler dissolved that party), and Communist candidate for the Wuerttemberg Landtag."

Newsweek, November 18: "THANKS, GEN.: Brig. Gen. Robert A. McClure, Director of Information Control, gave us a good send-off in his announcement that the German news agency, DANA, had been transformed from a military-government operation into a German organization. In presenting the license to Dr. Necker, general manager and editor-in-chief, McClure said that the policy of turning over information services to the Germans was based on 'the belief that we would find in Germany men and women who were convinced that a well-informed public is the world's greatest security'."

Obviously, DANA cannot have two licencees. Most likely both, Agricola and Necker, are somehow connected with DANA. But is the American press practising "the world's greatest security" if the journalists, without in any way misrepresenting facts, select them so as to make them fit in with their pet "theories?"

Toronto, Ont. R. M. COPER

Juggling With Millions

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

YOUR British Columbia letter by Mr. P. W. Luce in S.N. Nov. 16 is guilty, in my opinion, of some very loose figuring, when it states that there are "$10,000,000 going into the coffers of hotel keepers and businessmen each day."

The word "each" is the crux of the matter. It indicates that 1,000,000 American tourists are in Vancouver at one time, (a doubtful possibility), but does not say for what period.

Now, if we estimate the average tourist's trip at three days, (an arbitrary figure), we have 3,000,000 tourist days at $10 per day, giving a total inflow of $30,000,000 to the aforementioned coffers, something very different from $10,000,000 *each* day during probably the greater part of "this year."

Mr. Luce also refers to "an additional $5,000,000" picked up from half-a-million American tourists to other parts of the province and gaily adds this in to make a "grand total of $15,000,000 from the holiday trade." Does the word "grand" indicate that he is now not thinking in terms of "each day?"

Finally, estimate the number of tourists, multiply by the estimated average number of days for each tourist, then multiply the result by the estimated average daily expenditure per tourist and you will reach a figure which will have some meaning. But $10,000,000 each day! Well, hardly!

Toronto, Ont. WILLIAM GRAY

P.S.: The word "loose" slipped in quite naturally, and is not to be taken as a play on the name of the letter-writer. W.G.

Oldest Correspondent

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I WAS very much interested in a letter by Miss K. Helena Stotesbury in your issue of November 16. The three Stotesbury brothers she mentions were fellow-pupils with me at Bishop's College School, Lennoxville.

Later, about 1872, I was an impecunious bank-clerk in Toronto when Jay Stotesbury looked me up. He and his family were very kind to me in several ways. They then occupied a large house situated about where the Maple Leaf Gardens now are. I wonder if Miss Stotesbury would be willing to tell me what she knows of the lives of my former school-fellows? Most of my old friends have gone to a better world.

Toronto, Ont. W. O. MONTIZAMBERT
(91 years old)

Of Laurier Statues

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. ALEX SMART, in a letter published in your issue of Nov. 16 seems to think that the disappearance of *Le Jour* was due to the same influences which are supposed to have prevented the erection of a statue to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Quebec or Montreal.

Le Jour fell of its own weight; it interested some English-speaking, such as Mr. Smart, far more than it did the bulk of the French Canadians.

If the Archbishop of Montreal had anything to do with the erecting of statues in Dominion Square, how is it that one can actually find there only continuing Presbyterians such as Sir John A. Macdonald and Bobbie Burns?

As for the Mountain sites, McGill owns by far the best part of it (the southern exposure), and since Laurier is one of its sons, why could he not have found a home there?

In the minds of most French Canadians, the apparent reason why there is no statue to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in Quebec or Montreal lies chiefly in his compromise on the Manitoba School question and the unfortunate manner in which the Catholic school situation developed in various parts of Canada.

Montreal, Que. VICTOR SAUCISSE

Puzzled

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS always amusing to see a tart-tongued critic tripping over his own feet. Consider this sentence from David Brock's article "Frenchmen Add Poetry And Irony To Speech". (S.N., November 9.) "Whether the American is a professor of English or a popular journalist, you will find his prose not only slacker, but sometimes entirely without any meaning whatsoever."

Edmonton, Alberta J. R. MCNEILLIE

A Bit of Leg Pulling

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

EVEN quite literate people make silly slips, saying east when they mean west and Napoleon when they mean Nebuchadnezzar, and thus it is not unnatural when Mr. Arthur Stringer says Edmund March while meaning Edward Marsh. It is merely as if one said Lancelot Roper or Arnold Strapper while meaning Arthur Stringer.

But when Mr. Stringer makes deliberate fun of Rupert Brooke for being thrilled when "mendaciously told" that only a few villages lie between Ottawa and the North Pole, that is different. It is stupid instead of careless.

No doubt Rupert Brooke was stupid too, to be thrilled by so obvious a fact. But it was a fact, and Mr. Stringer says it is a lie. Ottawa is somewhere between 75 and 76 degrees west of Greenwich. And what lies north of Ottawa? Hull, and then the roaring metropolis of Maniwaki (somewhat west) and then Mont Laurier, that gay capital (somewhat east), and after that only Great Whale River (known as Little New York) and Sugluk West (the Chicago of Ungava) and a very few other Eskimo Babylons.

Mr. Brooke's letters may have become curios barely 28 years after they were published (by that same Edwin Marsh), but they are not so curious as Mr. Twine's review makes out. When I say Mr. Brooke, I refer of course to the distinguished Scottish chemist, Robert Rivers.

West Vancouver, B.C. D. BADGER

SATURDAY NIGHT
THE CANADIAN WEEKLY
Established 1887

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, Great Britain and all other parts of British Empire $3.00 a year; $5.00 for two years; $7.00 for three years. All other countries, $1.00 for each year to be added to these prices. Newsstand price 10c a copy.

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Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.

Printed and published by
CONSOLIDATED PRESS LIMITED
73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada

MONTREAL ..... Birks Bldg.
VANCOUVER ..... 815 W. Hastings St.
NEW YORK ..... Room 512, 101 Park Ave.

E. R. Milling - Business Manager
C. T. Croucher - Assistant Business Manager
J. F. Foy - Circulation Director

Vol. 62, No. 13 Whole No. 2802

Passing Show

By S. P. TYLER

WHAT a nice gesture it would be if the United Nations delegates took time off to wish the world a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

•

A New York paper wants to know where Franco can go if he is forced to quit. This column is too polite to offer the suggestion.

•

We are now feeling optimistic enough to believe the United Nations will solve most of its problems long before we have time to read all the books giving the right answers.

•

Now that Mr. Donald Gordon has left price controls up to the Canadian public, this leaves us in the unfair position of having no one to blame but ourselves if we don't like the result.

•

From the many shrewd editorials in recent weeks concerning Mr. Mackenzie King's future, it seems fairly certain that the Prime Minister is bound to make a decision sooner or later on whether or not he will accept office for another term.

•

Perhaps

Discussing the increasing hazards of road traffic, a Montreal paper declares that "the motor car is here to stay, and it is even more certain that the pedestrian is here to stay." But if he remains inanimate long enough, an ambulance may turn up.

•

The most outstanding example of tact for 1946 has just been reported from Atlantic City, where the judge of a beauty contest declared before taking up his duties that the most beautiful woman he ever saw was his wife.

Following the demonstration by a Chinese student who completed a complicated mathematical problem on a 25 cent abacus eight seconds faster than an operator on a several hundred dollar calculator, it has been suggested that the simple oriental device be given away with every income tax form. No! We are not in that much of a hurry to get at the answer.

•

One of the foremost tasks in the world, says a London weekly review, is to get the opposing factions of China together. Others hold the view that the real problem is to keep them apart.

•

Hazardous Occupation

A news story from Des Moines reports the story of an 87-year-old man who, having just become a father for the second time in 12 months, attributes his hardiness to chopping wood. When we reach that age, we will make a point of buying our wood ready chopped.

•

The Montreal Catholic School Commissioners have offered to pay $1.50 a day to teachers who will stay behind for an hour to enable students to do homework at school. Junior feels that the compensation would be properly paid to those who have the dirty work to do.

•

A health columnist's advice on weight reducing:

"Lie on the floor, hook toes under dresser, raise body to sitting position; start slowly taking about one week to reach sitting position."

By which time, of course, you will have lost all the stomach you ever had for such goings-on.

•

A New York shopping expert writes:

"People are buying dogs that look like people. In choosing a dog, buy one that looks like yourself."

After figuring out what the family Christmas presents are going to cost us this year, the breed we are looking for is the hang-dog kind.

Phoenix Robe of the Empress Dowager Tz'u Hsi among the Chinese court robes on show in the Fresco Gallery of the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto. Of cerulean blue satin, it is heavily embroidered with huge flying phoenixes and tree peonies in turquoise, mauve, rose, white and rust with circular gold shou symbols for longevity; bordered with gold couching and black edging. Strict adherence was observed regarding the seasons, the tree peony motive signifying that this gown was for spring.

The Front Page

(*Continued from Page One*)

a quarter of these will vote for lounges and something like a quarter will vote against them, and if ten more electors vote against them than for them — with many thousand electors not voting at all—the Prohibitionists will declare that they have won a great moral victory and that the lounges must not be established, or must not be continued if they have already been established, which presumably will be the case, though the shortage of materials and equipment is keeping us thirsty much longer than was expected.

On such a result it is to be hoped that Mr. Drew will pay no more attention to this impertinent vote than he would to a Gallup Poll or any other unofficial registration of alleged public opinion. What has happened is that the Communists, whose sole object is to embarrass Mr. Drew, have got together with the Prohibitionists and a large group of aldermen who are terrified of offending the Prohibitionists, and the result is the silly action taken on Monday. Some of these aldermen are probably telling themselves that anyhow the cocktail plebiscite will "bring out the voters" and thus help to defeat a few Communists—who get in merely because the anti-Communist voters do not trouble to vote. If this were true the Communists, who know much more about elections and how to rig them than anybody else, would not have voted for the plebiscite.

It is really a wonder that any Canadian city is as well governed as it is, when you consider the weight exerted in elections by three classes of people who do not care whether it is well governed or not. The worst of these are the people who do not care enough to vote at all. The next are the people who do not care how the city is governed, provided that they can have their way about the sale of liquor. And the third class is made up of the people who do not care how the city is governed, provided they can harass some other government somewhere else, the government of Ontario or the government of the Dominion. The people of more mature countries seem to be able to differentiate between the questions which are proper to one kind of government and those which are proper to another.

AN OLD COUPLE, CHILDLESS

TWICE she was near to giving life; and twice
A dark hand held her down, and wrenched the child
Free of her, nor let either draw a breath.
The second time, she knew it for the last;
And when she was back home, and strong about
The house, and doing her own work, there was a difference.
It was not anything so kind as pain—
Only a shadow on the lighted things;
A silence where before there had been singing;
A cold trapped moment when she wakened in the night.
And in small wordless ways she clung to him
As never when she'd thought to bear a child.

Now they are old and fussy and folk look
On them with tolerant humor—on her way
Of lavishing her time on trivial things;
Of scattering affection like a shower
To fall on some who cannot feel it welcome.
They smile at his quaint servitude, at how
His comings and his goings are at one
With her least wish . . . It is as if they were
Children together, lonely, lovely children
Clinging for comfort in a lonely world.

BLANCHE POWNALL GARRETT

Too Much or Too Little

WHEN the Canadian government established rent controls it in effect transferred a portion of the rights of the owner of the rented property to the tenant. Subject only to the continuance of the regular (usually monthly) payment of the rental in force at the time of the freezing, the tenant became the temporary owner of the property, able to keep anybody else out of it, including even the real owner himself in most cases. The purpose of this transfer was simply to prevent the real owner from using his property rights to extort an increased rental.

The short-term effect of this transfer of rights was on the whole excellent. The long-term effects are proving disastrous in the extreme. The transfer has given to the existing tenants a right not only against the real owners but against the vast number of persons who want to be tenants but can find no place that they can be tenants of. A fair competition between existing tenants and would-be tenants would undoubtedly push up rents; but it would also (1) promote a much more efficient use of existing rentable property, by compelling those who are now using more space than they need to reduce their space occupancy, and (2) promote a much more active building of new residential properties. (The present building activity is entirely concerned with enterprises whose earnings are not subject to control.)

There is urgent need for both a more equitable distribution of living space and a more adequate incentive for the building of housing. The suggested ten or fifteen per cent increase in controlled rents will do little or nothing towards the former end and not enough towards the latter. The only real alternative to the abolition of the controls is the substitution of a much more intrusive (and difficult to operate) control which would have regard to the efficiency of the use to which the rented premises are put. This means that the state (Dominion or province, and that is one difficulty, for the Dominion's rights cannot last much longer) will examine every occupyable unit of living space, assess the number of persons it should accommodate, and insist that it be used up to that capacity. This is being done on a fairly large scale in Great Britain. It is no more than a particularly difficult form of rationing, and it is probably the only method which would effect a rough form of justice in the present situation in Canada.

"TIGHTEN THE BELT AGAIN? NO MORE HOLES..."

Copyright in All Countries

Germans in Canada

THERE is a growing demand that German prisoners of war in Canada, who have been employed in manual labor in this country for the last three or four years and are now being shipped back to Germany, should be given an opportunity to remain in this country as free men, on probation but with an ultimate prospect of citizenship, if they elect to do so and if their record is suggestive of good character. The opposition to this demand is extremely vocal, and is based on one or the other of two completely contradictory assumptions. One, that of a resolution passed by the Canadian Legion in convention after a somewhat hasty debate, is that the privilege of admission to freedom in Canada is one which is much too good to be accorded to any man who has ever fought, or served on a ship, for Germany. The other is that the retention of these men in Canada would constitute "slave labor" and would be inhumane and discreditable to Canada.

There is not the slightest basis for either of these assumptions. There is nothing in the fact that a German national fought against Canada and her allies in the last war, which proves of itself that he is unfit for residence, and even for ultimate citizenship, in Canada. If he was an active Nazi, that is another matter; but by the time a P.O.W. has been in Canada three years it is easier to tell whether he is an active Nazi or not than if he had been in Germany for the same period and the occupation authorities had just run into him. Even the fact that he doesn't want to go back to Germany is pretty good evidence that he doesn't expect Germany to conquer the world again during his lifetime.

As for "slave labor," there is no proposal that these Germans should remain in Canada in their past capacity of prisoners of war. If they have any grievance about the way they have been treated from the time of their arrival here (or perhaps from the time of the German surrender) up to the present time, which we doubt, that would seem to be an argument in favor of giving them the option of remaining in Canada as free men if they wish to do so; the privilege could act as a sort of compensation for any injustice they might be supposed to have suffered. The terms on which they would be allowed to remain would be closely comparable to those granted to the Anders Poles, which are certainly not slavery or anything approaching it, and are not on the other hand a privilege in payment for past services, since nobody suggests that mere membership in the Anders army should give a right to such privilege. In both cases men would be allowed to "enter" Canada, in one case from the technical foreign land of a P.O.W. camp and in the other from the actual foreign land of Italy, and to remain in Canada for two years on condition of engaging in certain restricted occupations at the going rate of wages, after which they would be free agents and capable of acquiring citizenship.

The country is in urgent need of labor of exactly this kind, men who will engage in hard physical tasks which the great majority of Canadians decline to do—and have always declined to do whenever they could get immigrants to do them instead. The Germans, or at least a fair number of the best of them, are actually here in Canada and can be turned into immigrants by the signing of an order-in-council, without a single ship bottom being needed to transport them. They want to stay here (nobody proposes to keep anybody who doesn't want to stay), they will be happier here, and they will be vastly more useful here than in Germany. But to Germany they are being compelled to go.

Welcome Back Again

TWO or three weeks ago we welcomed the Toronto *Globe and Mail* to "the growing list of newspapers which are shocked at the rigidity of Canada's attitude towards the applications for the admission of refugees and displaced persons." We now learn from the *Globe and Mail* itself that "as long ago as 1936 and through 1937" that newspaper was pleading for the refugees, that it has now "returned to its advocacy of a broad, liberal selective immigration policy," and that "it was not weariness with that theme" that caused the pause extending from 1938 to 1945 and through the first half of 1946, "but the war."

This clarifies matters enormously. It has never occurred to us that the *Globe and Mail* was actually during all these years pining to do something for the refugees ("whose numbers and miseries," as it truthfully remarks, the war greatly multiplied) but was debarred from doing so by the fact that hostilities were still in progress. We are a little vague as to why a certain amount of activity in behalf of refugees, in the hope of preventing their numbers and miseries from being multiplied quite so much, is improper during the two years immediately preceding a war, during the war itself and for a year after the surrender of the last enemy. But we are sure that the *Globe and Mail* must have given this question the most earnest study, and have convinced itself that the prosecution of the war, and the elimination of Mr. King from the Canadian Government, were the only things that it could continue to advocate during these eight years. We therefore gladly modify our original statement, and now welcome the Toronto morning paper *back* to the list of newspapers supporting liberality towards refugees.

The *Globe and Mail* complains that "since this newspaper returned to its advocacy of a broad, liberal selective immigration policy, it has not been conscious of any powerful support" from the editor-in-chief of SATURDAY NIGHT. This is regrettable, but may be due to the fact that no change occurred in the policies of SATURDAY NIGHT when the *Globe and Mail* "returned". This weekly has been advocating a "broad, liberal selective immigration policy" pretty consistently ever since the actual immigration policy of Canada ceased to be either broad, liberal or selective. Our utterances have not taken the form of "support" for the *Globe and Mail*, perhaps because it is difficult to "support" an "advocacy" while it is a state of suspension for eight years and is giving no indication that it will ever be revived.

It is rather characteristic of the *Globe and Mail* that support for a cause which that newspaper is itself supporting has no significance or value for it; you must not support the cause, you must support the *Globe and Mail*. We are less particular; we don't care whether the *Globe and Mail* supports us or not, so long as it supports our causes.

In Memoriam Music

AN EVENT which must be almost unique in Canadian musical history took place recently in Montreal, when an important item in a Little Symphony program was a dirge composed by Bernard Naylor, the conductor, in memory of the late Graham Drinkwater, for many years a devoted and most discerning supporter of orchestral music in Montreal.

Tributes of this kind suggest a relationship between artists and lovers of art which is characteristic of a more mature society than is to be found in most North American cities. It was not Mr. Drinkwater's cheque book which evoked this demonstration of regard; it was the understanding sympathy with which he and his wife helped the musicians to tackle their problems, and preached the gospel of orchestral music to the Montreal public.

A STYMIE FOR THE SHOW-OFF

ELECTRONS are the funny little tykes
Circling an atom nucleus, dull and dense.
Thus the urbane Professors and their likes
Have told the world with smiling confidence.
How sweet to listen to the great and wise,
How blest to know about atomic weights.
And calmly speak of them, to cause surprise
Among our every-day associates!

But now a British pundit mathematic
Says that electrons, whether short or tall,
Doing their stuff in manner most emphatic
Are of no measurable size at all.
Nor length, nor breadth, nor even thickness bar
Their constant progress of extreme precision.
Zero in every magnitude they are—
Their only quality must be position!

If nothing scoots in orbit elipsoidal
(Singing, no doubt, as doth the cheerful linnet!)
To make an atom, crystal or colloidal,
And does so at ten million miles a minute,
How can a layman, seeking to show off
So tell his friends a-clustered at the Club
Without eliciting a doubtful cough
From some unfriendly and too doubting dub?

J. E. M.

Plight of South Africa's Indians for U. N. Study

By A. J. FRIEDGUT

World opinion, as represented by the United Nations, was focused on South Africa when Field Marshal Smuts's plan for annexing South-West Africa was denounced by 19 nations. Only Britain supported it. However, S.A. retains the trusteeship for the time being. As a second cause célèbre for putting South Africa in bad odor with the international organization there comes the case of South Africa's 266,000 Indians.

Imported as cheap labor nearly a century ago, the Indians have resented the shabby treatment and economic and political discrimination by the whites. Latest chafings came this year with Jim-Crow-type legislation restricting property buying and occupancy in Natal's European areas and meagre governmental representation by Europeans only. Most of the Indians live at sub-standards in Natal. Whites argue that penetration by "dirty, fast-breeding Indians" is a threat to their superior civilization. The minority group retorts that present treatment smacks of Hitlerism, that the S.A. Government has done little or nothing to raise native (including Indian) standards toward self-government.

Now the Indians have a channel for complaints against the Smuts Government, via India's membership in U.N.

Capetown.

NINETY years ago, the white men of Natal, now a province of the Union of South Africa, were begging India for "coolie" laborers to work the Natal sugar estates. Today their descendants would like to see the descendants of the indentured laborers sent back to India. Because of the way the white men of Natal have influenced the Union Government in treating the Indians, South Africa now faces the threat of isolation from the rest of the world, for the Government of India intends to ask the U.N.O. General Assembly to take action against the Union for passing discriminatory legislation against its Indian subjects.

(Last week before a joint meeting of the U.N. political and legal committees, 76-year-old Field Marshal Smuts and pale, fragile-looking Madame Nehru, head of the Indian delegation, heatedly argued their cases. Madame Nehru cited a long list of alleged racial and political discriminations against the 266,000 Indians centered in Natal, who, she said, had been denied property and representation rights. Field Marshal Smuts argued that the Union Government had been constantly interested in the Indian minority, that they were far better off than Indians in India, and that in any event it was a domestic quarrel not within the jurisdiction of the U.N. He moved for submission of the whole issue to the court of international justice. Meanwhile the South African consulate in New York was picketed by members of a local propaganda group, the Council of African Affairs.)

Strong Reaction

India has already imposed economic sanctions against the Union and withdrawn its diplomatic representative in protest. China, too, has protested, for the 3,000 Chinese-descended inhabitants of South Africa are also affected. South African Indians have embarked on a passive resistance campaign, now over four months old, in the course of which over 800 have gone to jail, including one European parson. They have sent envoys to India, to London, to the U.S.A., to the Paris Conference and now to U.N.O. to present their case against Field-Marshal Smuts's Government.

At the beginning of this month, the U.S. State Department took a very significant step, indicating which way the wind blows in Washington, by banning the re-export of India-made jute bags from the U.S. to South Africa on the grounds that such re-exports would damage U.S. relations with India which enjoys a virtual world monopoly of jute production.

Meanwhile, as a result of their activities in the diplomatic sphere, the passive resistance leaders in South Africa claim that 34 members of the United Nations Organization have indicated that they will support the case which India will put up on the Indians' behalf before the U.N.O. General Assembly session.

This dispute, which has been simmering for over half a century, came to a boil last April and May, when the South African Parliament was putting a new Act affecting Indians on the Statute Book, the Asiatic Land Tenure and Indian Representation Act. The main provisions of this are briefly as follows:

1. All people of Asiatic descent are prevented either from buying or occupying any property (including that purchased prior to the promulgation of the Act) situated in "predominantly" European areas in the Province of Natal. (Such restrictions have long existed in the province of the Transvaal, while Asiatics have been excluded from settling in the Orange Free State province since 1891).

Weak Representation

2. Subject to fulfilling certain economic and educational qualifications not applicable to European voters, Indian males are granted the right to elect three Members of Parliament (two for Natal, one for the Transvaal and part of Northern Natal), one Senator and two members of the Natal Provincial Council, all of whom, except the Provincial Councillors, must be Europeans. In addition, the Government will appoint another European to represent them in the Senate.

This act gave rise to a political storm, repercussions of which have since been felt throughout the diplomatic world. In South Africa, the Opposition Nationalist Party objected violently on the grounds that granting any form of franchise to the Indians would eventually result in the annihilation of "white civilization." This argument also resulted in a split in the small Labor Party.

Field Marshal Smuts's party, many members of which viewed the franchise provisions with similar misgivings, argued that as over 80 per cent of the Union's 266,000 Indians are born in South Africa, they were entitled to some form of political representation which they have not had since 1896 when the Natal Indians were deprived of the Parliamentary franchise.

Objecting strongly to the racial segregation principles embraced in the Act, which it condemns as a fascist "Ghetto Act," the Indians' community, under strong radical influence including that of Communists, launched a passive resistance campaign which has all the militant fervor of a war about it. Squatter squads were and are still being organized to defy the law by occupying a vacant plot of land in a European area of Durban, the main city of Natal where 113,440 Indians live, 43 per cent of the total number of Indians in the entire country and almost half the number living in Natal.

Their complaint against the property provisions of the Act is that it is an instance of herrenvolkism whereby the Indians will be forced more and more into a position where they will either have to eke out a meagre living by taking in one another's washing in ghettos or else be

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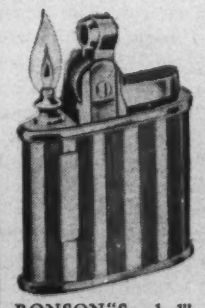

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doomed to begging for what manual employment may be spared from the white man's economic table.

The franchise they have condemned as a useless concession to European prejudice; Indian voters are placed on a separate roll from Europeans, having five spokesmen in the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament who will have little influence in actual practice. If Indians could vote for the same candidate as the Europeans do, then such candidates, both before and after election, would have to heed Indian needs, instead of indulging in anti-Indian tirades.

Political Circumstances

The Government, on the other hand, argues, with much justification, that the electorate, which is predominantly European and on which all Governments in South Africa depend at polling time, will never tolerate Indians being granted the form of franchise they desire. Political circumstances being what they are in the Union, the Act goes as far as any Government can dare to go in matters affecting the grant of franchise rights to non-whites.

The general complaint of Europeans is that Indians are dirty and ignorant, that "they live on the smell of an oil rag," that they are always appealing to India, that they breed like rabbits and consequently, that if nothing is done, Europeans in Natal will be swamped in a brown flood and the cause of white civilization seriously harmed.

There is some substance in most of these charges, when viewed superficially. It is true that the mass of Indians do live on the smell of an oil rag. They are too poor to live otherwise. Their daily average wage is 2s. compared with that of 7s. 6d. for Europeans.

They are ignorant, most of them, because the educational facilities offered them are so meagre. In fact, of the 130-odd schools for them in Natal, over 110 have been set up with funds privately collected by Indians. Europeans, on the other hand, have free state schooling.

It is not surprising, therefore, that with such meagre educational means so many Indians live in unhygienic conditions. It is the European who knows most about hygienic living but he has made little effort to teach hygiene to Indians.

It is equally true that the Indians do "breed like rabbits," but high birth-rates are always characteristic of poverty-stricken communities. It is generally overlooked, however, that the death-rate among Indians is also very high. One out of every three children dies before the age of 15. Europeans in Natal fear the future for they fear that they will be outnumbered. The facts provided by census results are these: In 1936, there were 183,661 Asiatics (nearly all Indians) in the province; in 1946, there were 228,119—an increase of 44,458. In 1936, there were 190,549 Europeans; in 1946, 232,923—an increase of 42,374.

Natal's Complaint

The fact that migration of Indians from Natal to other provinces of the Union (which have 2,004,500 Europeans and 52,000 Indians) is forbidden except on a temporary basis (for which permits are required) means that European Natal feels it has too many Indians compared with the rest of the country.

To the outside world, these figures may make the storm over the Union's Indian question seem like a storm in a teacup, but when viewed through the spectacles of South African color-consciousness, both the storm and the teacup are considerably magnified.

It is in the field of economics and real estate that the storm rages most fiercely. European South Africa has feared competition from non-whites for a long time: that is why there exists color-bar legislation which makes it very difficult for non-whites to climb to the top of the economic ladder, especially in skilled trades.

Nevertheless, there are some Indians, perhaps 5,000, who have amassed a fair amount of money, largely through retail trading activities. Not only did many European traders in the past fear their competition because Indians had lower standards of living and consequently took less out of their business (a state of affairs which is now rapidly disappearing), but they and their compatriots now hate the Indians who have advanced so as to want to live in decent houses in decent surroundings, which happen to be European residential areas. This is called "penetration" and has occurred mainly in Durban, and it is alleged that neighboring properties decline in value as soon as an Indian moves into the district, though not even the Durban City Council (not by any means noted for a pro-Indian outlook) has ever been able to prove the truth of this allegation, despite the fact that it has constantly sought such evidence.

Of the old Borough of Durban, 8,274 acres in extent (valued at about £37 million), Indians only own about 340 acres (valued at about £4 million) of which they occupy even less. The fact that land valuation of India-held land is lower than that of European-held land is accounted for by the fact that most of it is situated in poorer areas where Indians have always had to live.

It was to get out of the poorer slum areas that the better-off Indians decided to "penetrate" into European areas.

It is the "penetration" problem that gave rise to the Pegging Act of 1943 (restricting property transactions by Indians in Durban) and that gave rise to the 1946 Act, extending the restrictions to the whole of Natal and at the same time bringing South Africa's Indian question to the attention of the entire diplomatic world.

White South Africa complains that as they are Union citizens the Indians have no right to run to India and the outside world with their troubles. The Indians reply that though over 80 per cent of them have been born in South Africa and that though they pay taxes, they have no effective political voice in South Africa which has denied them the fundamental rights of citizenship while expecting them to perform the duties of citizens.

It is the General Assembly of the United Nations that will have to decide which of the two points of view is to prevail.

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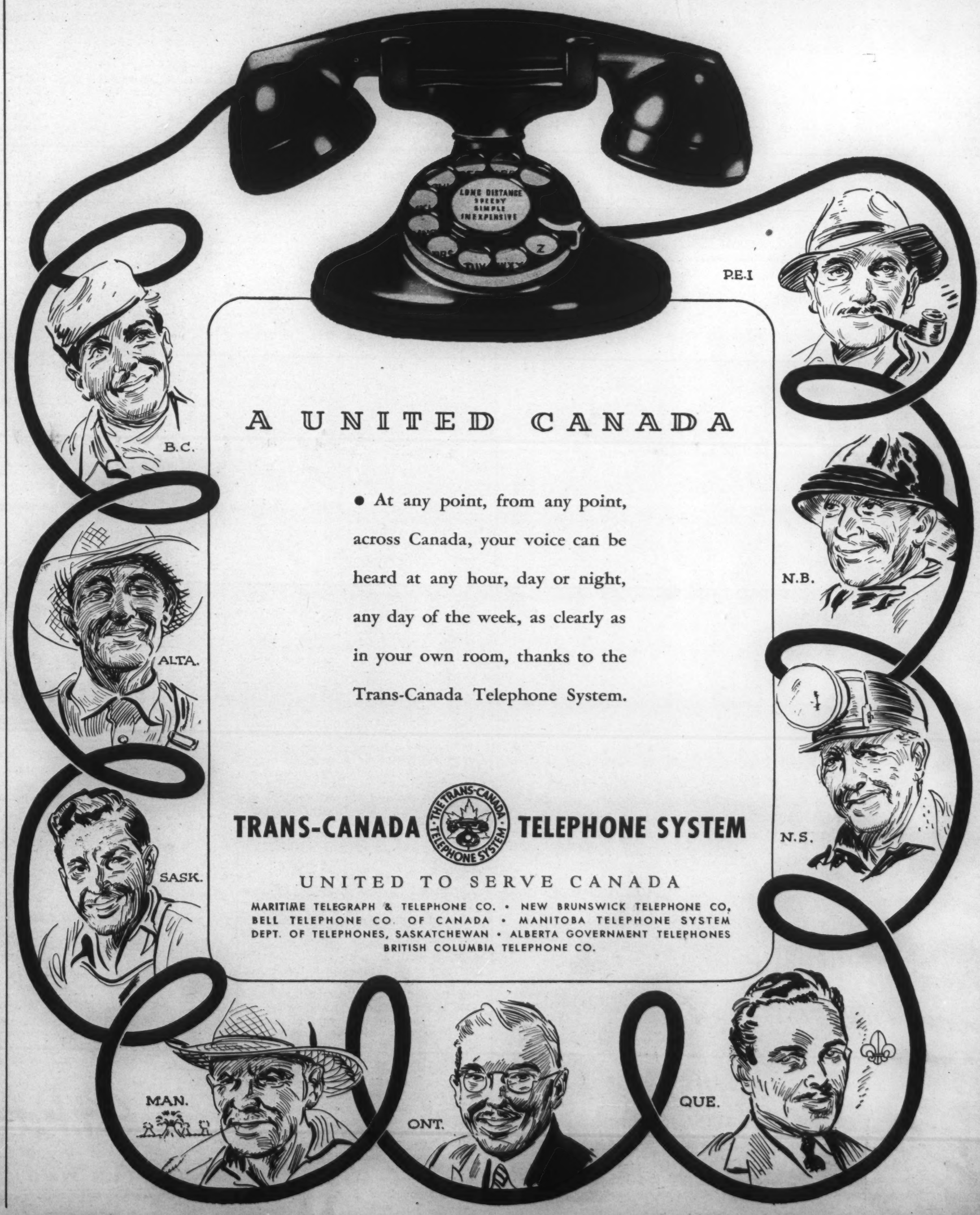

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OTTAWA LETTER

Tax Changes for Employed Wives Designed to Restore Equity

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

AS the new taxation year approaches (it begins on January 1) protests are rising against one of the few changes in the income tax structure which will result in a heavier tax upon certain individuals, rather than a measure of relief. The law respecting the taxation of married persons—of whom both enjoy incomes derived from their work—has been changed. The effect will be to increase as much as $90 a year the combined tax payable by husband and wife. The increase would be more, if it were not for a simultaneous increase of personal exemptions and a decrease in rates.

In 1942, in order to encourage married women to take work in war factories and other posts in desperate need of help, the income tax structure was changed so that the husband could claim the full married exemption regardless of how large his wife's earned income might be. (The wife, of course, was taxable on her own income as a single person, but no matter how much she earned, he continued to claim his full married exemption).

It is the contention of the Department of Finance, by the way, that this modification may have been fully justifiable as a war emergency, but that it sinned grievously against the general fairness and equity of the income tax structure, and obviously should be adjusted again as soon as war exigencies admit. Indeed, the reversion to pre-1942 status was nearly decided upon a year ago.

However, the newsworthy development at the moment is that resistance is being shown against the return to pre-1942 arrangements, and predictions are that a considerable number of married women will decide that the additional tax has deprived them of the necessary incentive to go on working. In short, they'll leave their jobs and go back home.

In a state of general underemployment this prospect might have been viewed with greater equanimity, though married women generally might protest that they were being coerced back into their homes by Mr. Ilsley's fiscal whip. However, it happens to coincide with a period of full employment (less than 3 per cent of Canadian workers idle) and at a time when the calls upon female labor are even heavier than on men. There is an acute shortage already of nurses, teachers, workers in the textile and needle trades, and in fish-canning factories. The new taxes beginning on January 1 may accentuate the shortage. When it comes to the actual test, the numbers who leave their work and return to their homes may be quite different from current estimates—either way.

It is being charged that the new tax change is the result of a miscalculation by the Department of Finance, that it was deliberately included in the budget in the expectation that it would drive married women back to their homes and thus free jobs for unemployed war veterans. That is certainly how it looks to many people on the outside; and whatever the motivation, it is expected to have the effect of reducing the number of married women workers.

Popular Pressure

There has been some speculation as to whether the Government will now yield to popular pressure and let the current exemption stand. So far as I can find out, there is every likelihood that the new law will come into effect. If popular pressure proves too strong, it is conceivable that Mr. Ilsley might announce that he would recommend to the cabinet that a further amendment be introduced in the 1947 budget. But even that would not prevent the new rates of tax deductions being levied between January 1, 1947, and the date of the budget.

The case for the new structure can be readily summarized, but to complete the picture first, the precise nature of the new tax law should, perhaps, be sketched in.

If a married woman earns less than $250 a year, the new situation is no worse; indeed, since the husband's exemption now goes up to $1,500 with the rates on taxable income reduced, their combined position is better than before.

If the married woman earns more than $250 but less than $750, the husband's exemption will be reduced from $1,500 by whatever sum the wife's income (earned) exceeds $250. For example, if she earns $500 his exemption falls to $1,250.

This loss of exemption by the husband adds a layer on the top of his taxable income, of course, where it is taxable at the highest rate (say from 22 per cent to 40 per cent in the great majority of cases likely to be met with). Suppose a man is getting $3 to $4 thousand a year and his wife goes out and earns $720 a year besides. Under the new structure he would pay tax on $470 more than if his wife were at home and earning nothing. This $470 would be taxable at 28 per cent probably, and thus his tax would be increased by about $132 for the year. (This is not an increase of $132 over what he would have paid in 1946, however, because the 1947 rates are down, and the married exemption up; it is an increase of $132 over what he would have paid next year if the 1942 exemption for married women had been continued into 1947).

May Prefer to Stay Home

Now it may be that under such circumstances the hypothetical wife referred to above may prefer to stay at home.

The justification for the new arrangement, according to the Department of Finance, is that it restores a measure of equity which has been lacking since 1942. The 1942 law gave husband and working wife a combined exemption from taxation much larger than that given any other two taxpayers.

Moreover, it continued to give a husband an exemption expressly designed to help him support his wife even though she was now, in effect, supporting herself, partly if not wholly.

While this relief in 1942 was received readily enough as a benefit by the parties assisted, it gave rise to widespread resentment on the part of others who were refused parallel benefits. For example, the single women, supporting themselves, found themselves paying the same taxes as a married woman, whose husband was also receiving an exemption designed to enable him to support his wife.

Then there were the wives of farmers, merchants, and other self-employed persons, who might be working and making a contribution to the family income. They had no exemption at all, since the husband could not claim payments to his wife for wages. Their combined income was taxable as the husband's income, with the combined exemption in their case only $1,200, whereas the combined exemption of the married man and wife who worked in a factory was about 50 per cent greater. This was a discrimination, which, in the view of the Minister of Finance, could not be prolonged.

The practice both in the U.S. and in Britain is similar to the new Canadian law. In the U.S. a married couple have an alternative, they can file returns as separate persons, or, if they claim the married allowance the husband must include all his wife's income with his own. In Britain a husband must include in his own tax return all his wife's earned income in excess of £110 (about $440).

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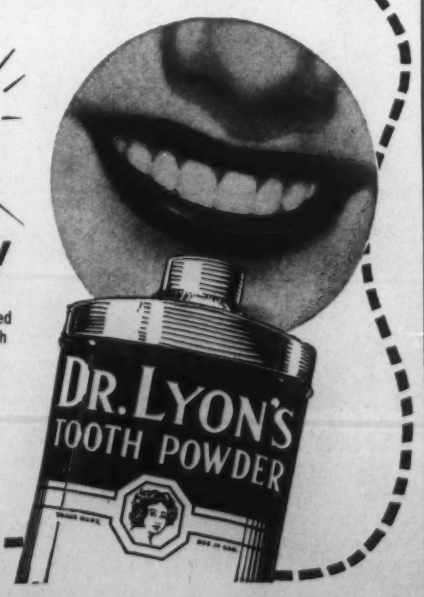

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ON THE WARM GULF COAST

Chronic Diseases Are Growing in Canada

by CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Dr. Whitton estimates the number of chronically ill and infirm persons in Canada to be between 100,000 and 125,000. Homes used as institutional provision have a capacity of less than 3,300 beds which, with the long residence required for each patient, limits care to about 4,250 cases a year. In Canada, there are only 9 convalescent hospitals and they are in 3 provinces. Social security, which relies on personal cash grants for hospital care, will fail in its purpose if there isn't an assurance of better facilities and personnel soon.

This is the first of two articles on this subject. The second will follow in an early issue.

WHEN the Social Security Act of the United States was passed in 1935 and the various states took advantage of its enabling powers to provide for the needy aged, the blind, and for dependent children, there was a broad, general assumption in social work and general welfare circles that these modern measures of social assistance would rapidly empty the traditional hostels, almshouses, etc., giving custodial care to the aged and infirm particularly and probably lead to their early disappearance.

Appalling Extent

But Raymond Hilliard, Director of Public Aid for Illinois (where more intensive study has been centred on this problem than in any other state in the last two years) offers strong testimony to the contrary. "The experience of the past 10 years in administering the Social Security programs has proved the fallacy of this assumption. During this period the appalling extent of chronic disease and chronic invalidism and the dearth of facilities for care, both public and private, have come increasingly to the attention not only of public welfare administrators but also of the citizenry generally."

Nor indeed is the problem concentrated solely on old persons for as high as 10 to 12 per cent of the chronically ill or handicapped are found to be children under 15 years of age, particularly the victims of rheumatic fever.

Whereas 75 years ago, acute illness was the cause of 14 out of 15 deaths, today chronic illness accounts for one out of two. Yet our traditions and facilities centre primarily about the assurance and extension of hospitalization for acute conditions, in which our present resources are admittedly inadequate. But with 500 general hospitals, with 45,375 beds and over 1,100,000 patients treated annually, the situation in Canada is not as piteously critical or cruel as the need for care of the chronic sufferer.

No Care Elsewhere

One province estimates that over 45 per cent of the public-care beds in its public general hospitals are occupied by chronic or incurable patients for whom no care exists elsewhere. The average stay of 10 to 11 days for the general as against 240 to 250 days' stay for the chronic or incurable hospital patient, or 74 to 75 days for the convalescent, really has the effect of cutting off from hospital admission anywhere from three to ten cases of acute illness because of this long bed occupancy.

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The faster the population ages, the more critical housing shortages grow, and the more rapid the shift from single houses to multiple dwellings, the more widespread the need for one room living-units for the aged, the more urgent and difficult the plight of those among them who are uncertain and infirm; the more hopeless that of the chronically ill in the absence of any special social utilities for their care.

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OTTAWA LETTER

Tax Changes for Employed Wives Designed to Restore Equity

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

Ottawa.

AS the new taxation year approaches (it begins on January 1) protests are rising against one of the few changes in the income tax structure which will result in a heavier tax upon certain individuals, rather than a measure of relief. The law respecting the taxation of married persons—of whom both enjoy incomes derived from their work—has been changed. The effect will be to increase as much as $90 a year the combined tax payable by husband and wife. The increase would be more, if it were not for a simultaneous increase of personal exemptions and a decrease in rates.

In 1942, in order to encourage married women to take work in war factories and other posts in desperate need of help, the income tax structure was changed so that the husband could claim the full married exemption regardless of how large his wife's earned income might be. (The wife, of course, was taxable on her own income as a single person, but no matter how much she earned, he continued to claim his full married exemption).

It is the contention of the Department of Finance, by the way, that this modification may have been fully justifiable as a war emergency, but that it sinned grievously against the general fairness and equity of the income tax structure, and obviously should be adjusted again as soon as war exigencies admit. Indeed, the reversion to pre-1942 status was nearly decided upon a year ago.

However, the newsworthy development at the moment is that resistance is being shown against the return to pre-1942 arrangements, and predictions are that a considerable number of married women will decide that the additional tax has deprived them of the necessary incentive to go on working. In short, they'll leave their jobs and go back home.

In a state of general underemployment this prospect might have been viewed with greater equanimity, though married women generally might protest that they were being coerced back into their homes by Mr. Ilsley's fiscal whip. However, it happens to coincide with a period of full employment (less than 3 per cent of Canadian workers idle) and at a time when the calls upon female labor are even heavier than on men. There is an acute shortage already of nurses, teachers, workers in the textile and needle trades, and in fish-canning factories. The new taxes beginning on January 1 may accentuate the shortage. When it comes to the actual test, the numbers who leave their work and return to their homes may be quite different from current estimates—either way.

It is being charged that the new tax change is the result of a miscalculation by the Department of Finance, that it was deliberately included in the budget in the expectation that it would drive married women back to their homes and thus free jobs for unemployed war veterans. That is certainly how it looks to many people on the outside; and whatever the motivation, it is expected to have the effect of reducing the number of married women workers.

Popular Pressure

There has been some speculation as to whether the Government will now yield to popular pressure and let the current exemption stand. So far as I can find out, there is every likelihood that the new law will come into effect. If popular pressure proves too strong, it is conceivable that Mr. Ilsley might announce that he would recommend to the cabinet that a further amendment be introduced in the 1947 budget. But even that would not prevent the new rates of tax deductions being levied between January 1, 1947, and the date of the budget.

The case for the new structure can be readily summarized, but to complete the picture first, the precise nature of the new tax law should, perhaps, be sketched in.

If a married woman earns less than $250 a year, the new situation is no worse; indeed, since the husband's exemption now goes up to $1,500 with the rates on taxable income reduced, their combined position is better than before.

If the married woman earns more than $250 but less than $750, the husband's exemption will be reduced from $1,500 by whatever sum the wife's income (earned) exceeds $250. For example, if she earns $500 his exemption falls to $1,250.

This loss of exemption by the husband adds a layer on the top of his taxable income, of course, where it is taxable at the highest rate (say from 22 per cent to 40 per cent in the great majority of cases likely to be met with). Suppose a man is getting $3 to $4 thousand a year and his wife goes out and earns $720 a year besides. Under the new structure he would pay tax on $470 more than if his wife were at home and earning nothing. This $470 would be taxable at 28 per cent probably, and thus his tax would be increased by about $132 for the year. (This is not an increase of $132 over what he would have paid in 1946, however, because the 1947 rates are down, and the married exemption up; it is an increase of $132 over what he would have paid next year if the 1942 exemption for married women had been continued into 1947).

May Prefer to Stay Home

Now it may be that under such circumstances the hypothetical wife referred to above may prefer to stay at home.

The justification for the new arrangement, according to the Department of Finance, is that it restores a measure of equity which has been lacking since 1942. The 1942 law gave husband and working wife a combined exemption from taxation much larger than that given any other two taxpayers.

Moreover, it continued to give a husband an exemption expressly designed to help him support his wife even though she was now, in effect, supporting herself, partly if not wholly.

While this relief in 1942 was received readily enough as a benefit by the parties assisted, it gave rise to widespread resentment on the part of others who were refused parallel benefits. For example, the single women, supporting themselves, found themselves paying the same taxes as a married woman, whose husband was also receiving an exemption designed to enable him to support his wife.

Then there were the wives of farmers, merchants, and other self-employed persons, who might be working and making a contribution to the family income. They had no exemption at all, since the husband could not claim payments to his wife for wages. Their combined income was taxable as the husband's income, with the combined exemption in their case only $1,200, whereas the combined exemption of the married man and wife who worked in a factory was about 50 per cent greater. This was a discrimination, which, in the view of the Minister of Finance, could not be prolonged.

The practice both in the U.S. and in Britain is similar to the new Canadian law. In the U.S. a married couple have an alternative, they can file returns as separate persons, or, if they claim the married allowance the husband must include all his wife's income with his own. In Britain a husband must include in his own tax return all his wife's earned income in excess of £110 (about $440).

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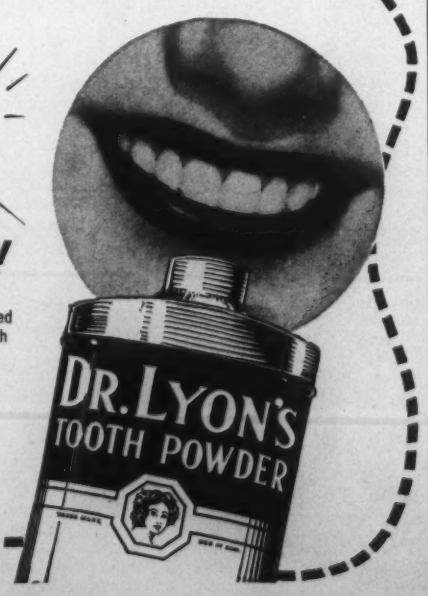

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ON THE WARM GULF COAST

Chronic Diseases Are Growing in Canada

by CHARLOTTE WHITTON

Dr. Whitton estimates the number of chronically ill and infirm persons in Canada to be between 100,000 and 125,000. Homes used as institutional provision have a capacity of less than 3,300 beds which, with the long residence required for each patient, limits care to about 4,250 cases a year. In Canada, there are only 9 convalescent hospitals and they are in 3 provinces. Social security, which relies on personal cash grants for hospital care, will fail in its purpose if there isn't an assurance of better facilities and personnel soon.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE

The Underprivileged Voter

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

THE PROBLEM of tempting people to the polls on election day has been troubling the Toronto City Council for some time. Their current solution shows pretty clearly, however, that the members of the Council are still novices in the art of Come-on. People who are too apathetic to visit the polls under any circumstances are not going to be rushed off their feet by the notion of voting on whether they should go to the polls once a year or once every two years. Even the question "Are you in favor of cocktail lounges," though stimulating in itself, isn't likely to start a voters' stampede. For every voter knows that his opinion, on a municipal ballot, isn't going to affect the issue one way or the other; and he isn't likely to break up his comfortable New Year's Day lethargy merely to rush out and answer rhetorical questions.

Recently I put this whole question up to my friend Mr. Oscar Entwhistle, a public relations counsel with a vivid sense of community organization. Mr. Entwhistle was extremely scornful of the current approach to the city electorate.

"The way it is now, about a month before election you get these little election cards thrown in the door," he said. "Just a lousy little card with the candidate's picture on it. Not even a blotter-back or his picture on a match folder. So what do you do? You pick up all the little cards and throw them in the ashcan. Am I right?"

"Absolutely," I said.

"Then along about election day the papers start running editorials telling you who to vote for. You skip these, naturally, because how you vote or whether you vote at all is nobody's business but your own. Then probably there's a meeting of the Home and School Club with a lady speaker talking on civics. She probably has lots of ideas on civics, but has she got any ideas on entertainment values? Does she make polling day sound any more lively and attractive than, say, a duty call on your old aunt who's laid up with her back?"

I shook my head and Mr. Entwhistle swept on.

"Then on election day, if you've still got any interest left, you go to the polls. Maybe the polls are being held in a private house. In that case they have moved everything out of the parlor except the radiator for fear some light-fingered voter will go off with the piano. There's a row of deadpan scrutineers to check you over. You go behind a curtain to mark your ballot with a two inch pencil. The pencil is chained to the table. What kind of atmosphere is that?"

"Yes, but—," I said.

"OR MAYBE the polling station is a public school," said Mr. Entwhistle went on. "You go there and it's the same school, anyway the same kind of school you went to twenty or thirty years ago. Same smell of ink and chalk. Same old maps on the walls. Same old maps behind the scrutineer's desk, checking you over in case you're trying to put something over on teacher. See what I mean? No friendly spirit, no entertainment values, no laughs, no *fun*."

I had to admit that polling-booth procedure was one of the bleaker aspects of democracy. "What would you suggest, Mr. Entwhistle?" I asked.

"In the first place," Mr. Entwhistle said, "I'd start about six weeks ahead with bands and parades and loud speakers routed through all the streets—."

"Making political speeches?" I asked?

"*Not* making political speeches," Mr. Entwhistle said, "playing Artie Shaw records and inviting everybody to the big jam-session to be held at the nearest polling station on election day, starting at 9 a.m. and running through continuous till closing time."

"Then on election day things would really start to happen," he went on happily. "Supposing the polling station was in the local public school. We'd have an old-fashioned school party with all the lady voters coming in pigtails and the men voters in short pants. We'd have scooter races in the corridors, spitball competitions in the class-rooms and a pie-eating contest in the principal's office. And naturally we'd have the local candidates making the round of all the polls all day."

"To make speeches?" I asked.

"*Not* to make speeches," Mr. Entwhistle said. "To try on all the lady voters' hats. That's always a howl."

He considered. "Then maybe we'd have an Election Day stunt marriage ceremony," he said, "with advance photographs of the Polling Booth Bride in all the papers and full page layout showing her gifts from the City Council. You know — irons, toasters, pressure cookers, radios, refrigerators. Then on election day the voters would turn up with old shoes, confetti, torn-up telephone books — say, you couldn't crowd them in."

"OF course, if the polling station were in a private home we'd have to do things on a rather smaller scale," he went on in a moment. "For instance, we'd have husband-and-wife contests. A husband and wife would come in to vote and we'd give each of them a big bowl and lots of milk, eggs and flour, and offer a prize for the best pancake batter."

I nodded. "And then feed the pancakes to the electorate," I said.

"Well, maybe," Mr. Entwhistle said, "though we might get a better effect if we pushed the contestants' faces in the batter. That's always good for a big laugh."

"But are you sure that with all this going on anybody would vote?" I asked.

"Sure they'd vote," Mr. Entwhistle said. "They'd have to vote first as the price of admission to the show."

"That would be splendid," I said, and added cautiously, "you couldn't throw in a few references to civics could you, just to remind the crowd what's it's there for?"

"Certainly," Mr. Entwhistle said. "For instance, we'd have a lady voter get up and make an impromptu speech on 'How to Make Our City Beautiful'."

I said I thought that would be a fine idea, and Mr. Entwhistle said quickly, "There's a gimmick to it naturally. She'd have to make this speech while eating a banana or a bowl of dry wheaties."

"And that's not the only feature," he went on enthusiastically. "We'd probably run a Civic Quiz Contest in every polling booth. A two dollar bill to the voter who could name the list of mayoralty candidates. If they fail they get half a dozen pairs of nylons and the money goes into the pot. The next contestant would have to name the controller candidates. That's a tougher one so we'd probably offer a guaranteed gift wristwatch as a consolation prize. That way we'd build up to the Sixty-Four-Dollar Question, 'What was the date of Confederation?' They answer that and they get a 1946-model five-passenger sedan."

I shook my head. "It's going to run into a lot of money," I said. "Who's going to pay for all this?"

"Why the City Council, of course," Mr. Entwhistle said. "They're the ones who want to interest the public in the vote, aren't they? And you can't interest the public these days without spending money like a drunken sponsor."

I said after a moment, "I know a way the City Council could get the vote out and actually make money. They could slap a ten dollar fine on any qualified voter who didn't turn out to vote and then spend the money on promoting an interest in civics. I'll bet that way they'd get out a ninety per cent vote."

"Ninety-five per cent," Mr. Entwhistle agreed. "Practically the whole city would turn out and vote. They'd vote that Council out on its fanny before you could say 'Democracy'."

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WASHINGTON LETTER

Both Sides Know Lewis Issue Will Affect 1948 General Election

By JAY MILLER

Washington.

INEVITABLE question in this vote-conscious capital is: What will be President Truman's political future if he does lick John L. Lewis? Organized labor is backing up the United Mine Workers' leader to a man in the effort to prevent the use of the injunctive process in labor disputes. Will organized labor ever forgive Harry Truman or the Democratic Party if he wins out on this issue?

President Truman, apparently, is banking on the present unpopularity of labor unions with the general public to intensify to the point where the union leaders will back down. Already, there is speculation as to the wisdom of C.I.O.'s Philip Murray, A.F.L.'s William Green and other ranking unionists in backing Lewis so whole-heartedly.

The Administration is passing up no opportunity to bring home to the American people that the present tie-up of the "public utility," coal, is entirely the fault of Lewis in refusing to obey a court order to call off the strike.

The little kiddies will know that it was John L. Lewis who kept the Christmas trees from being lit this year. Every American housewife was asked by Civilian Production Administrator John D. Small to conserve gas and electricity produced by coal. Horse-betters were unable to get to their favorite tracks this week when railroads had to abandon special race track service. In Denver, 55,000 school pupils were out of classes when schools were closed.

The really drastic effect on industry generally, which has been reported in detail in the daily press, is in itself a sobering enough illustration of the effect of ill-use of power by one man.

U.N. Relationships

There have been international repercussions, too, apart from the hardships wrought through disruption of coal shipments to Canada. A State Department official warned that lagging U.S. food shipments, coupled with the abrupt termination of coal shipments to fuel-hungry nations, are threatening "the whole foundation of our United Nations relationship."

No coal has been sent to foreign countries since last week's freeze of coal stocks by the Solid Fuels Administration, and officials see no hope of any coal loading, except that already at shipside and specifically earmarked for a certain ship, until the freeze order is lifted. U.S. coal is said to be essential to the maintenance of normal conditions in Europe, but with the suspension of shipments, there is "no way of telling what the permanent damage may be."

President Truman gave direct orders that every step be taken to convict Lewis; he is determined to fight the issue through to the finish. Since his return from Florida, Mr. Truman has been in conference with Secretary of Labor Lewis B. Schwellenbach, Attorney General Tom C. Clark, Secretary of the Interior J. A. Krug, Reconversion Director John R. Steelman, and his special White House counsel, Clark Clifford. Secretary of Commerce Averill Harriman has also been called in.

If the President wins out, he will have made a positive step toward answering the charge that the Government of the United States has descended to a battle between pressure groups.

No Martyr

The Administration, doubtless, will try to prevent Mr. Lewis from achieving martyrdom through being sent to jail if a conviction is obtained. The Government is expected to proceed cautiously in the prosecution of the U.M.W. chief, to avoid putting him behind bars. Should a conviction be obtained, sentence would likely be suspended.

Washington and every other city and community in the country has felt the effect of the disruption of coal supplies through the brown-out and other inconveniences. Knowledge is spreading that continuance of the strike may mean the greatest economic disaster in national history.

One prediction is that should the strike last for eight weeks it will prostrate industry, leave cities cold and powerless, except those in the South and West, and stop essential services. There is also danger of a general strike.

Administration strategy probably also takes into consideration that labor has been girding for a battle to raise wages generally, probably by around 20 per cent. Already there is evidence that prices of many commodities have reached their peak and a spontaneous "buyers strike" is forcing uncontrolled prices downward. The unions are still fearful of a further inflationary spiral and they want more money to meet higher living costs.

The Government has at stake its ability to handle labor disputes, while the unions are determined to retain and to increase their present extensive powers. That is why the other unions, including the bitter enemies of John L. Lewis, the Progressive Miners of Illinois, are standing with him in the present dispute. It is a crucial battle for organized labor.

History reveals that the late President Woodrow Wilson was the only man to beat Lewis before on a similar issue. The shaggy eyebrowed and vitriolic U.M.W. leader called off a strike in 1919 when the Government issued an injunction against him. Lewis told his men then they could not strike against their Government.

Political experts figure that Mr. Truman and the Democratic Party would earn the undying hatred of labor if it wins on the injunctive issue, and should organized labor oppose Democratic candidates in the 1948 presidential election. Republicans would then be assured of winning the White House and Congress.

Present Strategy

If present Truman strategy misfires, the Republican Congress will be able to capitalize on the situation by amending existing labor laws without offending labor chiefs as much as they appear to be hurt by an injunction.

On the other hand, the President apparently has considerable public support and should he master the situation, he will be able to force a Republican Congress to follow his labor program, whatever it may be, for modification of labor legislation. One fact seems assured at this writing, the Wagner Act is headed for some degree of change.

The Senate and House Republican steering committees have decided that one of the first things on their legislative list is labor legislation. Some Republicans consider that the election results constituted a mandate for labor legislation which would restore the balance between labor and management and put an end to paralyzing nation-wide strikes. However, there is a Liberal element in the party which would oppose too restrictive labor legislation.

Some Republican Congressmen have been talking about making labor unions subject to anti-trust laws in order to end wage bargaining on a national basis. They favor banning the closed shop, as three States voted on November 5. Both management and labor, however, oppose compulsory arbitration of strikes in public utilities.

There have been several requests for a special session of Congress to handle the Lewis situation, but this is not likely to be held. It would be well into December before Congressmen could be assembled and the 80th Congress opens January 3.

Governors of the 48 states, in response to an appeal from Washington, have put coal conservation measures into effect. Troops are ready in the event of any trouble resulting from the strikes, and Chief of Staff Eisenhower has been asked to explain, via radio, to the miners if the troops are used.

It is a critical time for John L. Lewis. He may win yet, but he may emerge as a reckless labor leader who has gambled the welfare of 130 million Americans for the selfish (although possibly justified) financial betterment of his 40,000 mine union members.

In forcing the Federal Government to a showdown, Lewis is also forcing Congress to devise measures to prevent further threats to the national economy from arbitrary labor leaders. The Executive seems to be tired of appeasing Mr. Lewis. And so, too, are the U.S. people.

The U.S. Army in Berlin has turned over a lot of equipment for use in an extensive program of assistance to German youth activities. Above, Pfc. Tom Yoshioka of Hawaii instructing in the art of horseshoe pitching.

200 Wacs recently arrived in Yokohama to fill administrative jobs vacated by troops returning to U.S.

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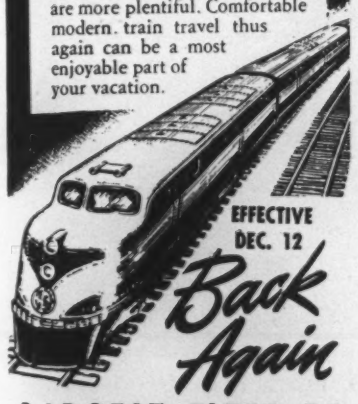

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Great Slave Lake Is a Copious Trout Larder

By FLORENCE WHYARD

On Great Slave Lake a thriving fishing industry operates from early June to September with a daily catch of thirty to forty thousand pounds of trout. After speedy filletting, packaging and quick freezing, the product is shipped by refrigerator barges, trucks and trains to markets in Winnipeg, Vancouver, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal and New York. The Federal Department of Fisheries keeps a sharp eye on the fishing industry in the Northwest Territories, prohibits large-scale fishing in Great Bear Lake to give the trout there a chance to mature, but gives expert advice on operations in the Great Slave Lake area. Many of the employees at the Gros Cap camp described here are fast-working Japanese-Canadians.

Yellowknife.

THE tall rangy R.C.M.P. sergeant was explaining to the pilot of the air force Norseman at the Yellowknife airport that he wanted to drop off for a few minutes at Gros Cap, on the way back to Fort Smith and see about ordering some fish.

"There's a fishing barge there in the channel and I figger we might be able to make arrangements for a supply of frozen fish for the dog teams at the Fort Smith detachment next winter," he explained. "We need a lot—twelve tons, and probably won't be able to get it all from this outfit, but we can see."

It was a sunny August afternoon in 1945, but flying conditions were poor because of the thick smoke haze from forest fires which lay like a pall over the Northwest Territories. The air force pilot had never paid much attention to Gros Cap before and wasn't quite sure about locating a fishing barge around that point, but the plane flew low along the edge of Yellowknife Bay, south to the corner of Great Slave Lake about fifty miles, and presently, with everyone peering closely through the haze, they sighted the camp down at the water's edge with some small boats near-by.

Rousing Welcome

The pilot took a couple of practice runs over the narrow channel in which the boats were harbored, and then went in for a perfect landing on his floats, taxied up to the big barge, cut the engines and looked around. No need to announce his arrival! The entire population was out to greet the Norseman. Swarming onto the dock in their black rubber aprons, hip boots and still carrying sharp filletting knives, were dozens of bright-eyed Japs.

The Mountie had just time to explain to the occupants of the plane that these were Canadian-born Japanese employed by the fishing company during the war far inland away from trouble spots, before the manager had stepped up and welcomed his visitors to Gros Cap. It was the first plane to land there and the workers were quite excited.

But no more excited than the pilot, his mechanic, two Department of Transport lads and a W.R.C.N.S. officer who were in the plane, when they saw the thousands of huge fish being washed, scaled, cleaned, filletted and *frozen* right before their eyes, then packed in special cartons and shipped off by refrigerator barges to a railway hundreds of miles south. In a few days, they learned, those fish would be sold in the markets of Chicago.

And the R.C.M.P. sergeant looked a little nonplussed when he came back from his chat with the boss. "I told him we'd need twelve tons of fish for the winter," he mused, "and that guy didn't blink an eye. Just said 'Sure, let us know when you want it and we'll save you part of a day's catch!'"

It was true. By that week in August, 1945, the McInnes fishing boats working out of Gros Cap were bringing in nearly 30,000 pounds of fish a day, in the first large-scale commercial fishing enterprise ever to enter the waters of Great Slave Lake. It was the beginning of a new chapter for Canadian fishing.

The year before, the McInnes company had used the same equipment on Lake Athabaska, and had now moved north into fresh waters. Now in 1946 their camp at Gros Cap has grown into a permanent establishment, with frame huts, locally-generated power, four freezing units and a smooth-working system of transportation to leading Canadian and U.S. markets. Average catch per day this past summer? Thirty to forty thousand pounds of fresh fish.

Oddly enough, few Canadians have heard anything of this new method of finding gold in the Northwest Territories. Even in Yellowknife, the closest settlement, little interest is shown in the venture and only a handful of residents have actually made the boat-trip to Gros Cap to see the business themselves.

Big Business

But in Chicago, New York, Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver, Ottawa, it's big business—so big that for the first time in history, the Canadian government has set a limit on the annual catch to be taken from Great Slave Lake. Nothing niggardly, you'll be glad to know; a mere million and a half pounds of fish during the summer season and another half million in the winter if they want to fish through the ice in the Sub-Arctic weather.

Whether or not the average Canadian knows about these things, the Department of Fisheries at Ottawa keeps a close watch on such resources, and a tremendous amount of field and research work goes on year after year under its auspices, for the promotion of the fishing industry and the protection of the Canadian consumer. This summer, for example, a party of nine specialists and students are in the Gros Cap area, doing research and survey work on types, sizes, health conditions and so on of the fish known to inhabit adjacent waters.

Another thing this writer had to visit Gros Cap to find out is that at least one Canadian university gives a course in Limnology . . . didn't you know either? It's the study of lakes, waters and the inhabitants thereof, meaning fish.

If you're interested at all in Biology, you can enter that course at the University of Saskatchewan and specialize in Limnology for your M.A. thesis, practically guaranteeing for yourself wonderful summer trips with the Department of Fisheries experts. You might even get to Great Slave Lake! This summer, Dr. D. S. Rawson of Saskatoon was in charge of the group of experts in the Territories, working with Dr. J. Oughton of Toronto, Dr. William Kennedy of Winnipeg, Bill Fuller of Regina, Jim Kellcher of Winnipeg, Ralph Himsl, Moosejaw, Ray McFadden of Regina, Dick Vackeroth, Howard Fredeen, Saskatoon, and Peter Larkin, Regina. Larkin, incidentally, left Gros Cap early in August on his way to England, a 1946 Rhodes Scholar.

No Commercial Fishing

All these specialists were not working at Gros Cap; Dr. Oughton spent some time at Snowdrift; Dr. Kennedy at Toltina Lake, and Bill Fuller at Big Buffalo, together with some of their assistants. It is on the basis of their reports to the Department that rulings will be made governing fishing in the Territories for future years. This year, for example, the Department prohibited commercial fishing on any large scale in Great Bear Lake, on which Port Radium, site of Canada's source of radium is situated. Why? Because a survey last summer revealed that because of the extremely cold temperature and great depth of the water in Great Bear, it takes a minimum of seven years for one of the big Bear Lake trout to mature. If commercial fishing were allowed, the species would soon disappear.

However, there is little danger of that happening to the swarms of fish in Great Slave Lake. Shallow water abounds in the Gros Cap area, and so do tricky reefs and small rocky islands, which make navigation rather hazardous for the unfamiliar. It's a stormy lake too, as any crew member of the tugs and barges hauling freight north to Yellowknife from Waterways, end of steel, will testify. But the catch is worth any possible risk—take a look at some of the facts as revealed the first week in August at Gros Cap.

That first Saturday, August 3, a refrigerator barge left the McInnes camp at Gros Cap carrying 250,000 pounds of frozen fish, its first stop Fort Smith Monday night. From Smith, trucks would rapidly transfer the precious cargo across the 16-mile portage road to Fort Fitzgerald, where other McInnes barges would be waiting to carry it further along the river to Fort McMurray, three days away. Four miles' cartage from McMurray would bring the frozen packages to the end of steel at Waterways, where refrigerator cars on the Northern Alberta Railways line would haul it to Edmonton, another 48-hour trip.

From Edmonton the tons of fish fillets would be sped by mainline railroads to large cities throughout Canada and the States, where they would be snapped up by meat-rationed housewives and plopped into a sizzling frying pan. How long for the trip? Maybe two weeks, but when those fillets were served for dinner they'd be as fresh as the day they were caught, for the special quick-freeze units on those barges thousands of miles north in the Canadian Territories catch the finest fresh flavor and keep it.

No. Thirty-Three

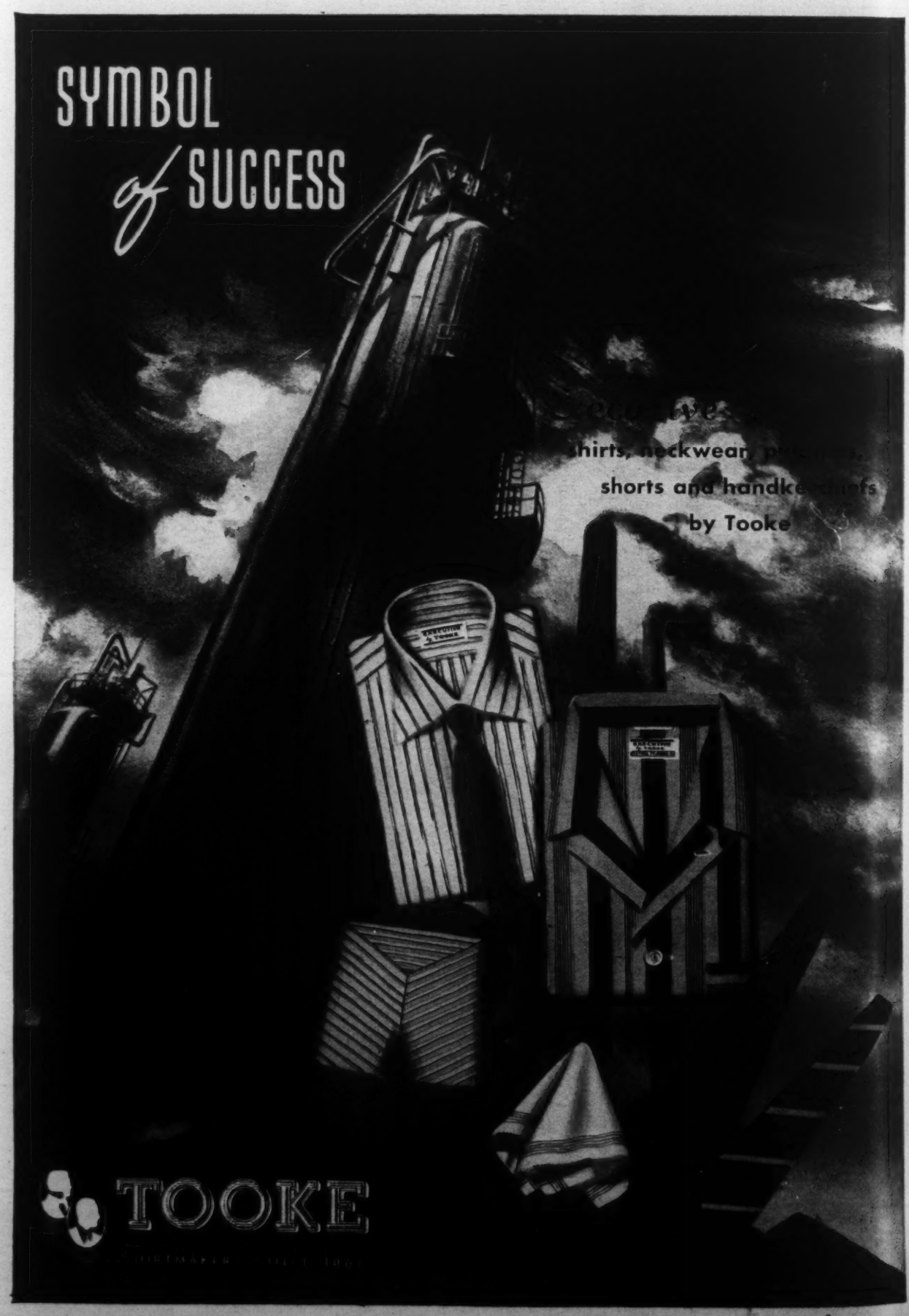
The barge that took the 250,000 pound load is the largest in the McInnes fleet this year—"No. Thirty-three" is her name. There are three other "reefers" shuttling back and forth on the long hauls, each of which carries about 75 tons of frozen fish in its hold. In addition there are two motor ships owned by the company, the Nor-Alta, running on Great Slave down to Smith, and the Nor-Basca, which picks up the barges at the other end of the Fitzgerald portage and hauls them to McMurray. Eight engineers keep tab on the diesels and freezing units, with one on each reefer barge to check conditions all the way up the water route.

Pretty smooth planning? You bet, and there's more. Inspector Matt Bell, of the Fisheries Department at Ottawa, who is now on duty at Gros Cap for the second season since returning from his wartime assignment with the Canadian Army, told this writer some of the inside story.

About two o'clock every morning, twenty-two small fishing launches set out through the well-protected harbor channel from the McInnes camp to visit their nets. They may go 20 or 30 miles out into the lake, these little grey boats with their crews of two or three men. Charlie Saunders, one of the few Yellowknife fishermen working on the project, and owner of his own boat, goes all the way to Outpost Islands, a good 25-mile run from the camp, for his catch. The boats make a speed of about seven to nine miles an hour, and don't come back to camp until after noon of the same day.

You can see them coming up the channel one by one, loaded low in the water, docking beside the giant McInnes working barge beside the shore. It's a speedy job unloading the square wooden boxes full of big shining fish, weighing each man's catch, and sorting the types caught. It has to be speedy, for the workmen may handle up to 40,000 pounds a day, and that's a lot of fish!

Weighed on the dock as they come in from the boats, the fish have to be sorted carefully because there are



different prices paid the fishermen for each kind brought in. They get five cents a pound for lake trout (dressed, which means heads on but no innards left) four cents per pound for inconnu (heads off and insides cleaned out) and three-and-a-half cents per pound for whitefish, uncleaned.

All three types are excellent eating, but experts say that you can't beat fillet of trout from Great Slave, caught when the fish weighed between three and six pounds.

What's inconnu? That's an interesting story, worth telling right here on the dock with all the smelly fish around us. When the first explorers paddled down the rivers and across the lakes of Canada's vast unknown interior, they ate a lot of fish, and some of it was strange to them. But strangest of all was the type they caught in the Territories lakes, resembling no fish they had tasted before or elsewhere, so they dubbed it "Inconnu"—the French word for "unknown".

Coney

Now it is popularly called "coney" in the North, and one of the fisheries experts has stated that the species is found in only one other known spot—northern Russia, where water and climatic conditions are similar.

To get back to the fishing barge. By this time the slippery wet fish have been dumped by the box-load onto working tables at the far end of the barge, beheaded and now descaled with small electric gadgets which resemble stream-lined electric razors. It's wet work and sloppy bloody work but the Jap crews in their long black rubber aprons, high rubber boots, rubber sleeves and special gloves, slop around in the mess and pay no attention to it. At regular intervals, they stop work and stand aside while one of the boys hoses down the slippery, gutty deck with clean water, running the debris over the side into the channel. There are seven of these "scalers" working on the fish as they come aboard.

Next to them at a big wooden trough-table are six of the most highly-skilled workmen this writer has ever gaped at. These are the "filletters" who work in speedy silence, grasping the scaled fish with the left hand, making almost invisibly-rapid slashes with a wickedly sharp knife and nonchalantly tossing the clean fillets into a pile, all in one deft motion. If you've ever tried to clean and fillet a large, wet, slippery lake trout, with as little success as the normal human, it is worth money to watch these men.

Six-Man Gangs

And it's worth money to them, too. Of the six-man gangs (there are 12 filletters used at the McInnes camp) one is the contractor and the other five work for him. They get paid $2.00 for every hundred pounds of fillets they produce; the contractor taking 50 cents and the other five getting 30 cents out of that $2.00. How long does it take to fillet one hundred pounds? Take a deep breath and get ready for what Inspector Bell said when asked that question: "They can do 1500 pounds in an hour." Better throw away that little sunfish you're trying to peel and go buy some frozen fillets!

Of course they've had years of experience—(this gang comes from Winnipeg and probably practised on goldeye) and they wear a special steel mesh glove on the left hand. The knives are special too—so is the shudder you get down the spine when the edge flashes in the sun. But it's their nonchalance that is so impressive.

Let's follow the assembly line down the barge to the next section. Here, in vivid contrast to the wet, sloppy fishy part we just visited, are 16 girl workers in spotless white smocks, seated at clean tables, wrapping each fillet in waxed paper, piling them into special five-pound cartons by the dozen. A boy trundles the boxes away on a cart to the quick freeze units and here the "Oh's" and "Ah's" begin all over again.

McInnes is using four freezing units at his Gros Cap camp this year. There are three special "quick-freeze" cabinets which can handle 2300 pounds of fillets in three hours. In addition there is a large freezing cabinet which turns out 35,000 pounds of frozen fillets every fourteen hours. This equipment is built onto another barge between the factory and the shore proper, and the Diesel engines make a terrific racket day and night.

The entire day's catch is cleaned, filletted and frozen before the workers call it a day, clearing the decks for the next day's tonnage. That means that your Canadian frozen fillets in the corner store are as fresh as if you had caught them and cooked them outdoors the same afternoon.

There is no ceiling on the retail price of fish now, and these fillets sell from 30 to 35 cents a pound in city markets. Present Chicago price for whitefish from Great Slave Lake is 32 cents—and well worth it when you stop to consider the tremendous transportation problem involved in rushing that load from Gros Cap across thousands of miles of rivers and railroads.

Bosses and Workers

In addition to George McInnes and his son Gordon, who operate the rapidly expanding business (they are fishing at Athabaska this year too) there is the company's indefatigable manager, William Schlader and about 80 employees at the Gros Cap camp, plus about 30 Japanese-Canadians. The workers live in tents and huts along the shore and have no transportation problems for they come right into Great Slave Lake on board the company barges and go out the same way. The season began this year on June 4, and lasted until early in September, then the boats started south to beat freeze-up, taking all but a permanent camp staff with them.

Five men worked at Gros Cap last winter building huts and making a real campsite, after the McInnes company experienced such a successful summer season that they decided to return in 1946. Now George McInnes is talking about some winter fishing, and despite shivers from his audience, assured them that some of the fishermen prefer winter fishing to summer. They'll drive out on the frozen lake surface in trucks and fish through the ice, then ship their catch by tractor trains.

Who says there's no incentive in Canadian industry? Next time you buy fish, ask for Great Slave trout!

• •

GENTLE EULOGY

READING J. P. Marquand is like eating a sack of peanuts; you wouldn't go too far out of your way to obtain peanuts, but you have to go on eating them until they are all gone.

—I.M.P. in N.Y. *Herald Tribune*

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THE WORLD TODAY

The U.S.A. Versus John L. Lewis: Issue and the Consequences

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

THIS is no ordinary strike, by men in a notoriously dangerous and unpleasant occupation demanding better pay and working conditions—though that feeling must be present as long as men continue willing to go down into the coal mines. Only half a year ago the United Mine Workers hailed the agreement gained through their two-month strike as "the greatest social and economic gains made in a single agreement" since they had formed their union in 1890.

Earning on the average $62.37 for a 42½-hour week the miners have advanced so far from their depressed condition of the 'twenties and early 'thirties, under benevolent New Deal legislation, that they have now become the most highly paid large industrial group in the United States. Steel workers make only $49.73 and automobile workers $53.39 a week.

The miners would not normally be coming round for more so soon, to carry them still further ahead of other workers. In as far as there is a true economic motive to the strike it lies in the fact that the current agreement is with the government, not with the operators, from whom the government took over control last spring in the necessity of ending the strike. Some day the miners are going to have to force this agreement from the operators, when the mines are turned back.

According to the usually sound interpretation of Joseph C. Harsch of the Christian Science *Monitor* the miners seemed to think this was coming fairly soon. President Truman has said privately that he would like to get the government out of the mining business, and has suggested that January 16 might be the date for this. The government seizure was carried out under special war powers which must be terminated six months after Congress declares the war emergency officially ended. And a Republican Congress is expected to do this speedily, if the President does not do it sooner by Executive order.

A reasonable explanation for the miners' strategy would therefore be, as Harsch says, that facing a trial of strength with the operators sometime, they have chosen to use the threat of a winter-time coal strike *now*. Their plan is to use the Truman Administration to put pressure on the operators to accept the present contract terms, rather than wait until spring, when the operators could better afford to fight a strike and the new Congress might have passed legislation which would hamper one.

This is the calculation which has made the strike seem like power politics; which brings into the forefront that master power politician John L. Lewis; has raised the issue of whether one man can be permitted to jeopardize the nation's economic life and even its health at his own will; and has turned this strike into a showdown between the U.S.A. and John Lewis.

Weaknesses of Both Sides

The legal weakness of Lewis's position is that the miners' contract is still valid. It contains the specific provision that it is to run for the duration of government operation of the mines. The psychological weakness of his position is that, by repeatedly placing a pistol against their heads, he has infuriated a large part of Congress and the public.

But there are also very evident weaknesses in the government's position. The basic one is that it cannot mine coal by throwing Lewis and his union officials into jail, by impounding the union's funds (estimated at $13,000,000), or by placing soldiers with bayonets at the pit-heads. Only the miners can bring out the coal which will keep the nation's economy running and its homes warm.

It is unlikely, at the least, that any government appeal is going to separate the miners from their formidable and hitherto highly successful leader. Although one wonders with the New York *Times* if some of the miners haven't noted that Lewis's "successes" have come under benevolent legislation, and that the government has, in real fact, been their best friend for the past thirteen years.

A further weakness in the government position is the weak start which it made on this showdown. When Lewis sprang his threat just before the election, President Truman, following the almost uniformly poor advice of his election chief Robert Hannegan, and rejecting that of Interior Secretary Krug, agreed to discuss the contract. Lewis was thus drawn on, lost his chance for dignified retreat, and now feels that he has been "double-crossed."

The Hated Injunction

Then there is the government use of the injunction to restrain Lewis. This device, little heard of in recent years, and denied to private employers by the Norris-La Guardia Bill, has ugly associations in the minds of all older union leaders and members. It is still legal for the government to use it; but that doesn't make unionists like it any the better.

Finally, the government cannot count with much confidence on swaying Lewis by mobilizing behind itself the power of an outraged public opinion. Other unions, such as the conservative railway brotherhoods, are quite susceptible to public opinion. But Lewis has seemed oblivious to it, and even to enjoy the fury of public and press.

Now we come to the heart of the matter. That is, John L. Lewis's full purposes. For they are going to have a far-reaching effect on the support that he might receive from the other great unions, in perhaps provoking a general strike or some only slightly less disastrous labor struggle.

Arthur Krock, the New York *Times* veteran Washington bureau chief, quotes his best labor informants as believing that "the C.I.O. is Lewis's enemy; the A.F. of L. fears to become his captive; and the railway brotherhoods . . . will join in nothing that might undermine the American system."

Will CIO, AFL Aid Lewis?

"As union men, the leaders would deplore the defeat of Mr. Lewis, particularly if it could be traced to the Federal court injunction. But also, as union leaders, they do not want to see him increase his already gigantic strength and once again prove to their followers that he can and dares to do more for his workers than they can. And, most of all, they fear that the outcome of his strike may weaken the use of strikes as an economic weapon and bring harsher legislation and more successful resistance to the wage demands they have in mind than would happen otherwise."

According to these observers, therefore, it is unlikely that sympathetic strikes will be called by other top union leaders to assist Lewis in bringing the government and the nation to their knees, and making him the most powerful figure in American labor — unless the government should move to dissolve the mine workers' union.

Personally, I find it amazing to hear even the suggestion that an American government in 1946 would try to, or want to, dissolve a great union. Even the outstanding conservative Republican in the U. S. Senate, Taft of Ohio, often termed "reactionary" by his opponents, stood up and boldly checked the passage through the Senate of Truman's hasty measure of last May to draft railway strikers into the army, a measure which had swept through the House.

Now Taft is in control of the Senate majority. He isn't talking of breaking unions, and has not even endorsed the liberal Senator Ball's proposal to outlaw the closed shop as a monopolistic measure and one designed to give union leaders too authoritarian control over their membership—control such as Lewis wields over his men.

Dangerous Possibilities

Nevertheless, there are dangerous and unpredictable possibilities in this strike which no one will underestimate. There have been widespread demands that Congress be called into special session, and one can well imagine that it would legislate more in anger than in wisdom, which would in turn raise the anger of labor, and could lead on to Heaven knows what.

On the other hand, there is an almost unprecedented call for a showdown from the press of the nation—which is by no means oblivious to the opinions of its labor readers—and a warning that capitulation now would only open the flood gates to greater trouble later. The central issue, as the newspapers present it, is that it must not be possible for one man to place the government and the life of the nation at his mercy, as Lewis is attempting to do for the second time this year.

The estimated cost of Lewis's two-month strike last spring was some two billion dollars, besides setting back the country's reconversion, lowering its strength and prestige abroad just at the moment its representatives were trying to negotiate the peace settlement, and encouraging those forces all over the world which are shouting gleefully that our free system cannot operate, but is in its death throes.

(One thing about this strike is that there is no "Communist in the woodpile." There is no more outspokenly anti-Communist labor leader in America than John L. Lewis).

As far as one can see at the moment, there are three possible outcomes. The most desirable, from the standpoint of the public and the government is that John Lewis should admit, as he did in 1920 that he "can't fight the government", and back down. Perhaps the most persuasive move which the government could take to bring this about would be to lease the war-built "Big-Inch" and "Little-Inch" pipe lines to bring Texas natural gas to the industrial East. Miners and coal operators are already showing concern over widespread conversion to oil fuel, carried out so often because of the uncertainty of coal production.

But Lewis is a very stubborn man. His self-esteem has been built up by a long series of victories. And he appears to be playing for high stakes, nothing less than the leadership of all labor in America. Some formula would have to be found to ease his retreat, and found before the opposing lines harden with bitterness.

Rather more likely seems to be a dragging coal strike, with a gradual closing down of the steel industry and of the many industries dependent on it, and a cutting of railroad schedules, reaching a crisis as public utilities, hospitals, schools and homes come to the end of their stockpiles in midwinter cold.

Before that could happen, say within a couple of months, it would be clear whether the rest of union labor were reacting as citizens and consumers and as individuals being deprived of work by the selfish stubbornness of one man, or whether they believe themselves to be involved in a fight to the death for the survival of unionism.

The issue should never come to that. There should never be any suggestion of breaking the miners' union or of passing drastic anti-union legislation. But what should happen and what could happen, when tempers become inflamed and judgment goes out the window may be two different things.

Obviously some new legislation is urgently needed, and here, though I have never cared for Senator Taft's views on foreign affairs, I cannot help but welcome his apparent decision to take the chairmanship of the Senate Labor Committee. For he is a cool-headed man, and showed last May as mentioned above, that he cannot be stampeded into folly.

Factors of Discontent

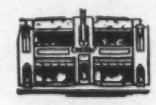
Legislation cannot do everything, and there is a danger in counting on it to do too much. It cannot remove the deep underlying discontents of industrial life, due to the deadly monotonous, de-personalizing work on assembly lines, the often dingy surroundings, and the feeling that labor is no more than a commodity bought by the manufacturer at the lowest possible price.

The curing of these ills is a long process, on which some progress has been made, but on which much remains to be done in varying the worker's task, making surroundings more cheerful, giving him a voice in that segment of management where he should legitimately have one, and furthering profit-sharing schemes by selling him stock (as the Bell Telephone system does in Canada) or some incentive scheme such as that of the Lincoln Electric in the States (which union labor unreasonably opposes in spite of its immense, proven success).

But legislation must do what it can. And it seems that first of all, it must modify the Wagner Act which has operated to encourage strikes and has vastly aided the mushroom growth of the C.I.O. in

The Canadian Bank of Commerce announces the appointment of Mr. Henry Borden, C.M.G., K.C., as a Director of the Bank. A graduate of McGill University in economics and political science, of Dalhousie Law School, and of Oxford University (as a Rhodes Scholar) he was appointed a King's Counsel in 1938. In September 1939 he offered his services to the Canadian Government and was appointed General Counsel to the War Supply Board at Ottawa, later acting in the same capacity for the Department of Munitions and Supply. He also served on several other important Wartime Boards. His contributions to the war effort were recognized by his being appointed by His Majesty the King at C.M.G.

Mr. Borden is a member of the Board of Governors of King's College School, Nova Scotia, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Governors of the University of Toronto and is also on the governing bodies of the Toronto General and Wellesley Hospitals of Toronto. He is Chairman of the Canadian Board of the Norwich Union Fire and Life Insurance Societies, and President of the Brazilian Traction, Light and Power Company Limited.



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organizing industry-wide unions as opposed to the older craft unions, with all the excesses which naturally attend any such rapid growth and such immense power.

Secondly it seems that serious consideration must be given to Senator Ball's proposal to eliminate the closed shop, which has allowed such leaders as Lewis to gain inordinate power over their men, by denying all who will not submit to their regimentation the right to work in the shops they control. British Labor has grown to its present great power without the use of the closed shop privilege and recent debates in Britain have shown a still widespread feeling that this is an undemocratic method, which can harm the unions as well as non-union workers and management.

The third and most pressing need is to find a means of avoiding, if not formally prohibiting, nation-wide strikes. No one in a free country should have the power to tie up the nation and force it to accept his will. No employer has that right or power. There have been fifty years of anti-trust legislation, to break up business monopolies. Now labor monopoly has grown into an abuse which must be checked. A few labor leaders have acquired too great power for the good of the public and the safety of the nation, and, as it is being proven, even for the good of their own membership.

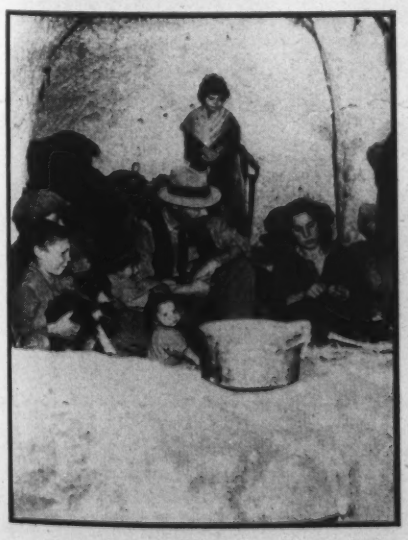
No Bludgeoning

As one writer has put it, there must be collective bargaining, but not collective bludgeoning. There must be means of assuring that negotiation, which has become a farce under the Wagner Act, should be genuine. In all nation-wide industries, at least, such as railways, automobiles, coal, steel and oil, and in public utilities, arbitration by a non-partisan labor court must become the normal procedure and the final authority in cases where management and labor fail to agree between themselves. Contracts must be kept, and unions must be responsible agencies.

The ultimate right to strike cannot be withdrawn from free workers in a free enterprise society, in extreme circumstances. But the license with which this right has been abused must be curbed in the interests of everybody.

Just grievances must be redressed; no one wants it otherwise. But they must be redressed in some better way. What inconsistency is it for people to complain that all the nations in the world cannot settle their differences by peaceful negotiation, without fighting, when in a free, "advanced" society, where people have the feeling that they run the government and it is their country, they still try to settle their differences by what amounts to social warfare?

One of the great faults of the New Deal, I think, was in appealing to the American people too much as groups and "blocs". It will be a great challenge to the incoming regime to appeal to them instead as *citizens*.



The common people of Greece and Italy, on opposite sides in the war, now suffer the same hardships. This family is holed up in a dirty cave near Naples where they cook the day's meagre meal of potatoes.

Official Record of a U-Boat Paradise

By J. CAMERON HANNAH

Last week Adm. Sir John Cunningham, First Sea Lord, told London's Royal Empire Society that if Hitler and Goering had had more faith in Adm. Erich Raeder ("a sound strategist") and his plan for attacks on our trade routes, "Britain might not have survived." The official story of the fight against the U-boats, reviewed here, appeared last month.

London.

THE official story of the fight against the U-boats has at last been told in "The Battle of the Atlantic", published in Britain last month by H. M. Stationery Office (price 1s). It is a story of ceaseless conflict from the first day of World War II until final victory, of the courage of the men of the Allied fighting services and merchant navies, of the ingenuity of the scientists on both sides, of new measures and new counter-measures, of individual feats of daring and sacrifice.

Menace Unborn

Had the war in Europe not ended in 1945, the book reveals, the menace of the U-boats would have increased still further for, despite the weight of Allied attacks on German building yards, bases and assembly plants, the growth of the enemy's underwater arm would have outstripped Allied efforts to destroy it.

At the outbreak of war Germany had 57 operational U-boats of modern design and on the evening of the first day of the war, Sept. 3, 1939, the opening blow was struck with the torpedoing of the Athenia with the loss of 128 lives. Against this fearful menace to her ocean life line through which food and raw materials would have to flow if she were to maintain her forces in action, Britain pinned her faith in those early days on the Asdic detecting device and the convoy system.

In 1940 Grand Admiral Doenitz said: "I will show that the U-boat alone can win this war . . ." His boast was nearly fulfilled, but by always keeping one step ahead at the most critical stages the Allies wrested final victory in the sternest conflict in the history of the war.

In 1943 the enemy introduced the acoustic torpedoes which remained a considerable menace to the build-up for the European invasion, but they were now largely on the defensive as Allied air and sea might gathered its tremendous power for the final blow on Hitler's fortress. Sinkings dwindled and it was apparent that the Germans were husbanding their strength. At the same time they were developing new devices and new types of submarine.

D-day arrived in June, 1944, and the U-boats raced in to the attack, only to meet the full blast of Coastal Command's patrols. In the first four days after the invasion about a dozen were either sunk or damaged. By the first six months of 1944 the enemy lost 122 U-boats. When the Reich finally capitulated, 156 U-boats surrendered and a further 221 were found to have been scuttled—a formidable force.

"The Battle of the Atlantic" is both a record of history and a tribute to the many known and thousands unknown who contributed to the anti-U-boat campaign and so preserved the vital ocean link between the nations who were fighting for freedom.

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Why The Japanese Are Against Moving East

By FRANK MORITSUGU

Some surprise has been expressed by "Older Canadians" at the reluctance of Japanese in Canada, especially those of Canadian birth, to move east of the Rockies and thus deprive the British Columbians of their grievance at having almost the whole of the Japanese population in their area. In this article Mr. Moritsugu, one of the most able and brilliant of the Canadian-born Japanese, gives a number of very intelligible reasons for an attitude which he deplores but thinks was largely inevitable in view of the treatment to which these people were subjected.

ONE obstacle to an early realization of the government plan for dispersal of the Canadian Japanese across the Dominion was the reluctance on the part of a great many of the Japanese who had been evacuated from the coastal area to the British Columbia interior, to head east of the Rockies.

At first glance it seems hard to understand why the evacuees should prefer to remain in the part of the country that has been the loudest in the demands for their expulsion. But the effect of the evacuation and its aftermath, the uncertainty of the future because of the hesitant government policy, and the many unfavorable reports from the East were the main causes why so many evacuees stayed rooted in the government settlements to which they had been removed.

In the first months of the evacuation, which took place in 1942, there was considerable movement out of British Columbia. The largest groups of evacuees who left the province were sent to sugar beet farms in Alberta and Manitoba, while several hundred others, mostly Nisei (Canadian-born citizens of Japanese parentage), came to work in the East. Since the completion of the mass removal, there had been a steady eastward relocation, but this movement had never reached a large scale.

The evacuation had a profound effect on the minds of the evacuees. Many of them felt lost and insecure after seeing their lives torn up, homes and businesses that were the culmination of long years of labor broken up, families scattered, and their freedom controlled by a government agency and the R.C.M.P.

Property Losses

The evacuation was followed by a series of government actions that added to the confused feeling of the Japanese. Property, both real and personal, that had been taken over by the Custodian of Enemy Alien Property with the understanding that it would be protected, was put for sale with no recognition of the wishes of the evacuee owners. The majority of the owners suffered heavy losses in this enforced sale. Restrictions were made on travel. Purchase or renting of real property by any Japanese was prohibited.

When the B.C. Security Commission, the original government body formed to supervise the evacuation and further disposition of the Japanese, first started urging voluntary relocation from British Columbia, another drawback was immediately apparent. The government had never clearly defined a policy regarding the future of the Canadian Japanese apart from some statements that "justice and fair play" would be done. To this day those relocated have been given no guarantee of permanence in their resettlement. In 1942 when evacuees were sent eastward to work in the prairie sugar beet fields and to fill gaps in Ontario's wartime production, the provincial governments were promised by federal authorities that the Japanese would be returned to B.C. after the war if the provinces so desired. The immediate reaction of many Japanese in British Columbia was, "what's the use of leaving B.C., we'll have to come back anyway?"

Although the idea of "dispersal," i.e., breaking up of the concentration of Japanese and scattering them thinly across Canada, had been advocated as the most suitable solution to the problem by many interested parties ever since the evacuation, the government did not take a definite stand until August, 1944, when Prime Minister King stated in the House of Commons that "dispersal of the Japanese across the Dominion would be desirable."

Small Allowances

But, having made the suggestion, the government did little to make dispersal desirable to the Japanese. Persons desiring relocation were placed by the Security Commission in jobs and living accommodations, given free rail transportation and a small placement allowance. This allowance was intended for a month's subsistence and did not give much comfort to the majority of the relocated personnel who, having little money, were unable to obtain important necessities such as furniture and other household furnishings. Applications were made for substantial grants to ensure a good foundation in the first months of relocation (as was done in the case of the Japanese Americans relocated in the United States), but neither the B. C. Security Commission nor the Japanese Division of the Department of Labor, which succeeded to the job after the dissolution of the B.C.S.C. heeded the requests. This lack of financial assistance towards resettlement particularly discouraged the many evacuees whose savings had dwindled away in augmenting the bare subsistence rates paid for work in Commission-supervised employment in the interior settlements.

At the outset, many conditions in the East were unfavorable to relocation. Reports were filtering back from the "early birds" in Ontario of discrimination in employment and housing. Available forms of employment offered by the placement officers were very limited. Often the Security Commission was guilty of painting too rosy a picture of Eastern prospects in their efforts to move family groups and many Japanese found the circumstances of their new homes to be somewhat less than the original descriptions. One far-reaching result of these conditions was that many people who encountered disappointment on arrival wrote back to B.C. warning against hasty relocation.

Some evacuees had never thought of leaving British Columbia. These were people who hoped to return to the coast after the war and go back to their former businesses or fish or farm again. Others were filled with resentment of the enforced evacuation and were unwilling to move anywhere. Another group were not in the position to move. These were evacuees with large families of small children. or aged parents.

"Jobs for Anyone"

Then there was one circumstance that greatly aided these people who had no intention of moving a second time. In contrast to the elements in the province who loudly insisted on expulsion, many economic interests wanted evacuee labor in the B.C. interior, so that there were jobs for anyone who wanted them.

These factors combined to create a peculiar mental turmoil that engulfed many of the evacuees in British Columbia. The unprecedented evacuation and the subsequent treatment that curtailed their freedom made them feel very vulnerable. The vagueness of the government policy regarding the future of the Japanese added to the feeling of insecurity. And the cries for wholesale deportation from many sides gained stronger meaning after the experience of the evacuation. If all the Japanese, including citizens, could be moved out of an area because of a local outcry, why couldn't forcible deportation become a reality? If so, what was the use of starting a new life anywhere?

As the brief to the Prime Minister from the Cooperative Committee for the Japanese Canadians in July, 1945, explained: "The timid, the less well-equipped and those with the attitude of 'wait and see' somehow hoped that justice and fair play would eventually prevail, and that when the war was over attitudes would change and the past could be forgotten. It would be easier than to go east or even stay in B.C. In the meantime they clung to the only protection and security they knew—life in the relocation centres (interior settlements)."

Democratic Principles?

Currently the picture has changed owing to a new dispersal policy adopted by the government this year, and some repatriation to Japan. Nisei who relocated earlier are establishing themselves firmly in their new homes. But the problem of the Japanese in Canada is still far from reaching a conclusion compatible with the democratic principles by which Canadian life is governed.

The new dispersal policy is compulsory movement of evacuees from British Columbia. For the past few months hundreds of Japanese have been moved to hostels in various provinces. Placement in jobs and housing is made from these manning pools, and thus dispersal of a type is being enforced.

In early 1945, every Japanese in Canada was questioned about applications for repatriation to Japan (to the Canadian-born Nisei, "deportation" would be the more correct term), and those still in British Columbia were given the alternative of signing for repatriation or losing their B.C. jobs and re-establishing themselves east of the Rockies "to signify loyalty to Canada." (At that time, one-third of Canada's Japanese were settled outside of British Columbia, but over 15,000 remained in the province.) It has been established that the R.C.M.P. making the survey told the B.C. Japanese that they would be given a later opportunity to revoke their applications, and since, at the time, staying in British Columbia where they had good jobs was the prime issue for them, many people signed the applications. After widespread protest from many quarters against the government method of trying to force deportation upon the Japanese, the legalities of the policy are being judged at the present time and only those who wish to go to Japan are being repatriated.

Looking on the brighter side of the picture, the results of three years of relocation have mainly been heartening. Many Nisei and older Japanese have entered new fields of employment and have made steady progress towards becoming accepted members of their new communities. The recent appointment of a British Columbia-born Nisei to teach in a Toronto public school is one of the high points in the breaking-down of the bounds of prejudice.

In early 1945, the bars to enlistment in the Canadian Army were finally withdrawn and over 150 Nisei volunteered. Many Nisei have been repatriated to Canada after service in the Far East while others are busy with occupational duties and war crimes investigation in Japan, China and many parts of South East Asia.

Resettlement and further acceptance into Canadian society comprise the next phase in the lives of Canada's Japanese. The vital steps that are urged are the grant of the franchise to all Canadian-born and naturalized citizens of Japanese origin (at present only World War II veterans and those Nisei residing outside British Columbia prior to July, 1941, may vote), complete relaxation of all restrictions, and compensation for losses suffered in the enforced property sale. Then, with the assistance of their new neighbors whose kind friendship is helping their complete resettlement shape into reality, the Canadian Japanese plan to do their utmost to make the "Japanese problem" something of the past, both in fact and fiction.

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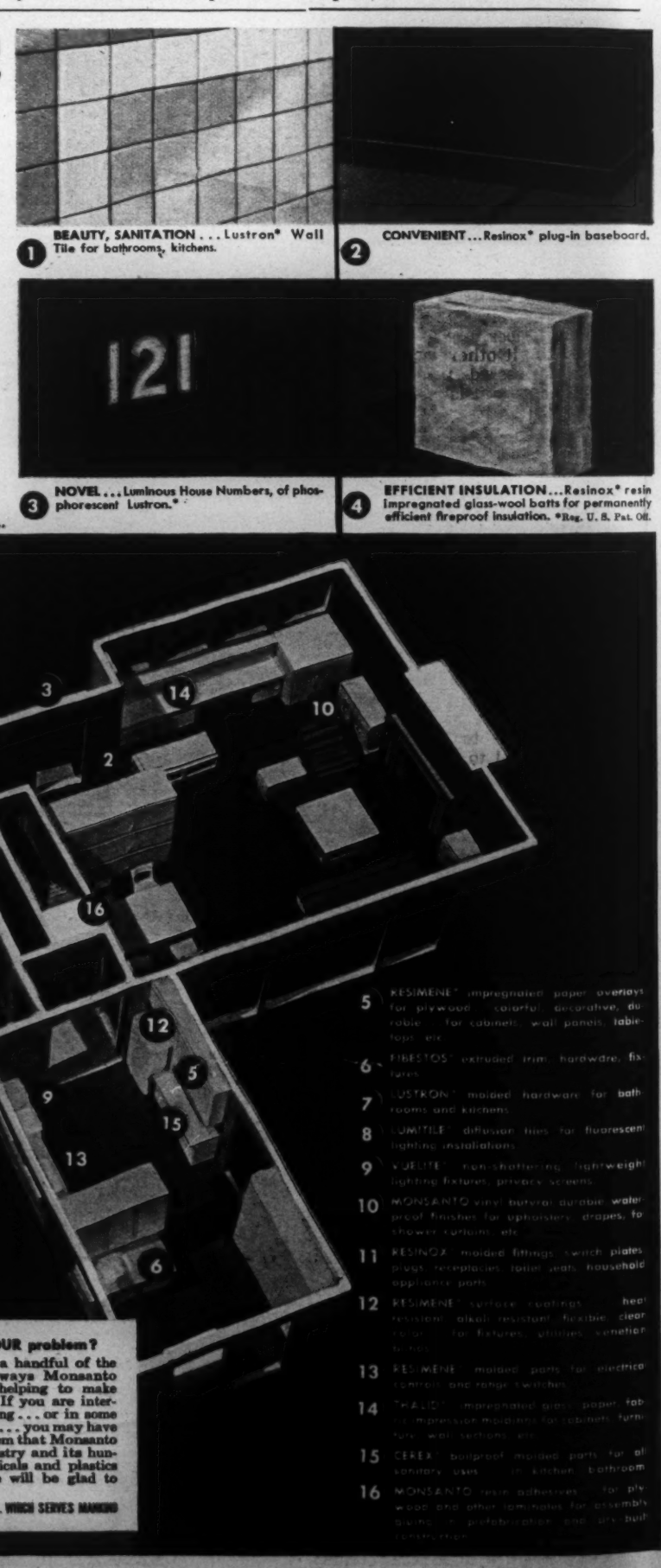
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FROM THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Here Is a History of the Faith for Undogmatic Christians

By B. K. SANDWELL

HISTORY is the study of anything that has happened, valued according to its significance to the mind of the historian and those for whom he is writing. These significances are different for different historians and different audiences, so that history is constantly being rewritten with new perspectives, new lights and new shadows.

One of the elements which were largely neglected in the nineteenth century is the element, which we now know to be profoundly significant, of the growth and development and decay of religious ideas. Reluctance to incorporate these processes in the general material of history was probably due in part to the tendency to think of the accepted religious ideas of one's own country and period as Revelation, unchanged from the time when they were communicated by divine power. This is especially true in Protestant countries, owing to the desire to establish the canonical Scriptures as the sole basis of religious faith.

Protestant historians have tended in consequence to deal with religious history, if at all, solely in terms of the political forces in which religious ideas took form, and not in terms of the ideas which inspired those forces. The *behavior* of people who believe the doctrine of the Trinity is obviously a proper subject for history; the doctrine of the Trinity itself, regarded as a direct communication from God to man, is not.

The modern historian, and the modern man for whom he writes, insists more and more that everything that has happened shall be included in his histories, in proportion to its significance, and realizes more and more that religious ideas arise out of historical conditions and influence subsequent historical conditions. Two books have lately been written in Canada which recognize and cater to this demand. One of these, the "Christianity and Classical Culture" of the late Charles Norris Cochrane, is written by a scholar for scholars, dealing with "Thought and action from Augustus to Augustine." Hailed by competent critics wherever the English language is read, and recently honored with the medal of the Royal Society of Canada, this is a work which sheds a revealing light upon the process whereby the vital principles of the Roman world, summed up under the title *Romanitas*, gave place to the vital principles of Pauline and Augustinian Christianity. But it is not a work which is likely to have much direct influence upon the ordinary and not very philosophical man.

The second, "The Story of the Faith," by William Alva Gifford, Professor of the History of Religions in the United Theological College of Montreal (Macmillan, $5), is avowedly written "by a scholar for the man in the street," and is subtitled "A Survey of Christian history for the undogmatic." It covers much more sketchily a much larger area, but its core is the same great event, the slow formulation of the Catholic faith out of the ethic of the Jews, the life and teachings of Jesus, the philosophy of Greece and the political concepts of Imperial Rome. The events from the dawn of Judaean monotheism to the achievements of Augustine and his politically-minded follower Gregory the Great are finished with in the first two-fifths of the book, the rest of which is devoted to "the Golden Age of the Catholic Church" (the Middle Ages, about which the nineteenth century historians were so contemptuous), the Renaissance (which Dr. Gifford describes as "the Adolescence of Europe"), the Protestant Reformation and Catholic Counter-Reformation, the rise of sects, the liberalizing movements of recent generations, and the definitely anti-Christian reactions which have lately flowered in Communism and Nazism.

Alarming Consequences

This task leads the author to the conclusion that "Protestantism approaches exhaustion for reasons implicit in the process by which a religion, originally simple, becomes complex and comprehensive." Its hope, he feels, lies in re-simplification. "Protestantism ought now to go behind the Bible to Christ himself." Some of the consequences which he sees as flowing from this movement would sound more alarming, to dogmatic souls, if baldly stated here without the supporting considerations that run through the whole book, than they really ought to, and I shall therefore refrain from quoting them.

One important point is that this book is not a history of the Church, or of the churches. It is a history of the Faith, a Faith common in certain essentials to a large number of churches. Its author holds that the churches are indispensable, but for entirely human reasons. "They are fellowships in pursuit of the ideal, in the name of Christ. They cross social lines, in a community of good works, better than any other institution. They tend to elevate the tone of society, are the custodians of the decencies . . . And on some distant day their strength may be restored by individuals, whose presence just now tends to disarrange the churches." These are evidently the individuals, "great souls, deeply religious," who "may require at present to fend for themselves" after the recommendations of the prophet Amos. "The way to Christ is very strait and very narrow," and "The churches are not likely to take it, unless — which is not impossible — the ghastly confusion of world politics and economics should work in the churches the grace of a sudden conversion." Dr. Gifford is evidently not keen on human institutions and does not recognize in the churches or any Church a divine one. It is possible that he is merely stating with unusual explicitness what a rather large body of Protestants have been tending to think for some decades, without their realizing how far it contradicts the traditional creeds of the churches to which they belong.

There is perhaps no more interesting subject in history than the process by which the simple teachings and the life and death of Jesus became by slow degrees expanded into the vast philosophical and disciplinary system of the mediaeval Church. As late as 250 A.D., Dr. Gifford points out, Origen, the "father of theological science," was still distinguishing sharply between "what one must believe in order to become a Christian and what one may think in order to satisfy the mind and answer an inquirer." His successors transferred more and more matter from the second category into the first, impelled by the necessity of dealing with a succession of heresies which, had they been tolerated, would inevitably have split the Church as an effective political organism, at a time when that organism was practically the only force in Europe making for civilization and humanity. The "undogmatic" persons for whom Dr. Gifford writes may regret that the early Church pronounced damnation in the future life, and practiced repression in the present one, against so many people who interpreted the Scriptures in a slightly different way from its own; but even they cannot get away from the fact that an institution which tolerated a great variety of such interpretations would have had a hard time surviving in the tough world which followed the break-up of the Roman Empire.

First Rival Conflict

In the seventh century Christianity, only recently crystallized into a firm body of discipline and doctrine, had its first great conflict with a rival dogma, that of the Allah of Mahomet. In the twentieth century it is faced with what may be an equally crucial struggle with another new dogma, the dialectic materialism of Marx. It is no more in the nature of Marxism to be tolerant of Christianity than it was in the nature of Islam. The believers in Christianity are about to find themselves engaged in a fight, and if they are not careful they will find themselves committed to that fight under no more impressive a banner than that of private property in the means of production, which can hardly be described as an essential dogma of any Christian church. It is important that at this juncture Christians should examine their faith to ascertain what there is in it that makes it impossible for them to be Marxians and for Marxians to be Christians.

In that process Dr. Gifford's book will be of great value to some, though not to all, Christians. It is written in the language of the modern scientific mind, and is based on the thesis that it is impossible that the thinking man should hold in religion views that are in conflict with those which he holds in philosophy and science. It makes out a very strong case for the authenticity of most of the information regarding the life and sayings of Jesus recorded in the Synoptic Gospels. It traces the sources from which the various interpretations of these records — both those which won the approval of the Church and those which were condemned as heresies — were later imported into the teachings of the various Christian schools. It places in their proper historical setting many of the mystifying phrases of theological formulas, which cannot effectively be understood without a knowledge of the sources from which they came and the forces which led to their adoption. It shows the origin of the allegorical method of interpretation which led to such aberrations as the chapter headings of the King James version of the Song of Solomon. And it relates all these things to the secular conflicts among which they took place.

It contains nothing that is not perfectly familiar to every graduate of a Protestant theological seminary, and little that is not available to anybody who is disposed to seek it, in sundry articles in the Encyclopaedia Britannica and similar learned compilations. But the matter involved has not hitherto been so completely gathered together, so lucidly set forth, nor handled with such a remarkable combination of intellectual sincerity and spiritual reverence. Among the undogmatic to whom it is addressed the book may do much good. The dogmatic may consider themselves warned away from it.

(Note: The undogmatic are not necessarily without faith.)

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World Student Relief Aids Europe's Youth

By A. VIBERT DOUGLAS

Dr. Douglas, who is Dean of the Women's Residence of Queen's University at Kingston, has recently returned from a visit to a number of the establishments in Europe supported by International Student Service. She finds this to be "one of the most valuable pieces of constructive work" now going on.

Many of those who are now being brought back to health and an active intellectual life are among the starved and harassed victims of the Nazi tyranny. Yet there is no bitterness in their minds. And they are potentially the future leaders of their countries.

THIS autumn in many American universities, in every university in Great Britain and Canada, as well as in universities in many other countries, students are raising money for the organization known as International Student Service. What becomes of this money? Is this effort worth while?

The answer to the latter question is an unqualified affirmative. It is not only worth while, it is one of the most valuable pieces of constructive work going on in the world at the present time.

Being in Switzerland recently at an educational conference, I had the opportunity to discuss university and student problems with several Europeans. Later I went to Geneva for the express purpose of visiting the headquarters of World Student Relief and finding out as much as possible about the work that is being done. In the old Rue Calvin, in a series of unpretentious offices, I found a group of far-visioned hard-working men and women. They represent six or eight countries and most of them are conversant with three or more languages. The world is their parish in very truth. To link the students of the world in mutual friendliness, understanding and helpfulness is one of their aims; to help relieve dire need wherever it exists among students is another. Three international student organizations work together from this headquarters, thus effectively strengthening the work of each and preventing overlapping, duplication of staff, and waste of resources and energy. These three are International Student Service, World Christian Student Federation and Pax Romana.

Around the Globe

Once in three months the entire executive staff meets to review the situation and formulate future policy. As many field secretaries as possible come to Geneva to report in person, but if distances are too great, reports are sent outlining the student situation, the work achieved or in progress, and the suggested plans and requirements for the next three months. It was my good fortune to be in Geneva the day of one such meeting and I was invited to attend. It was as though a geographical globe were being turned over under our eyes. Country after country was passed in review and its student problems were discussed.

In Athens a student foyer had been started. Books and shoes had been shipped from America, books from Britain, and a further crate of books, salvaged from prisoners of war camps in Germany, was being packed in Geneva. With the aid of U.N.R.R.A. some equipment had been obtained for the Technical Institute. A group of Greek students who had succumbed to tuberculosis through hunger and cold was on its way to the student sanatorium in Switzerland.

Three student foyers had been established in Czechoslovakia. Food and books had been sent by student groups in Denmark, clothing and shoes from Sweden, paper from Norway and books from Geneva, Britain and America. A sanatorium for students is operating and the Czech students have requested that some students from other countries be sent there so that it may have an international atmosphere and influence.

Denmark was given a small grant to enable student centres to begin functioning. They not only became self-supporting by the end of 1945 but they collected in the first six months of the present year the equivalent of $20,000 for I.S.S. At the Helsingfors International People's College, they have given three-month refresher courses to Dutch, Czech, Belgian, French, English and Norwegian students. They have been sending food parcels to student centres in three or four liberated countries, including Finland.

Self-Help Encouraged

Sweden sent a thousand bicycles as well as raincoats and shoes to the students of Holland. A new sanatorium has been opened near Amsterdam. Soon the work amongst Dutch students will need no further financial support from Geneva—indeed the Dutch organization will begin to assume at least part responsibility for student organization and assistance in Indonesia.

Always the keynotes are to encourage self-help, which will take different forms in different lands at different times, to bring leading students to international conferences where they will learn to understand and respect one another, and to encourage and guide the practical unselfish expression of the great truth that they "are members one of another".

In the defeated enemy countries there are I.S.S. men searching out students who suffered persecution because of their non-participation in their nations' war of conquest—searching too for those who were drawn in but are now ready to be led in other ways, if leadership is strong and immediate. The task of giving help and encouragement to such groups, of making them active centres of straight honest international thinking, is so urgent and so important for the future peace of the world that it cannot be overemphasized. The men who do this work are not maudlin sentimentalists; they are men of vision, faith, courage and a realism based upon wide experience of what a terrific power of darkness fanatically perverted youth can become.

Mention has been made of the sanatorium for students in Switzerland. This famous Sanatorium Universitaire de Suisse owes its very being and its great record of unique service to Dr. Louis C. Vautier. He has envisioned a large International Sanatorium for students and educators who fall victims to tuberculosis in any country. No finer site could be found than that selected at Leysin near the present building. Nearly 5000 feet above sea level and a thousand feet above the upper Rhone, this straggling village on a mountain side faces southward across the valley to the great Dents du Midi. Here, with the aid of physicians and many visiting lecturers and artists, return to health goes hand in hand with the continuation of university studies. To four chalets adjacent to the Sanatorium Universitaire, I.S.S. has brought more than two hundred students from seven countries stricken by the war.

From V-2 Catacombs

Here at Leysin a young Dutch student of Economics told something of his experiences in the resistance movement, how he was hunted by the Germans, caught, deported and forced to work in an underground V2 factory. Privation and undernourishment resulted in tuberculosis. He is there because his chance of complete recovery is good, and his morale is high as he makes progress towards his university degree. A French student in an adjacent hostel was liberated after four years in the infamous Buchenwald prison camp. Slowly he is improving though not yet permitted to be up. He has written four examinations from his bed, and steadily he is advancing towards his University of Paris doctorate in law.

The experiences of some of these men—and in particular I have a young Alsatian professor in mind—would form a record grim and stirring. "This long period of enforced inactivity," said Prof. P—, as we chatted on the sunny balcony to which his bed had been rolled, "is not so bad for me because my interests are a continual joy and delight—but the ones I am sorry for are the young men caught in 1940 as boys without the mental discipline of early university years. For five years they have lived under conditions of privation, anxiety and strain, perhaps under cruel and brutal serfdom, and now, broken in health, they are here. They have yet to learn concentration; they are a great problem; their rehabilitation is bound to be slow and difficult".

To help rehabilitate young men and women exhausted by what they have endured, hostels have been established in various places. One is at Ashton Hayes in England, near Chester, where about twenty Dutch students are brought every month; another is at Combloux in the French Alps of Haute Savoie. I visited this latter hostel and was welcomed into the midst of some eighty students, men and women, who had played heroic parts in the resistance movements. Some were just beginning, others nearing the end of their three months stay at this Chalet, beautifully situated high up on the slopes of a wide deep valley northwest of Mont Blanc.

Recreation

Though some of the students were confined to bed, most of them were able to take moderate walks, and before the snow had melted they had enjoyed ski runs on those glorious hills. The spirit pervading the place was one of friendliness and unselfish thoughtfulness one for another. One group with technical electrical skill had installed a broadcasting control room and studio. Another group took responsibility for daily programs: music, plays, skits, interviews, readings and short talks.

The intellectual and recreational life of the Chalet was largely organized by a young Frenchman who was 17 years of age in 1939. He had been permitted to enter the Sorbonne and read for a degree in mediaeval history. Before attaining his degree, however, his participation in the underground resistance brought suspicion upon him and he was hunted down and captured. For eighteen months he suffered solitary confinement and this, together with the cold and undernourishment of several years, broke his health. After his release he was in hospital for months, then stability and vitality began to return. He was sent to this student hostel and later was able to complete his degree work in Paris. Then he joined the I.S.S. staff and carries encouragement, hope and cheer into the lives of the exhausted students and young professional men who are fortunate enough to be sent there.

One of these students was a Titian-haired young woman by whose bedside I sat for a short time. Some of her relatives and intimate friends had suffered such diabolical treatment at the hands of the Germans that even a year after the liberation of her country, she was still a nervous wreck, awaking at night with a panic nightmare that the Germans were in the room. The solicitous concern of the other students was very touching, their understanding of her overwrought condition, and determination to help her back to health and stability before her three months at Combloux were over.

A medical student from southern France was there. He had finished three years at the University of Lyons when his participation in resistance activities was discovered and he was obliged to go into hiding. Risking capture he made his way

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across country and eventually joined the Free French forces. They fitted him out in an American uniform and put him in the Tank Corps. In one skirmish he was wounded and taken prisoner. He was sent to Germany and made to work in a factory until illness led to his transfer to the prison hospital where he was found at the time of liberation. Slowly his health has improved and three months at Combloux were bringing him to the condition which made return to the medical school seem possible — but the doctors had warned him that he could never expect to be robust again. What a doctor this young man will make! — gentle, kindly, cultured, his very presence by a sick bed will bring assurance to the sufferer and that strength which comes from confidence.

Two young women who were there, one a graduate of the Agricultural College at Toulouse, the other a student of philology, had aided children of families marked down for deportation to Germany. These children were hidden by day and conducted by night from village to village, then through the forests and over the foothills to the masses of barbed wire which the Germans had placed along the French-Swiss frontier. Many a child was safely passed through this barrier to friendly hands in Switzerland, but many a French youth ran the gauntlet once too often, was caught in the act, imprisoned and then deported to a German labor camp.

One might expect words of bitterness from young men and women who have suffered so greatly by German aggression and cruelty, but their spirits have been purged in a fiery furnace and their outlook is far more forward than backward. These young people are worth saving. Potentially they are the future leaders in their several countries and the moulders of public opinion. If helped now to regain their health and complete their studies, if encouraged by such expression of international interest and goodwill, no limit can be set to the influence they may exert towards saner, more tolerant international thinking and cooperation.

• •

S. S. Fraus Seek New Hubbies

By LOUIS HAGEN

Recently Mr. Hagen visited Zehlendorf, a wealthy suburb in Berlin, which belongs to the families of members of the Secret Service and the Gestapo. He says that the wives are divorcing their husbands and hope to marry Allied soldiers so that they may forget the part they played in the war.

Berlin.

IN one of the final issues of the *Panzer Bar*, the "front-line paper of the defenders of Berlin," Goebbels wrote: "Zehlendorf and Wannsee are the black spots of shame in the glorious history of the defence of Berlin."

These two wealthy suburbs got into his bad books because they had given themselves up without a fight.

I spent two days in Zehlendorf, at the S.S. Siedlung (community centre), which belonged to the families of members of the S.S. and the Gestapo. Tall fir trees, lakes and woods surround the well-built houses.

A tube line and new, wide roads make it easily accessible to the city. There are playgrounds for the children, and a shopping centre.

Nowadays, the district is quiet. You never see any men about. The residents are all women and children —the wives and children of men who are in the Allied concentration camps.

Here are the real German fraus: big and strong, with four to six healthy children—just the way the Fuehrer liked them.

And now these ideal Aryans are without their Nazi husbands. It is easy to see whose wives they are, for they are still a good deal more prosperous-looking than the ordinary Berlin women.

Their flats are well furnished, they have Russian furs, shoes from Italy, silk stockings and perfume from France, and shoes from Norway.

They spend a great deal of time telling you how much the people of Berlin have suffered. As to the question of Nazis and Nazism, the Nazis were not really so bad. Their own men joined the party only to get on quickly. Hitler was all right; he always looked after his people.

Goering is still their favorite. Himmler is never mentioned.

And the concentration camps? They were not too bad really. The former inmates are being pampered now by the Allies, and all because they were too frightened to fight.

Certainly their husbands could never have had a hand in any of those gruesome happenings that the Allies are forever talking about.

No Connection

At any rate, the Allies are just as bad; they loot and withhold food from the Germans when the least they can do is to feed them. Germany cannot be allowed to starve; she will not be allowed to starve. If asked about Holland and Poland, these fraus do not see the connection.

All wives of Gestapo men are allowed to apply for divorce if they wish, and that is the obvious thing to do for a sensible woman who knows on which side her bread is buttered. These women know that all right. What they want are Allied husbands from now on, if they can possibly get them.

The enormous quantity of children is the most amazing feature of this colony. The husbands like the good Nazis they were, produced one every time they came on leave.

There are foreign women living here as well. Czech, Russian and Dutch Fifth Columnists who did their part and then, sure that the Germans would win, married the victors just to be on the safe side.

As soon as these women are divorced they become foreigners again. All of them are getting divorced, but they will not dare to go home to their countries, so their one hope is to marry Allied soldiers.

There is no team spirit among the women of this strange colony; they all hate each other. They do everything the Allied authorities tell them with a smile. They queue quietly, and, if they want to speak to each other, you see them look round first and then begin to whisper. They would never dream of complaining out loud.

Winning the war was fun to them while it lasted; they could never conceive of losing it. The conquests of the Reich meant a variety of exciting parcels from France, Holland and Norway.

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Unstable Politics Mar Italy's Recovery

By ALBERT A. SHEA

Rebuilding is slow and spotty in Italy. C.A.S.A.S., the national reconstruction council, is at work with the aid of U.N.R.R.A. funds and trucks and international volunteers. But the wreckage of war will take a lot of repairing. Rome gives an outward show of plenty, but low wages and inflated prices make life a bitter struggle for the Italian worker and his family. Furthermore, an insecure government is operating under extremely difficult conditions.

Mr. Shea, who is Assistant Professor of Political Economy at the University of Manitoba, recently made an extensive tour of Europe. This is his second Saturday Night article in a series of reports on that tour.

THERE are signs of recovery in Italy, but in terms of the time that has elapsed since the end of hostilities, and outside assistance received, reconstruction in Italy is limping.

By the end of 1946, U.N.R.R.A. alone will have spent $500 million in Italy. Under the original plans U.N.R.R.A. aid was for liberated Allies only. By special arrangement Italy was included and her share is a considerable proportion of the total U.N.R.R.A. hope chest of just over $3 billion. In addition, the Allied armies helped to rebuild many of Italy's destroyed bridges and the Allied Commission and the United States government assisted Italy with imports until U.N.R.R.A. took over.

Here is what Italy looks like, close up. A trip from Rome to Monte Cassino would reveal living conditions much different from those to be seen on the main streets of Rome.

Pontecorvo was once a peaceful little town of 16,000 inhabitants. Now it is a rubble heap. As our car wormed its way through the debris-strewn streets, not a whole building could be seen. The bright sun shone on the shattered remains of what had once been the houses and shops of a thriving community.

Somehow in the midst of all the wreckage life went on. A few thousand former residents are still in remote displaced persons' camps. But most of the people have returned, even though in almost every case their former house has been reduced to a dusty pulp of brick and splintered wood. They live in cellars, in patched-up rooms, in caves in the nearby hills. Five hundred and ten families are living in the open without shelter of any kind.

Canadian troops played a prominent part in liberating Pontecorvo from the Germans. The town was badly battered in the process. According to town officials 88 per cent of the buildings are completely destroyed and 12 per cent partially destroyed. But it is more than two years since the damage was done, and the process of rebuilding Pontecorvo has scarcely begun.

A Bell for Pontecorvo?

The mayor of Pontecorvo was not in his office; he was in Rome submitting a petition to the government urging speedier action in rebuilding the homes of his townfolk. The second-in-command gave us a copy of the petition. In spite of its florid and official language it tells a tragic story. The town does not have funds to commence rebuilding; neither do the people. Lack of sanitation encouraged disease, and 98 per cent of the people are said to be suffering from malaria. Those who till the soil barely get enough to sustain themselves because they lack tools and fertilizer. The craftsmen and tradespeople of the town are unemployed. Food and clothing from U.N.R.R.A. have enabled them to stay alive.

Valmonte was another town which we visited. Here some apartment buildings were being constructed by C.A.S.A.S., but no one seemed sure who would be allowed to rent them, or how much the rent would be. C.A.S.A.S. (Comitato Amministrativo Soccorsi ai Senzatetto) is the reconstruction council of Italy, composed of U.N.R.R.A. and various volunteer bodies working under U.N.R.R.A., the Italian government, and various government agencies.

In Valmonte I visited several caves that were being used as human shelter. In each cave lived from four to a dozen members of a family whose house in the town had been destroyed.

Back to the Caves

One old lady wanted us to see the inside of her cave. The bed was a heap of straw, the food reservoir consisted of half a sack of maize which the family had earned by working for a farmer, and there was an ancient battered trunk containing what few personal items the family possessed. On the earth wall hung a crucifix and the traditional wedding picture. The old lady, her son and her two grandchildren had been living in this cave winter and summer for almost three years since their home in the village was levelled by shell-fire. Originally this cave had been used to store wine. It is damp, and rats scamper across the bed as the family sleeps. For this accommodation they pay 80 lire a month.

The town of Cassino proved to be a model of reconstruction. The city officials at Pontecorvo had referred to it with envy as the show place of the district; they complained bitterly that 1,300,000,000 lire had been spent to date on rebuilding Cassino, while their own town was completely neglected. At the base of historic Monte Cassino, many new homes and apartments have been built and are already occupied. Restaurants are open for business. We climbed up the steep mountain to the spot where once had stood the monastery of Monte Cassino. Once, not long ago, it had been a secluded centre of study, one of the oldest in the world. Now it is a mass of shattered stone. The work of clearing and rebuilding has begun. Small iron carts on rails are being used to remove the wreckage. A priest we spoke to estimated that the work of rebuilding the monastery at Monte Cassino would take at least 50 years. Far below, on the plain, a neat square marked the British cemetery. The rows of crosses, mere white dots from atop the mountain, added up to the cost in lives of ousting the Nazis from this seemingly perfect stronghold.

Reconstruction in Italy is spotty and far from adequate. Admittedly the task is a tremendous one for whole areas were completely crushed under the steamroller of advancing and retreating armies. The emphasis of C.A.S.A.S. is on repairs, for material and labor can be stretched into more housing space by patching the best of the wreckage than by engaging in new construction. In some spots, however, there is just nothing worth repairing. A new start must be made.

Truckloads of Hope

On our trip we passed a number of trucks bearing the "C.A.S.A.S.-U.N.R.R.A." imprint, carrying building materials. Each truck meant new hope for some family, but homeless families far outnumber the truckloads of building material.

I talked to a volunteer worker called "Tennessee". An energetic young American with a drawl to suit his name, he took pride in taking us into a number of houses that he had helped to rebuild.

Tennessee is a representative of the American Friends' Service Committee. He receives no salary—only his keep. His reward is the satisfaction gained from helping the simple, illiterate Italian peasant rebuild some sort of shelter out of the wreckage of war. There are others like him — British, Canadian, American, Swiss, French—people of many nationalities who are doing selfless work in the service of U.N.R.R.A. or of the volunteer societies. Meeting them and seeing the results of their struggle with the impossible help restore hope for the future of Italy, and of the world. But they are few in numbers and the task is great.

The towns I have mentioned are all within a 100-mile radius of Rome, yet they are in marked contrast to the capital. War left little of its mark on Rome. The occasional building damaged by bombs hardly seems out of place alongside the cherished ruins of Rome's imperial glory.

Outwardly Rome thrives as if war had never passed that way. On every corner peddlers offer cigarettes. White rolls filled with meat are for sale at street stands. Other stands offer slices of iced melon or ice-cream. The windows and shelves of the shops are filled with textiles, leather goods, furniture, kitchenware, in fact, all kinds of light-manufactured goods. If you ignore the price tickets you might assume that Italy is prospering and that goods in abundance are available to all. But a study of the astronomical prices soon proves that for the average Italian worker the surface abundance is an unattainable mirage.

A skilled Italian worker earns about 15,000 lire a month; closer to 10,000 lire if he is unskilled. He will spend 80 per cent or more of his income on food alone. Only four items are rationed: bread, *pasta* (macaroni and spaghetti), fats and sugar. In theory the ration of these basic foods should be available to every family at low controlled prices. Actually, if the purchaser presents a ration card he will often find there is no fat or sugar for sale, but if he is interested in buying supplies off the ration at black market prices the grocer will be glad to do business.

People are not starving in Italy and there is lots of food in sight, but they are eating much less than before the war, because their meagre earnings cannot buy a sufficient supply of food at inflated black market prices. Since 1940 the price of food has jumped to 20 times its pre-war level, while wages have increased only 12 times the 1940 figure. According to Italian government figures, average consumption before the war was 2,600 calories a day; now the average is placed at 1,650 calories, which is just about half our daily consumption in Canada.

U.N.R.R.A. supplies in Italy, as in all receiving countries, are turned over to the Italian government for distribution. The supplies are sold through the normal channels of trade. U.N.R.R.A. supervises the process, but does not do the actual work of distribution. The revenue which the Italian government receives from the sale of U.N.R.R.A. goods goes into a special "blocked fund." This money is earmarked for reconstruction activities ap-

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proved by U.N.R.R.A. It is the sale of U.N.R.R.A. supplies that provides the funds with which C.A.S.A.S. is carrying out its house repair and building program.

Criticism of progress in Italy ends by being criticism of the present regime. An insecure government is operating under extremely difficult conditions. There is a strong urge to meet present problems and let the future care for itself. Non-Italians were critical of increases in the bread and *pasta* ration. Their view was that previous foreign exchange would have to be spent on additional food imports, instead of going into machinery, coal and raw materials to revive Italy's overseas trade. The majority group is the Christian Democratic Party. It has been described by a wag as *"Pesce rosso in acqua Santa"*—a red fish in holy water!

It is this group, combining socialist views and Church leanings, that is grappling somewhat clumsily with the task of repairing the damage at home and restoring Italy's face among the nations.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Lieut.-Gov. Banks of B.C. Famous Pioneer of Planes for Mining

By P. W. LUCE

THE Hon. Charles Arthur Banks, sworn in early in October as the 17th Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, is almost unknown to the citizens of his adopted province. His home is in Vancouver, but until now he has never held public office or taken part in public affairs. The man in the street had never heard of him until he was suggested as successor to the Hon. W. C. Woodward. A few of the big industrialists were acquainted with him.

In his own field as a mining engineer and operator on a large scale, Mr. Banks has an international reputation. His interests are widespread. He has investments in various parts of the United States, in Arabia, at Stewart and other British Columbia camps, in South America, in Australia, and in New Guinea. He is a millionaire, possibly a multimillionaire.

Twenty years ago, in partnership with W. A. Freeman of Sydney, Australia, Mr. Banks decided to exploit the fabulous gold deposits in the hinterland of New Guinea. There were no roads. There was no water transportation. Access to the inland region was over almost-unscalable mountains and through all-but-impassable jungle. All previous attempts to bring out the precious metal in worth-while quantities had failed.

Mr. Banks conceived the idea of using his freight planes to take in the necessary dredging equipment and to bring out the precious ore. It was the first time in mining history that planes had been used for transport, but they proved an immediate success. The New Guinea gold-fields were no longer inaccessible.

For this application of air transport to mining, Mr. Banks was awarded the Gold Medal of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America. Riches came swiftly to the pioneer of this new method of transportation. A holding company was formed, known as Place Development Company, Limited. This now includes Pato Consolidated and Asnazu Gold in Columbia, Rutherglen Gold Dumps in Australia, and Canadian Exploration, Ltd., in this country as well as the first development on the Bulolo Plateau in New Guinea.

In recent years, Mr. Banks has spent most of his time in the United States and in England. This summer he returned to Vancouver, where he had made his home after the first World War, in which he served with the Canadians.

At the beginning of the second World War Mr. Banks offered his services to Ottawa and was appointed Canadian representative of the Department of Munitions and Supply in London, where he was liaison-officer between Canadian and British authorities. He served without pay, and last July his work was recognized when he was invested as a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Canadian troops on leave in London were frequently entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Banks, both of whom were keenly interested in the Beaver Club. Mr. Banks contributed $50,000 towards the founding of this famous institution, and Mrs. Banks was untiring in her work there for two years. Later she was head of the United Nations leave centre.

There is a tradition that the office of Lieutenant-Governor should rotate more or less regularly between Victoria and Vancouver and the interior of the province, but there are difficulties in finding the right incumbent who is financially able to discharge the duties in a fitting manner. Mr. Banks is the third Vancouver man in succession to receive the appointment.

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Unstable Politics Mar Italy's Recovery

By ALBERT A. SHEA

Rebuilding is slow and spotty in Italy. C.A.S.A.S., the national reconstruction council, is at work with the aid of U.N.R.R.A. funds and trucks and international volunteers. But the wreckage of war will take a lot of repairing. Rome gives an outward show of plenty, but low wages and inflated prices make life a bitter struggle for the Italian worker and his family. Furthermore, an insecure government is operating under extremely difficult conditions.

Mr. Shea, who is Assistant Professor of Political Economy at the University of Manitoba, recently made an extensive tour of Europe. This is his second Saturday Night article in a series of reports on that tour.

THERE are signs of recovery in Italy, but in terms of the time that has elapsed since the end of hostilities, and outside assistance received, reconstruction in Italy is limping.

By the end of 1946, U.N.R.R.A. alone will have spent $500 million in Italy. Under the original plans U.N.R.R.A. aid was for liberated Allies only. By special arrangement Italy was included and her share is a considerable proportion of the total U.N.R.R.A. hope chest of just over $3 billion. In addition, the Allied armies helped to rebuild many of Italy's destroyed bridges and the Allied Commission and the United States government assisted Italy with imports until U.N.R.R.A. took over.

Here is what Italy looks like, close up. A trip from Rome to Monte Cassino would reveal living conditions much different from those to be seen on the main streets of Rome.

Pontecorvo was once a peaceful little town of 16,000 inhabitants. Now it is a rubble heap. As our car wormed its way through the debris-strewn streets, not a whole building could be seen. The bright sun shone on the shattered remains of what had once been the houses and shops of a thriving community.

Somehow in the midst of all the wreckage life went on. A few thousand former residents are still in remote displaced persons' camps. But most of the people have returned, even though in almost every case their former house has been reduced to a dusty pulp of brick and splintered wood. They live in cellars, in patched-up rooms, in caves in the nearby hills. Five hundred and ten families are living in the open without shelter of any kind.

Canadian troops played a prominent part in liberating Pontecorvo from the Germans. The town was badly battered in the process. According to town officials 88 per cent of the buildings are completely destroyed and 12 per cent partially destroyed. But it is more than two years since the damage was done, and the process of rebuilding Pontecorvo has scarcely begun.

A Bell for Pontecorvo?

The mayor of Pontecorvo was not in his office; he was in Rome submitting a petition to the government urging speedier action in rebuilding the homes of his townfolk. The second-in-command gave us a copy of the petition. In spite of its florid and official language it tells a tragic story. The town does not have funds to commence rebuilding; neither do the people. Lack of sanitation encouraged disease, and 98 per cent of the people are said to be suffering from malaria. Those who till the soil barely get enough to sustain themselves because they lack tools and fertilizer. The craftsmen and tradespeople of the town are unemployed. Food and clothing from U.N.R.R.A. have enabled them to stay alive.

Valmonte was another town which we visited. Here some apartment buildings were being constructed by C.A.S.A.S., but no one seemed sure who would be allowed to rent them, or how much the rent would be. C.A.S.A.S. (Comitato Amministrativo Soccorsi ai Senzatetto) is the reconstruction council of Italy, composed of U.N.R.R.A. and various volunteer bodies working under U.N.R.R.A., the Italian government, and various government agencies.

In Valmonte I visited several caves that were being used as human shelter. In each cave lived from four to a dozen members of a family whose house in the town had been destroyed.

Back to the Caves

One old lady wanted us to see the inside of her cave. The bed was a heap of straw, the food reservoir consisted of half a sack of maize which the family had earned by working for a farmer, and there was an ancient battered trunk containing what few personal items the family possessed. On the earth wall hung a crucifix and the traditional wedding picture. The old lady, her son and her two grandchildren had been living in this cave winter and summer for almost three years since their home in the village was levelled by shell-fire. Originally this cave had been used to store wine. It is damp, and rats scamper across the bed as the family sleeps. For this accommodation they pay 80 lire a month.

The town of Cassino proved to be a model of reconstruction. The city officials at Pontecorvo had referred to it with envy as the show place of the district; they complained bitterly that 1,300,000,000 lire had been spent to date on rebuilding Cassino, while their own town was completely neglected. At the base of historic Monte Cassino, many new homes and apartments have been built and are already occupied. Restaurants are open for business. We climbed up the steep mountain to the spot where once had stood the monastery of Monte Cassino. Once, not long ago, it had been a secluded centre of study, one of the oldest in the world. Now it is a mass of shattered stone. The work of clearing and rebuilding has begun. Small iron carts on rails are being used to remove the wreckage. A priest we spoke to estimated that the work of rebuilding the monastery at Monte Cassino would take at least 50 years. Far below, on the plain, a neat square marked the British cemetery. The rows of crosses, mere white dots from atop the mountain, added up to the cost in lives of ousting the Nazis from this seemingly perfect stronghold.

Reconstruction in Italy is spotty and far from adequate. Admittedly the task is a tremendous one for whole areas were completely crushed under the steamroller of advancing and retreating armies. The emphasis of C.A.S.A.S. is on repairs, for material and labor can be stretched into more housing space by patching the best of the wreckage than by engaging in new construction. In some spots, however, there is just nothing worth repairing. A new start must be made.

Truckloads of Hope

On our trip we passed a number of trucks bearing the "C.A.S.A.S.-U.N.R.R.A." imprint, carrying building materials. Each truck meant new hope for some family, but homeless families far outnumber the truckloads of building material.

I talked to a volunteer worker called "Tennessee". An energetic young American with a drawl to suit his name, he took pride in taking us into a number of houses that he had helped to rebuild.

Tennessee is a representative of the American Friends' Service Committee. He receives no salary—only his keep. His reward is the satisfaction gained from helping the simple, illiterate Italian peasant rebuild some sort of shelter out of the wreckage of war. There are others like him — British, Canadian, American, Swiss, French—people of many nationalities who are doing selfless work in the service of U.N.R.R.A. or of the volunteer societies. Meeting them and seeing the results of their struggle with the impossible help restore hope for the future of Italy, and of the world. But they are few in numbers and the task is great.

The towns I have mentioned are all within a 100-mile radius of Rome, yet they are in marked contrast to the capital. War left little of its mark on Rome. The occasional building damaged by bombs hardly seems out of place alongside the cherished ruins of Rome's imperial glory.

Outwardly Rome thrives as if war had never passed that way. On every corner peddlers offer cigarettes. White rolls filled with meat are for sale at street stands. Other stands offer slices of iced melon or ice-cream. The windows and shelves of the shops are filled with textiles, leather goods, furniture, kitchenware, in fact, all kinds of light-manufactured goods. If you ignore the price tickets you might assume that Italy is prospering and that goods in abundance are available to all. But a study of the astronomical prices soon proves that for the average Italian worker the surface abundance is an unattainable mirage.

A skilled Italian worker earns about 15,000 lire a month; closer to 10,000 lire if he is unskilled. He will spend 80 per cent or more of his income on food alone. Only four items are rationed: bread, *pasta* (macaroni and spaghetti), fats and sugar. In theory the ration of these basic foods should be available to every family at low controlled prices. Actually, if the purchaser presents a ration card he will often find there is no fat or sugar for sale, but if he is interested in buying supplies off the ration at black market prices the grocer will be glad to do business.

People are not starving in Italy and there is lots of food in sight, but they are eating much less than before the war, because their meagre earnings cannot buy a sufficient supply of food at inflated black market prices. Since 1940 the price of food has jumped to 20 times its pre-war level, while wages have increased only 12 times the 1940 figure. According to Italian government figures, average consumption before the war was 2,600 calories a day; now the average is placed at 1,650 calories, which is just about half our daily consumption in Canada.

U.N.R.R.A. supplies in Italy, as in all receiving countries, are turned over to the Italian government for distribution. The supplies are sold through the normal channels of trade. U.N.R.R.A. supervises the process, but does not do the actual work of distribution. The revenue which the Italian government receives from the sale of U.N.R.R.A. goods goes into a special "blocked fund." This money is earmarked for reconstruction activities ap-

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proved by U.N.R.R.A. It is the sale of U.N.R.R.A. supplies that provides the funds with which C.A.S.A.S. is carrying out its house repair and building program.

Criticism of progress in Italy ends by being criticism of the present regime. An insecure government is operating under extremely difficult conditions. There is a strong urge to meet present problems and let the future care for itself. Non-Italians were critical of increases in the bread and *pasta* ration. Their view was that previous foreign exchange would have to be spent on additional food imports, instead of going into machinery, coal and raw materials to revive Italy's overseas trade. The majority group is the Christian Democratic Party. It has been described by a wag as *"Pesce rosso in acqua Santa"*—a red fish in holy water!

It is this group, combining socialist views and Church leanings, that is grappling somewhat clumsily with the task of repairing the damage at home and restoring Italy's face among the nations.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Lieut.-Gov. Banks of B.C. Famous Pioneer of Planes for Mining

By P. W. LUCE

THE Hon. Charles Arthur Banks, sworn in early in October as the 17th Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, is almost unknown to the citizens of his adopted province. His home is in Vancouver, but until now he has never held public office or taken part in public affairs. The man in the street had never heard of him until he was suggested as successor to the Hon. W. C. Woodward. A few of the big industrialists were acquainted with him.

In his own field as a mining engineer and operator on a large scale, Mr. Banks has an international reputation. His interests are widespread. He has investments in various parts of the United States, in Arabia, at Stewart and other British Columbia camps, in South America, in Australia, and in New Guinea. He is a millionaire, possibly a multimillionaire.

Twenty years ago, in partnership with W. A. Freeman of Sydney, Australia, Mr. Banks decided to exploit the fabulous gold deposits in the hinterland of New Guinea. There were no roads. There was no water transportation. Access to the inland region was over almost-unscalable mountains and through all-but-impassable jungle. All previous attempts to bring out the precious metal in worth-while quantities had failed.

Mr. Banks conceived the idea of using his freight planes to take in the necessary dredging equipment and to bring out the precious ore. It was the first time in mining history that planes had been used for transport, but they proved an immediate success. The New Guinea gold-fields were no longer inaccessible.

For this application of air transport to mining, Mr. Banks was awarded the Gold Medal of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America. Riches came swiftly to the pioneer of this new method of transportation. A holding company was formed, known as Place Development Company, Limited. This now includes Pato Consolidated and Asnazu Gold in Columbia, Rutherglen Gold Dumps in Australia, and Canadian Exploration, Ltd., in this country as well as the first development on the Bulolo Plateau in New Guinea.

In recent years, Mr. Banks has spent most of his time in the United States and in England. This summer he returned to Vancouver, where he had made his home after the first World War, in which he served with the Canadians.

At the beginning of the second World War Mr. Banks offered his services to Ottawa and was appointed Canadian representative of the Department of Munitions and Supply in London, where he was liaison-officer between Canadian and British authorities. He served without pay, and last July his work was recognized when he was invested as a Companion of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Canadian troops on leave in London were frequently entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Banks, both of whom were keenly interested in the Beaver Club. Mr. Banks contributed $50,000 towards the founding of this famous institution, and Mrs. Banks was untiring in her work there for two years. Later she was head of the United Nations leave centre.

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Museum Relics Enliven a Unique Hit Parade

By HELMUT BLUME

An unusual concert took place recently at Yale University, when advanced students performed 14th and 15th century music on centuries old instruments from the collection at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. Paul Hindemith, famous modernist composer, directed the performance. Canadians at Yale's School of Music, including Dr. Frank Harrison of Queen's University, participated. The writer, as part of the audience, took part in singing 15th century rounds. Mr. Blume, a Canadian concert pianist, has been chief editor of the German section in the C.B.C.'s International Service.

WHEN you visit historic sites, when you read the plaques commemorating events of hundreds of years ago, when you touch the books, the furniture, the tools which human beings handled centuries before you, don't you feel a curious yearning to have the old past come to life again for a short moment? I don't mean the Hollywood version of make-up and make-believe, but the living past itself. The other day I had an impression of this type of living history-demonstration, when I heard music of five hundred years ago played on instruments centuries old.

At New Haven, Connecticut, a concert of 14th and 15th century music was given by students of advanced theory at the School of Music of Yale University under the direction of Paul Hindemith, famous German composer and teacher at Yale since 1940.

To the musical layman, and to quite a few musicians, this might sound like a pretty dull proposition. But having studied under Paul Hindemith ten years ago in Berlin, I knew his uncanny ability to take the dullness out of even the most academic contrapuntal exercise and to show us the grandeur and the charm in the intricate masterworks of the craftsmen-composers of old.

For the purpose of this concert Hindemith had arranged for the use of a number of late medieval instruments to organize an orchestra nearly identical with that shown in Hans Memling's painting "Christ surrounded by Angels", (Flemish School, 1480). It was the first time that such an authentic orchestra of the 15th century had ever been assembled on this continent for actual performance. The day before the concert there was a lecture on these instruments by Dr. Emanuel Winternitz, eminent musicologist from Vienna and now Curator of Instruments at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, which had provided the musical relics. The stage of Yale's Sprague Memorial Hall looked like a musical antique shop. "Everything's here but the grandfather's clock", was one comment.

Fossil Sound-Box

My wife kept referring to the 'Trumscheit' or 'Tromba marina' as the "prehistoric animal". The long, man-high piece of wood with the slender sound-box and only one string to play on looked somewhat like a fossil. The tone it produced when struck by the bow had an eerie, mournful quality, reminiscent of a muted horn or a trombone. The organetto, a portable organ, had as much in common with the mighty church organs of today as the first Ford has with a 5th Avenue double-decker bus. The 'Krummhorn' or 'Cromorne', a wind-instrument, looked like a half-uncoiled snake, and the trombone's sound-cup was a dragon's head, complete with tongue which fluttered realistically and threateningly in the breeze of the player's lungs.

Dr. Winternitz revealed that the psaltery, in medieval paintings the instrument of the angels, had very irreverently been called 'instrumento di porco' by the Italians, on account of its pig's head shape. A young Chinese student, demonstrating the cymbals, top noise-makers of our modern orchestras, produced two tiny concave metal discs which made no more noise than tin-cups being knocked against each other. And that is as it should be, historically speaking. Cymbals are said to have developed from the habit of beating drinking-cups against the table to accentuate the rhythm of community-singing. Incidentally, the drums used at this concert did not look much bigger and were scarcely as noisy as those cymbals.

Beelzebub's Band

Dr. Winternitz made three points of historical importance: (1) that all medieval instruments can be traced to Oriental roots; (2) that the development of musical instruments was dependent on social considerations (which, I suppose, is one way of explaining the dragon's head of the medieval trombone!); (3) that the conscientious historian always leaves a margin of error as to how these musical relics were actually handled and played in their time. The printed word and the paintings are, after all, our only guides in this respect. Lantern-slides showed up Apollo and Beelzebub, the arch-angels and the cub-angels, nuns, monks and soldiers playing and blowing away on these instruments. But unfortunately there were no sound-recordings.

The program contained names completely unknown to the average concert-goer: John Dunstable, Zaccaria, Robert Morton, Guillaume Dufay, Giles Binchois, Oswald von Wolkenstein. These composers died a good many years before Columbus discovered America. With their works they enriched the medieval polyphonic tradition and cultivated the song-forms of ballade, rondeau and virelay with instrumental accompaniment. The Motet — unaccompanied chorus — and the Mass became freer in style, but form and extent of these compositions remained small if measured by our yardstick of symphonies, concertos, operas of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Shostakovitch. Compared with these the music of the 15th century is indeed miniature in outline but not in contents. The nostalgic loveliness of a Dunstable motet, the deep devotion and virile power of the Mass 'Se la Face ay Pale' by Dufay, the exquisite pure beauty of a very short motet by Binchois, and the delightful fun of Oswald von Wolkenstein's song "Froeleich Geschrai"— all this was neither small stuff nor purely academic, neither boring nor alien to our 20th century emotions.

Chamber Music Plus

The sound produced by the orchestra was mostly intimate, delicate, fragile, sometimes like a cross between a string-quartet and a country-band of fiddlers and wind-players. The 'Rebec' of the Yale Collection of Instruments, a small violin preserved in the pocket-fiddles of the French dance masters, had a thin piercing quality, while the 'Vielle' or tenor-violin, fore-runner of our viola, sounded deep and mysterious, sometimes hollow, as played by Paul Hindemith himself, a viola-virtuoso of great repute. The portable organ, sitting on a table, wheezed bravely through the concert under the gentle hands of its player, Dr. Frank L. Harrison, of Queen's University, Kingston, then at Yale on a fellowship. The 'Tromba marina' "prehistoric animal" was awaited eagerly by the audience and greeted affectionately, if disrespectfully.

Two strident tones, at regular intervals throughout the 'Gloria' of the Dufay Mass, were all old Marina was called upon to contribute; the student extracting them performed his task with so much abandon and determination that the audience accompanied each of his efforts with ripples of good-natured laughter. Under this attention the poor boy grew red as a lobster, shifted uneasily before his cues but plunged right back into the attack every time, game as a dog retrieving the stick.

We, the audience, had a whale of a time, and especially so when it was our turn to perform. Casually Prof. Hindemith divided us in two and three sections for a number of 15th century round-robins, held a quick audience-rehearsal in the middle of the concert — music-sheets had been provided with the programs — and then we sang. We sang beautifully, ably supported by the choir and the orchestra. We applauded ourselves wildly.

This concert was unique and it was singularly successful. Great compliments were due all around: to the music-lovers of New Haven who filled the hall to capacity; to Dr. Winternitz of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art who saw his precious old-timers safely through their perilous mission; to the lovely soprano of Helen Boatwright for her intensely beautiful renderings of 15th century Chansons; to the students of Yale's School of Music who, inside of a few weeks, trained themselves to become accomplished medieval instrumentalists and singers; and to Paul Hindemith, incomparable musician, teacher and scholar, who started his pupils and his audience on this magic carpet ride into the far-away past. Five hundred years did not seem such a long ago after all.

Ace Radio Impresarios Are Statisticians

By ROBERT DUNBAR

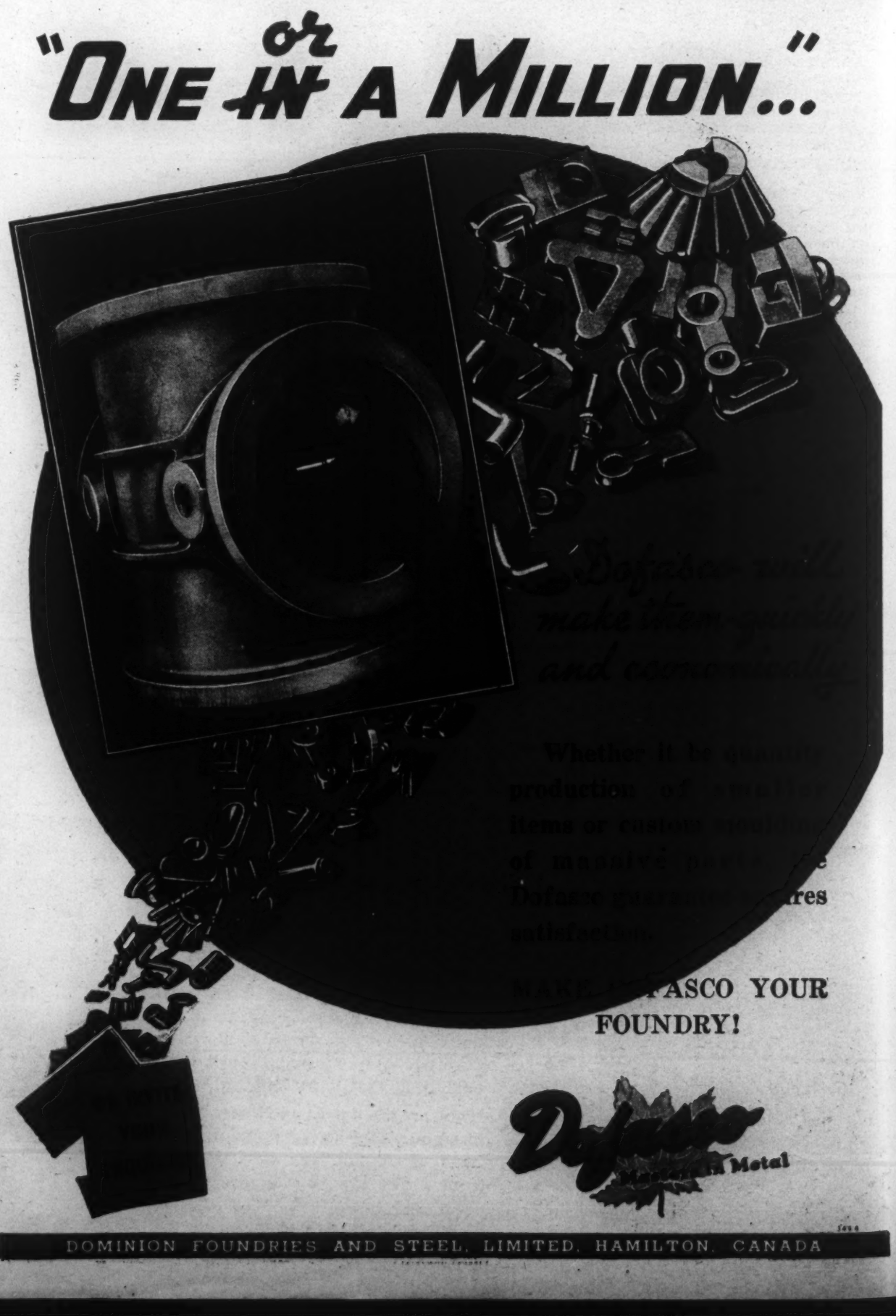
Survey and advertising research organizations tell the advertisers fairly accurately what percentage of radio owners listen to their programs. As a consequence, radio producers design programs for the advertisers that will appeal to the great majority, with an "occasional intellectual sop thrown to the minority."

Radio will never develop as an art form, says this Vancouverite in the radio profession, until it sheds this internal form of criticism and pays attention to the constructive comments of impartial and informed critics.

IF RADIO is to survive as an art form, to develop beyond its present confines and play the part culturally that it should in the development of Canada, some definite standards of criticism must be developed by which radio can be judged. This fact is generally recognized among educators.

Various factors have so influenced radio that now it is, for the most part, a second-rate commercial medium (or medium for commercialism). The most noticeable of these factors is the scarcity of any critical criterion by which radio productions can be judged.

The standard of criticism (sic) that radio applies to itself today is purely commercial — both in its origin and results. It creates patterns and formulae, and then works them to death before the ears of the long-suffering public. Strangely enough, the internal critics who set these patterns and develop these formulae—the mathematical pundits of the industry —can accurately claim that they are using radio to produce exactly what the public wants. It would be more accurate for them to claim that they are familiar (through various public opinion survey organizations) with public tastes and demands in entertainment, and endeavor to please those tastes and satisfy those demands with their productions. As long as this situation of internal appraisal based on the commercial success of radio programs exists,



there is no chance of radio becoming an influential art form.

The reliance which commercial radio program-planners place on the survey system would have an interesting parallel if applied to the publishing industry. One could then expect to see a gigantic cartel of publishers formed, dedicated to the dubious destiny of mass-producing books and publications which public opinion surveys and polls indicated the great majority of the public wanted and, therefore, would buy and read. In that phrase "the great majority" lies [redacted] to the entire situation, f[redacted] thinks purely in terms of [redacted]es. Radio schedules and [redacted]ams on them are for the m[redacted] designed to please this great majority, with an occasional intellectual sop thrown to a minority, which is presumed, thereby, to be more diligent at searching out such sops than the surveys give credit.

How to Escape Duty

Through this "percentage thinking" radio successfully avoids its duty to the intelligentzia, and carefully—with the blessings of the statisticians—emasculates itself intellectually. As a consequence, it can never be unjustly accused of inseminating the public mind with the seeds of wisdom and culture. And the money rolls in!

Has it ever occurred in the history of mankind that an art form was developed through appeal to the majority? Have not most experimentalists fought a bitter battle against public opinion? Yet because of the appreciation of the few, because of the originality of their thought and the quality of their artistic efforts, they have contributed substantially to the culture of the world.

In radio this would not be possible. The type of thinking which characterizes commercial radio today is the type which might cause a radio executive in the commercial field to declaim: "Our public opinion surveys, based on a wide and accurate sampling system, prove that 94 per cent of Canadians in *all* income brackets would prefer to go to a movie featuring Abbott and Costello, than visit an art gallery; *ergo*, we have no place for art galleries."

Faced with this situation, the majority of those qualified by virtue of education, culture and taste, to criticize radio throw up their hands in dismay, but not before reaching one hand out towards the power switch on their radio sets and giving it a sharp twist to the left. Theirs is a dual problem. To give honest and constructive criticism of commercial radio they must be prepared to do battle with the statisticians who can challenge any criticism by reference to their charts and reaction figures.

How to Meet Duty

But apart from the task of battling the statisticians, the radio critic must also be prepared to meet, in mortal combat, the radio technician himself. If ever radio criticism is to attain a constructive level, then the critics must be prepared to possess themselves of sufficient knowledge of the mechanics of production to acquit themselves nobly in such affrays. It will not be enough to say that a program "indicated a sensitivity on the part of the writer or producer which was reflected in the finished production." It is of inestimable importance that criticism be directed at lower levels of production, in such a way that producer, writer and performers can all benefit from reasonable, dispassionate yet critical consideration of their efforts.

Nothing is more indicative of the poverty of imagination and complete lack of standards which frequently characterize radio criticism, than the fact that the highest praise a Canadian critic can bestow is: "This show was so good it could have come from New York or Hollywood." This basis of comparison is open to challenge on the grounds that many of the productions originating in both these centres are of considerably lower standard than that achieved by a fair percentage of C.B.C. productions, this despite the unfortunate fact that infinitely more, if not better, talent is available in the U.S.'s top radio production cities.

Such a basis of comparison is even more vulnerable on the grounds that U.S. radio itself has no accepted standard of criticism, other than commercial. The lack of such a standard is felt by U.S. producers, writers and performers to a proportionately greater extent.

Canada is fortunate—far more so than many Canadians realize—in that we have an abundance of fine radio writers—Bill Strange, Len Peterson, Fletcher Markle (now U.S.-bound), Harry Boyle, Joe Schull—to name just a few whose efforts have been considered worthy of production on Andrew Allen's excellent Stages '44, '45 and '46. Some of these writers have been honored by such American institutions as the Peabody Institute for their "contribution to the artistic development of radio." Their work has been recognized as outstanding in a field which has attracted many high-priced American writers, and they have been duly honored. Yet I am sure that none of these writers will dispute with me when I maintain that writing a radio script is an infinitely easier artistic labor than writing an acceptable essay—purely because there are critical standards to which one must adhere in the writing of an essay—while none exists in radio.

Each of the writers mentioned is thoroughly familiar with the mechanics of radio production—even with the limitations or capabilities, as the case may be, of the artists who will perform their work. Therefore, in their case, it is all the more important that their critics have at least a working knowledge of the mechanics of the medium, otherwise how can they be expected to write constructive criticism, criticism which will influence these writers to rise to greater heights and help place radio in the realm it should occupy as an art form?

It is with this in mind that I suggest the inclusion, perhaps in senior high school years, perhaps in University curricula, of classes in the mechanics of radio production. The purpose would be not to mass-produce great quantities of would-be actors, announcers and writers to flood a field almost full, but to establish a national basis of criticism, to give Canadians a standard by which to appraise the efforts of their radio writers, producers and performers. Only through such an informed body of public opinion can there ever be any hope of influencing the solons of commercial radio, survey-minded as they are, to such an extent that some degree of intelligence and integrity may be attained in the field of commercial broadcasting.

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SPORTING LIFE

Rugby: Champions Foretold at Reasonable Prices

By KIMBALL McILROY

DUE to the exigencies of the service, this little essay on crystal-gazing is of necessity being written without first-hand knowledge of one of the contestants, which would make the prediction of the eventual Grey Cup winner a difficult task even for Madame LaWhozis, Reader and Seer, Knows-All-and-Tells-Very-Little. It's considerably easier to prophesy who's going to win a game if you know the people playing in it.

Nevertheless, the task this year has been greatly simplified by the sports experts of the West. These gentlemen, as soon as the subject of the Grey Cup contest arose, began loosing large tears and emitting pitiful sighs. They probably beat their breasts, too, if they had the strength. None of the western clubs, they said, had a chance against a good intermediate outfit in the East. The game should be called off in the interests of rugby, national understanding, and the birth-rate. Varsity Stadium, they pointed out, might be badly cluttered up with rows of white crosses marking the last resting places of the pale and fragile lads who this year wore the regalia of Winnipeg and Calgary and Saskatchewan.

It was all too sad and not very convincing. Perhaps the Winnipeg Blue Bombers aren't quite as strong as some of the teams they've sent on the scenic tour in the past, but if they should end up on the wrong side of a large score, the long lay-off with nothing to do but play mumbly-peg and look up train schedules will be, as usual, the main reason.

Not that, in all probability, the expected débâcle will come to pass. Débâcles don't, usually. The eastern club — Argonauts — is not anybody's idea of the finest of all time, either. They ought to win, but not particularly handily.

This is the season when everybody who is anybody in the sports world is picking himself an all-star team. It's an occupational hazard against which there appears to be no protection. The fact that most of the selectors will not have seen some of their choices play does nothing to dampen their enthusiasm. The fact that no two teams will consist of the same twelve men means nothing, either. "Give everybody a fair chance," that's the motto.

PICKING an all-star team is easy. Anyone can do it, and mostly does. You just look at all the headlines and count the number of times each candidate's name appears, or else you take the first twelve names on the list of leading scorers. The result is a team of very famous names, all of them well and favorably known to the public. The result is also a team which probably would have difficulty in beating the Vassar scrubs.

The way to get your name into the headlines is to score touchdowns. It is strongly advisable to avoid such plebeian and dangerous tasks as blocking and tackling, which not only get your face all dirty but are liable to bang you up so that you can't go after those touchdowns.

The average coach, on the other hand, prefers a man without a scrapbook to his name, so humble that he just goes in there and blocks and tackles because he doesn't know any better. The reason for this preference is that, if enough men are blocked out of a play, your Aunt Minnie could carry the ball for a touchdown. Every time. Conversely, Dick Merriwell himself couldn't score against a team old-fashioned enough to bother with tackling. No, not even Tom Rover could do it.

The average all-star backfield includes five stellar running backs but nobody to get them started running, and the quintet in actual fact would not be able to punch its way through a nylon queue.

ANOTHER factor affecting selection of all-star teams is that winning teams make outstanding players. Now naturally the basic reason why a team is good is because its players are good, but that doesn't rule out the possibility of the appearance on a mediocre team of good players. They have to be good to keep from being run right out of the park. There are lots of them, but they tend to appear on all-star teams more rarely than an honest man at the stock exchange. Nobody ever heard of anyone from Slippery Rock Teachers College making the All-American, although the roster of the average professional football teams lists more players from emporia of learning on a general level with S. R. Teachers than from such highly-publicized institutes as Notre Dame.

The latter, incidentally, has been spending a lot of time sending out publicity releases proving that there is a university connected with the football team. There is no truth in the rumor that anyone with a failing grade in football is not allowed to turn out for studies.

The Intercollegiate all-star team, selected by writers and coaches—and, apparently, water boys—in the cities concerned, is an especially fascinating document. Western went undefeated in six games and the experts went right off the deep end. Although the Westerns racked up the somewhat-short-of-overwhelming margin of eighteen touchdowns during the season to fifteen for the Torontos, Western received 8 2/3 places on the highly mythical squad to 1⅓ for Toronto. Western even had three men named to the two outside-wing spots, setting a record which will take some beating, if anyone ever again has the nerve to try.

The Big Four selections, on the other hand, were catholic to a degree, although it's interesting to note that the three halves and the flying wing chosen as all-stars ended the season 1, 2, 3, 5, in the scoring totals. Just who'd do the blocking for the outfit is not wholly clear. Kilroy, maybe. In dealing with the six teams in the O.R.F.U., the selectors again played it very close to the vest. They picked twelve names; it undoubtedly will appear to a considerable number of people that twelve others could be named who'd do equally well. Only one Balmy Beach man is named for the backfield (as "Half: secondary defence", whatever that may mean) and the question immediately arises as to who scored all those points that took the Beachers to the league championship. Probably the same guys who do the blocking for that Big Four aggregation. They are keeping busy these days.

At the time of writing, no western all-star line-up has been chosen or, anyway, has appeared in public. After the bleating that went on when it was announced that the Winnipegs would come east for a horrible and inevitable trouncing, the suspicion arises that maybe they just haven't got twelve stars out there. The suspicion is somewhat stronger, however, that all this crying-towel stuff will have a most salutary effect on the Grey Cup betting odds, from a western point of view.

To prove that this column has the courage of its own convictions, doesn't throw stones without possessing a glass house, and so on, herewith:

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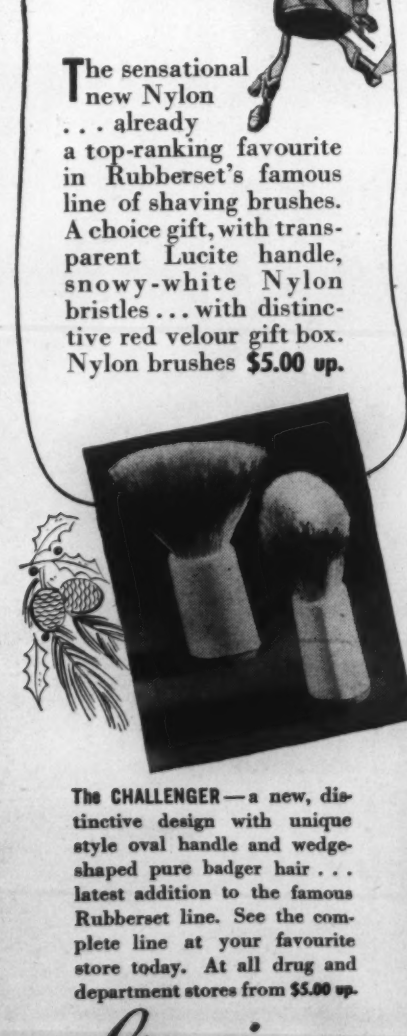

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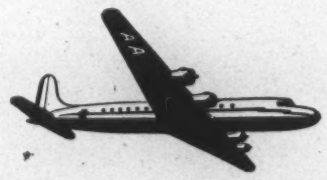

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St. Lawrence Project Dormant but Alive

By R. M. COPER

The writer of this article has just visited Washington after an extended stay in the "Deep South." In both places he made inquiries into the opposition to the St. Lawrence Project.

He holds that this opposition is not based on sound arguments, but that its unsound arguments mean as little as the convincing arguments of the supporters of the Project.

"Powerful economic interests, in this case representing the national good of the United States, are thwarted, and petty interests rule the field."

IF YOU walk up the stairs of a certain old-fashioned, liftless building on Seventeenth Street in Washington to try a certain door, you will find that the door is locked. If it were open it would admit you into the office of the "National St. Lawrence Project Conference — A Nationwide Organization in Opposition to the St. Lawrence River Project." The fact that the door is locked does not indicate that the Conference has folded up; on the contrary, it is very much alive. But as matters concerning the St. Lawrence Project stand at present, the headquarters of the Conference can well afford to take a holiday and its executive director—astute, elderly Washington lawyer Tom J. McGrath—can well afford to devote his time to other hobbies.

Regardless of its locked executive offices, the work of the Conference goes on. It goes on in its numerous branches that are scattered throughout all those parts of the United States in which special interests are opposed to the St. Lawrence Project. These local committees do not abate their vigilance and their activities for one moment, and even now, as the Project is dead for a considerable time to come (though there can be no doubt of its ultimate materialization), meetings are held, allies enlisted, and the general public misinformed as to the real significance of the Project.

I use the word "misinformed" advisedly because I have not found any evidence of such misinformation being deliberate. It emanates from persons and groups who sincerely believe that, through their arguments, they serve the best interests of their clients, associates, workers, employers, or whoever it is they want to protect from the alleged evil of the Project. That their "information" is not intentionally misleading can best be seen by the fact that for every major argument which some opponent advances against the Project, some other opponent advances an argument that nullifies the point.

Preserving Yesterday

The attitude of the Great Lakes Carriers in this respect is a classical example of special interests running wild in an endeavor to preserve the status of yesterday and prevent the coming of tomorrow. They argue: 1) that the construction of the waterway would be a waste of money as ocean-going vessels would never use this route because they could not compete with the established carriers, and 2) that the competition of ocean-going vessels on the proposed waterway would kill the established Great Lakes carriers.

Similarly unconvincing, self-contradictory arguments are advanced by other local opposition groups, such as, for instance, the "New Orleans Citywide Committee in Opposition to the St. Lawrence Seaway Project," an affiliate of the "National Conference." There is one point, however, on which the "leaders of the opposition" are unanimous and emphatic—they state with a strange pride that Labor is on their side. This is not wholly correct, either. Many locals of the A.F. of L. as well as the C.I.O. came out in full support of the seaway at the Senate Sub-Committee on Foreign Relations hearings earlier this year. What is correct, though, is that all the railroad brotherhoods condemn the Project, just as the entire railroad capital condemns it.

There can be little doubt that the Seaway would have materialized by now if the question of its construction had been decided on economic grounds or on a higher political level. The Project is one of the few American political problems on which the two great parties are not divided as parties. Every major step in its history has been taken by bi-party groups. The first one was taken under President Coolidge by his Secretary of Commerce, Herbert Hoover. Mr. Hoover again supported the Project at this year's hearings. So did one of the possible Republican candidates for President in the 1948 elections, Mr. Harold Stassen. All the major government departments in Washington are in favor of it.

Who Want It?

All the economic interests in the Great Lakes Area are in favor of it, and this area comprises 31 per cent of the total U.S. population; 37 per cent of all wage earners, it draws 42 per cent of all U.S. wages; it accounts for 42 per cent of the value of total U.S. production, 84 per cent of iron ore, 75 per cent of steel, 74 per cent of automotive production, 41 per cent of bituminous coal, 36 per cent of chemicals 36 per cent of wheat, 67 per cent of corn, 57 per cent of meat, 67 per cent of creamery butter, and so on. Why are these powerful economic interests denied what they want—the Seaway?

The answer is that logical arguments in favor of the Project count for nothing. Nor must we allow ourselves to believe that the illogical arguments of the opposition count for much. Nothing in the way of argument weighs heavily. Why did President Truman "urge upon the Congress (in October, 1945) speedy enactment of legislation to accomplish these objectives (the Seaway) so that work may start on this great undertaking at the earliest possible time"? Because he had pledged himself to carry out all the policies of the late President Roosevelt. Observers in Washington say that he has now come to stand on his own feet, and the cynics in Washington say that he might not make a second attempt at obtaining the legislation he sought last year. After all, Mr. Truman hails from a State whose every interest is opposed to the Project, a State that has sent Messrs. Bilbo and Rankin to the Congress. Even the outsider can pale at the thought of what might happen if the Seaway were enacted while these two gentlemen, and several others, retain their seats.

Further, why was ratification of the 1941 agreement with Canada not put on the agenda of the 79th Congress, just demised, although the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations reported in favor of it in June, last, by a vote of 14 to 8? Because pressure of business prevented this course. Who would doubt it? The Committee pronounced the agreement to be an agreement, not a treaty, which latter would require a two-thirds majority in the Senate. Not being a treaty, it is possible that the Commerce Committee claims the agreement to fall within its competency. The Commerce Committee as at present constituted is none too favorable to the Project; it might start a new hearing, and it might not report its findings for a long time.

Then, several of the 14 members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee who voted in favor of the Project lost their seats in the recent elections. Senator Hatch, who was chairman of the Sub Committee, is from New Mexico, a State that stands neither to gain nor lose from the Seaway. But Senator Hatch is dependent on a strong vote of railroad employees in his State, and the cynics in Washington would not be surprised if he showed less ardor in his advocacy of the Project in the next two years or so.

This list of political personalities and their motives could be extended to cover many other members of Congress who are key men in the problem of the Seaway. This problem will remain unsolved as long as sound arguments go unheeded, powerful economic interests, in this case representing the national good of the United States, are thwarted, and petty interests of various kinds rule the field.

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SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

Did the Alberta Germans Commit Murder or Employ Discipline?

By J. N. HARRIS

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

A NUMBER of prisoners of war have been sentenced to death in Alberta. Some death sentences have been carried out, others are about to be. I am not at all convinced by what I have read that these men are guilty of murder. I think that some features of the case were not gone into thoroughly enough, or were not understood very clearly.

The treatment of prisoners of war is governed by the Geneva Convention relating to the matter, in countries which signed the Convention. Canada and Germany were both signatories. (This is a matter of importance, because, while the Germans claimed to treat Canadian prisoners in accordance with the Convention, they made no claim to treat Russian prisoners so, as Russia was not one of the Powers bound by the Convention.)

Under the Geneva Convention, prisoners of war were bound by the military laws of the captor nation, and were to be under strict military discipline; certain maximum penalties were laid down for certain offences, however, in case the laws of the detaining power might be too harsh, or might not be clear with regard to those offences.

While the war lasted, the Convention was respected, to a degree, by both powers. There were breaches on both sides, but on the whole I think it is fair to say that Canada observed the spirit of the Convention quite willingly, while the German authorities had to be kept barely to the Convention by constant complaints and inspections. Nevertheless, they never openly renounced the Convention.

Now, while the Convention places P.O.W.'s under the military discipline of the detaining power, it clearly states that there shall be no attempt to alter the allegiance of prisoners. That is, they shall not be subjected to lectures and propaganda showing that the detaining power is right and that the nation to which the prisoners owe allegiance is wrong. And further, they shall not be induced by threats or bribes to go over to the enemy. They may not display their national flags or emblems, nor sing their national anthems, but they do not have to sing enemy anthems or fly the enemy flag.

The Heil Hitler salute, for instance, was not forced on P.O.W.'s in Germany, in fact they were specifically forbidden to use it by German orders.

Now, in the case of the Alberta prisoners, it appears that the crime of which they were accused was killing a fellow-prisoner who had altered his allegiance or who had betrayed plans of his fellow prisoners. He appears to have been a man whom the Canadian authorities held in a different status from the other prisoners in the camp. Either he had become wholly or partly "democratized," or he was doing services for the Canadian authorities for a consideration.

THERE are two types of traitor that prisoners of war have to fear. First of all, in an "ideological" war, there is the convert, the complete renegade, who comes thoroughly to believe in the enemy's "case." Among Allied prisoners in Germany, with the exception of Russian prisoners, such converts were so rare and harmless as to be negligible.

I only know of one British prisoner, a Flying Officer, who falls into this category. This officer was a member of the British Union of Fascists before the war, and after his capture he was completely converted to the German side. He was kept for a time at a transit camp, possibly for the purpose of finding new converts among new prisoners, but he was soon removed, either because his life was in danger, or because of complaints from the Senior British Officer that his use as a German agent in the camp was contrary to the Geneva Convention. He was taken away to a farm, and what became of him, I don't know.

The other type of traitor was much more dangerous. That is, the man who plans subsequently to rejoin his own side, and to live as an ordinary citizen in his own country, but who, for a few extra comforts, a movie, or a trip to a brothel, will act as a spy against his fellow prisoners. This particular crime has many varying degrees, and commences with a mere lessening of hostility in consideration of some minor comforts. Its essence is this, that the man in question signs a separate peace, not with the enemy power, but with the local guards.

All prisoners of war are constantly trying to escape, or thinking of trying to escape, or else are engaging in other forbidden activities, such as building contraband wireless sets or stealing the property of the detaining power. Most of these activities involve risk of life and limb at some stage. As the traitor willing to betray them is perhaps going to kill the escapers et al., the general sentiment is that the proper penalty for him is death (if you can find him out, which is not always easy).

I know of one officer, and of a number of men, who were suspected of this type of treachery. In the case of the officer, a Court of Inquiry was held in a prison camp, at which all the available evidence was examined, and the officer exonerated.

In another instance, the Germans sent a Czech Nazi into the camp disguised as a Czech Air Force prisoner. He was soon found out, before he could do any damage, and his removal from the camp was demanded. The Germans removed him.

In other cases among our prisoners in Germany, officers or men arrived in camp when there was some question of their *bona fides*. They were tagged and watched in every case until their *bona fides* was thoroughly checked. Our camp authorities showed no reluctance to take action in any case of treachery that might arise; in fact, when life and limb were at stake, they had to act.

FORTUNATELY I cannot cite any instance in which a detail sentence was carried out on one of our prisoners for treachery, but in one instance, when it became known that a thief was stealing rations from his fellow prisoners (during days of dire food shortage) a senior officer announced that the thief would be killed out of hand if he could be apprehended. As there were no more thefts after the announcement, I cannot say that this sentence would have been carried out. I only know that the temper of the prisoners at the time was such that it probably would have been a near thing.

To return to the Alberta case, if the man who was killed was the second type of traitor, then the camp authorities were probably right in leaving him in the camp. Camp commandants can find such men useful, but it must be difficult not to hold them in utter contempt. If, as such, he was caught, I think that any body of prisoners of war would have done away with him, and thirty days hard ought to be about the maximum.

If, on the other hand, he had changed his allegiance, and was trying to convert his fellow-prisoners to democracy, leaving him in the

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camp was a breach of the Geneva Convention. Such a man does not have the protection of stealth, which the petty spy does have. For his own protection the man should have been removed.

In such a case, the prisoners in the camp have a plain case of desertion to the enemy to deal with. So long as their government and the forces of which they were members continued to fight, they had a statutory right, under the Geneva Convention, to maintain their allegiance. The presence of what, to them, was a traitor, must have been intolerable. (Consider our British and Canadian prisoners in relation to the converted Flying Officer mentioned above.)

DID the Germans have any right to carry out their own laws while prisoners of war? Well, all R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. bombing crews were given specific instructions before flying over enemy territory as to what they were to do if they fell into enemy hands. First of all, they were told that it was their duty to attempt to escape, and to take any opportunity of escape.

They were told to trust nobody when they first arrived in a camp, and to treat any order from a superior officer with suspicion if it seemed that he might be collaborating with the Germans, or might not be carrying out the order to escape with sufficient energy. These instructions were to govern the captured man during the whole of his stay as a prisoner, and they came into effect the moment his parachute brought him to the ground behind enemy lines. No officer, who was also a captive, had the right to overrule them.

It would obviously be impossible to carry out the orders covering escaping activity if spies and traitors who constantly betrayed plans were allowed to remain in the camp.

In other words, out-and-out renegades had to be removed from the camps, and petty spies and traitors-for-a-consideration simply had to take their chances of getting what they thoroughly merited.

As to the manner of the killing which took place in the Alberta camp, it appears to have been typically Nazi (but not murder). It was brutal; it was a sort of blood sport (but not murder). If we wish to hang these men for being Nazis, I won't protest. Probably the world would be much better without them. But don't call it murder. Shoot them out of hand, by all means, as fifty of our boys were shot, merely *pour encourager les autres.*

But don't, as I said before, call it a death sentence for murder, for I believe that the killing that these men performed was really a death-sentence for treachery under military law, and I believe that our own prisoners would have done the same thing under similar conditions. I furthermore believe that the men who carried out such a sentence would be exonerated on return to Canada.

A large number of Russian prisoners in Germany, either convinced that the German system was less baneful than that of their own government, or for the consideration of good food and warm clothes, joined an Anti-Soviet Russian force organized by the Germans. They were headed by one of the brighter young Soviet generals. We know that the General has been hanged, but we don't know the fate of his army. We only know that our Occupation Forces have had difficulty persuading such as were found in Western Germany to return to their native land.

I believe that the man who was killed in Alberta was right in being converted to democracy (if he was so converted), but I feel that we must, under the Geneva Convention, respect the right of his fellow prisoners to consider his conversion treachery.

We have already hanged some men for this crime. Perhaps, by letting the remainder off, we would be confessing to wrongly hanging the first ones. It would indeed be a sorry picture of our justice in action if we allowed such a thought to stop us in taking the right action.

After all, the press, in reporting the previous hangings, stressed the fact that one young N.C.O. stated, just before he dropped, "Mein Fuehrer, ich folge Dir". That appeared to justify the whole business. The man was an incorrigible Nazi, therefore he ought to be hanged.

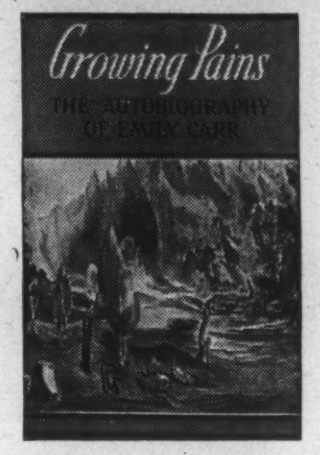
Quite. But let's not pretend that we're hanging him for murder.

Mariette Gauthier, brilliant Montreal pianist, whose recital at Eaton Aud. last week was enthusiastically received. Miss Gauthier has studied in Quebec, New York, Paris.

OF JEWISH AUTHORS

UNDER the sponsorship of the Canadian Jewish Congress, Jewish Book Week in Toronto will be held the week of December 1 to 7. The Toronto program includes a lecture at the Holy Blossom Temple Auditorium by Marvin Lowenthal on December 2; a display of Jewish books and periodicals at the Jewish Centre Auditorium, 9 Brunswick Avenue, and a festival of Yiddish films at the Kino Theatre, College Street and Manning Avenue.

The admirable Jewish Book Annual which surveys the field of creative literature in English and Hebrew throughout the world may be secured, or consulted, by those interested, at 165 Beverley St., Toronto.



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Notes of and cheques on other banks		68,650,013.82
Government and Other Public Securities (not exceeding market value)		1,099,728,432.17
Other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks (not exceeding market value)		56,022,926.42
Call Loans		59,391,558.13
		$1,506,188,301.24
Commercial and Other Loans		301,659,974.44
Bank Premises		10,575,688.13
Customer's Liability under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per contra)		21,538,615.59
Other Assets		4,023,008.00
		$1,843,985,587.40

LIABILITIES

Notes of the Bank in Circulation		$ 5,512,707.50
Deposits		1,736,212,708.35
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding		21,538,615.59
Other Liabilities		1,465,270.15
Capital	$36,000,000.00	
Rest or Reserve Fund	42,000,000.00	
Undivided Profits	1,256,285.81	
		79,256,285.81
		$1,843,985,587.40

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Profits for the year ended October 31st, 1946 (including an adjustment of $39,441.17 in United Kingdom Income Taxes 1938-46) after making provision of $575,343.25 for Depreciation of Bank Premises, Furniture and Equipment and an appropriation to Contingency Reserves, out of which full provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts has been made	$ 10,263,782.91
Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes	5,776,000.00
Leaving a Net Profit of	$ 4,487,782.91
Of this amount shareholders received or will receive	3,420,000.00
Amount carried forward	$ 1,067,782.91
Balance of Profit and Loss Account October 31st, 1945	3,188,502.90
	$ 4,256,285.81
Transferred to Rest or Reserve Fund	3,000,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account October 31st, 1946	$ 1,256,285.81

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For Many It Is Social Security in Reverse

By CAMPBELL McFARLANE LAMONT

The writer, who is a business man and keen student of economic problems, holds that the ability of the white collar class to maintain their own "security" by savings and insurance is being destroyed by high taxation and low interest rates. He thinks that the members of this class should "get together and yell in chorus."

BELIEVE it or not, the following picture is a true description of a twenty-five cent dinner scene in a small hotel on Yonge street, Toronto.

A table set for six. On the snow-white linen table cloth a large platter of sliced bread, both white and brown; another platter of fluffy baking powder biscuits and one of soda crackers; a generous dish of butter, piled up in small crinkly rolls; a bowl of sugar; several kinds of pickles and relishes and at least three kinds of meat sauce; a pitcher of rich cream.

First course, soup; second course, roast beef, lamb or pork with a side order of eggs if desired; three vegetables and usually corn or banana fritters with the meat; dessert, pie or milk pudding; two servings if desired; beverage, tea, coffee or milk, as much of either as you wanted or were capable of drinking.

Ho hum!

Now don't call me a liar, for this is a true picture and one that could be duplicated in hundreds of places throughout Ontario, with differences in quality, cleanliness and service, of course. However, don't run up and down your main street looking for this cornucopia. The hotel is not there any more, and the horn of plenty has shrunk throughout the land. This scene was common in 1906. This, let me remind you, is the year 1946, in opulent, prosperous, victorious, sovereign Canada.

In those earlier, miserable, semi-colonial days food was plentiful and cheap. A number of good restaurants sold tickets for generous meals at the rate of eight for a dollar. Some higher class caterers charged the premium rate of seven for a dollar. For a time, the writer ate in a restaurant that served eleven poorer, but still satisfying meals for one piastre.

Bananas sold on the streets from two-wheeled pedlar's carts for five, ten, and fifteen cents a dozen. A good pair of shoes could be purchased for $3.50, and a serviceable, good-looking, ready-made suit cost $12.-$15. Other items, involving the necessaries of food, clothing and shelter were in proportion.

Of course, in those far-off times, automobiles were crude, mechanical buggies—playthings of the sporting rich. Movies were still in the stage of eye-straining flickers, and "poor Pauline" melodrama. Radios, electric refrigerators and many other mechanical conveniences had not yet arrived on the modern scene. Inside plumbing was not as common as it is today. Soap was soap in those days, (and good soap too), not miracle dust. Cold cream was cold cream, not beauty magic. Water was a much more popular beverage than it is today, although it may have carried a few more typhoid bugs.

However, in 1906 people did not have any reason to be sorry for themselves for lack of our 1946 wonder products, present and to come. I don't remember, as a boy, in still earlier years, being much annoyed because home bathing facilities were limited to a Saturday night scrub in a wooden tub. The daily shower (which I would now have if I could get fuel to heat the water) is better, cleaner and more convenient. But, apart from the too vigorous scrubbing from big sister and soap in the eyes, the weekly tub was endurable, and definitely the daily shower was not missed. Neither did a patch in the pants or the lack of a three-piece suit give a lad the kind of social inferiority complex that drives parents to insanity and kids to crime nowadays. In fact, the no-patch, three-piece suit lad was definitely a sissy and somewhat of a social outcast.

However, to get back to 1906 from these far-off boyhood days, the catch was that $6 a week was considered a wage for a single lad. Eight was good; ten was affluence; twenty-five was a salary. On $25 a week a man could establish himself in the lower middle class, live in a decent home, raise a family, buy a modest insurance, and still save something for the future. For a dollar was a dollar then, not the emasculated piece of limp paper that it has become through multiplied wants and progressive inflation in 1946.

White Collar Man

Now, perhaps the reader is wondering what all this has to do with social security. It has much to do with social security, at least for a very important kind of individual in every community, who is known as the "white collar" man. This man is being slowly squeezed to extinction between the upper millstone of tax confiscation, and the nether millstone of the progressive inflation that has been going on for hundreds of years, but has been rising faster and faster since 1914.

This white collar man is generally a very stable, conscientious, hard working, well-educated and usually highly moral member of the community. He is seldom a good trader or an able or fortunate speculator. His conservative philosophy and standards prevent him from knowing the tricks and shifts that make money fast and easily. He is too busy doing his job and learning to do it better. He is therefore dependent on his salary, which he works hard to earn, and to increase through more experience and more knowledge.

He spends his hours away from work minding his own business and improving his home. Sends his kids to school and to church, well fed, well washed, decently clothed and as well behaved as kids go. He is the backbone of church and of community welfare effort. He pays through the nose for medical and hospital care, for included in his doctor and hospital bills and in his taxes is part of the cost of giving the best there is to the indigent. He makes no complaint about this, because he is usually more community-minded than the average. Being generally reputed to be more affluent than he actually is, he is approached more often than the average for contributions, and gives more generously than his income warrants.

Backbone of Business

He is the backbone of business and of industry. Whether he is executive, engineer, or routine clerk, his work is essential. He provides the facts, studies and services upon which business decisions are made, and progressive measures developed. In large measure, he is the brains of business. If his services were withdrawn, the machines would stop as certainly as if fire were withdrawn from under the boiler, or electric current ceased to flow along the wires.

Hitherto he has asked nobody to provide social security for him, but has worked to provide it for himself, through hard saving, through insurance and through investment.

Today he has as much chance of providing a decent competence for his old age as a chipmunk marooned on an iceberg has to provide store for the winter. Fifty dollars a month at seventy or at sixty-five does not appeal to him as the old age pension that would fulfil his desires and deserts. He has worked and saved for a retirement far more generous than that if the means were left to him.

But they have not been left to him. If he has reached the retirement age, six years of high taxation (with little prospect of relief in the years to come) plus salary control, have robbed him of his chance to augment

Prague students attending new Czech College, Bishop's Stortford, Eng., to study the English way of life.

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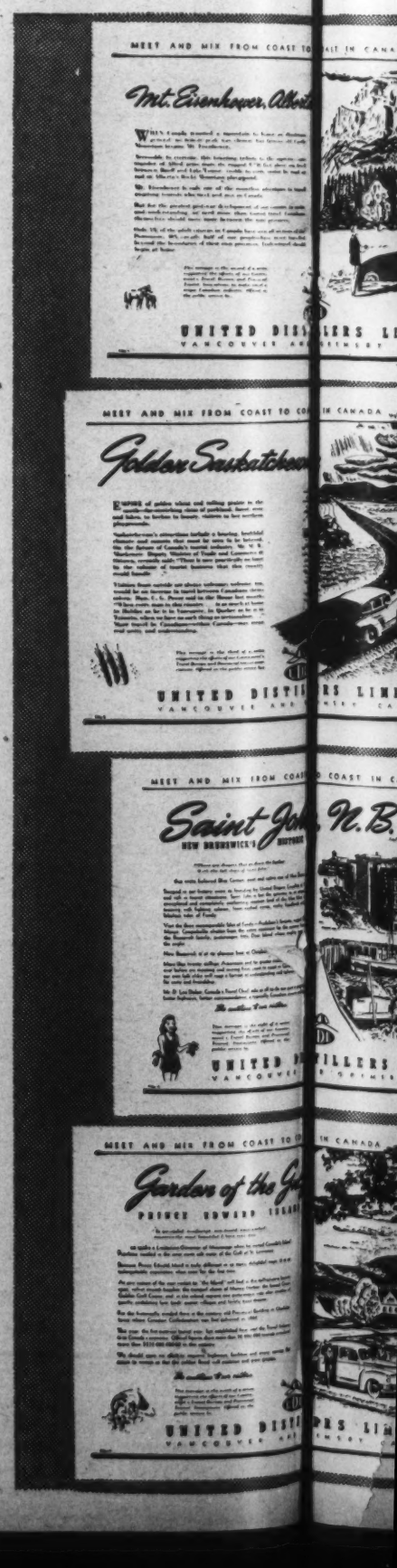

his retirement fund. Progressive inflation, marching fast since 1914, has depreciated his savings through lower earning rates, and lower purchasing power of money. Now there is talk of a Dominion Government loan at two and a half per cent, and down would go his retirement fund another sixth in income producing power.

Suppose he has been able to accumulate twenty thousand dollars up to the present, (and that is a big "suppose"), at the 1914 "safe" earning power of money, he would enjoy a modest retirement income of perhaps $1600. At today's conservative, but not safe, investment yields, he would need roughly $50,000 to $60,000 to produce the same retirement income, and that is away in the clouds, except for a negligible few of the salaried class. To help along the natural, long-range process of progressive inflation, high government finance manipulates the interest rate in a downward direction, keeps salary taxation rates painfully high, and begins to chisel on the estates of deceased persons at a figure far below that which would provide a living income for even one surviving dependent. Even if our man is lucky enough to die before his wife, as he usually does, both Province and Dominion take a slice of the estate which he has painfully built up, through insurance mainly, by the sacrifice of the living standards of his family.

All this is known as "syphoning off purchasing power" to prevent inflation. This may be very wise, far-seeing and necessary policy. Perhaps it is for the ultimate good of the nation as a whole. Perhaps too, the white collar man has to take it on the chin some more to provide "social security" for those who live from hand to mouth, take what happens to them as it comes, yell like hell if it isn't handed to them, and give no thought to their further equipment for life and their own future.

Not Concerned

This article is not concerned with all that. It is concerned only with pointing out what is happening to the hard-working, self-improving, provident and uncomplaining middle class who live on fixed salaries or incomes — this class that believes that the only social security worth anything is self-provided. This class is being robbed of its incentives, and slowly but surely wiped out of existence. If, as we believe, it is the backbone of our civilization, heaven help us if that backbone is broken. The load is very near to "last straw" weight.

Is there an answer? Perhaps! One worth trying would be to form a protective association which would have a chance of being heard above the howls of the pressure groups that are getting the limelight, the headlines, and the gravy. The combined intelligence and skill of such a group should be able to equal, if not to surpass the power of any other. This class, moreover, holds the balance of voting power, although it is seldom aware of the fact. It is the class that does not vote until it gets mad or alarmed about something. Well-organized and determined, it can decide the issues between the die-hard social and economic standpatters and the "pie in the sky" boys who must have Utopia overnight even if they have to destroy all liberty and if necessary blow some heads off while getting it.

If this could be accomplished there would be a lot more sanity in the body social and economic. For this class seeks nothing it does not earn, nor to rob others of what they rightfully possess. On the other hand, they are progressive in their thinking, and ready to go along with reforms that have a basis of reason and justice, and to pay their share of the cost. At present they are paying a lot more than their share of the cost, although there's scarcely a chirp from them about it. Hitherto, it has been dangerous for most of them even to chirp. It might be bad for business, somebody's business, if they made themselves conspicuous by expressing themselves freely and in the open.

Perhaps they will get together and learn to yell in chorus. If they do, things will happen. At least there will be a chance that the bent backbone will not break.

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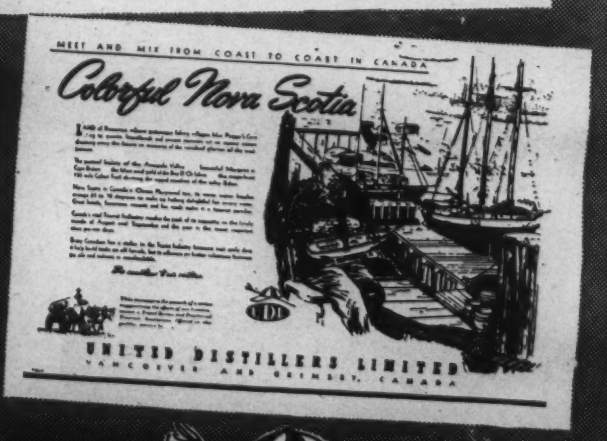
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"The Iceman Cometh"

(*Continued from page 3*)

a half different people, most of whom O'Neill must have known thirty-five years ago, when he was cast high on the beach at "Jimmy the Priest's" beverage room on South Street in New York.

The action of the play takes place in 1912, the year that O'Neill was 24. He understood these people and was one of them. He knew them as well as Shakespeare knew the habitués of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap three and a half centuries ago. And out of this same flotsam and jetsam O'Neill has created two-fisted, crackling drama that is always Shakespearian in its intent and implication if seldom in its language.

Of his dozen-odd men, all but three are graphic, vivid, individual human types. There are also three ladies of easy virtue, unfortunately all of the same flavor. However, they do promote and provoke some of the most lustily Elizabethan comedy and zestful dialogue heard on any stage since Prince Hal and Falstaff belted one another with that immortal barrage of immoral epithets.

LIKE the oft-quoted, never-consumed curate's egg, parts of O'Neill's long play (4 acts, 4¼ hours) are excellent. Two of the acts, II and III, are as robustiously dramatic and vigorous as anything O'Neill ever wrote. Basically, "The Iceman Cometh" is no longer or slower than O'Neill's other famous marathon dramas, "Strange Interlude" and "Mourning Becomes Electra". Indeed, the latter, which was a modernization of the Greek trilogy by Aeschylus, had none of "The Iceman's" vitalizing force of lusty, earthy comedy flaring up violently and realistically as the disgruntled down-and-outs of both sexes arouse one another's ire.

Now, just who and what is "The Iceman"? What does the odd figure of speech (possibly derived from the Biblical parallel of "The Bridegroom Cometh") mean? "Death" say some of the critics. "Fate, Truth" say others. I prefer to interpret O'Neill's "Iceman" in this metaphysical minstrel show as "The Reckoning" which every man and woman so frantically avoids facing in his or her own soul. "The Iceman" has a whimsical *double entendre* in O'Neill's play. In harsh-tongued, good-hearted Harry Hope's waterfront beverage room-cum-flophouse live a dozen-odd derelicts—a dazed ex-British Army officer, and a Boer officer who faced one another over the Modder River and have been battling and bottling together ever since; a retired circus con man and honky-tonk grifter; a police officer who went crooked; a demoralized ex-Harvard lawyer; a dissolute war correspondent; a leftist Socialist editor who has lost 1,397 consecutive week-ends; a broken-down, truculent Negro gambler, a toughly-rugged mug of an Italian bartender named Rocky who is not above living on the avails of three garish and raucous young chippies who, though fairly young, may have seen better days.

In the longest first act (since something which shall be nameless in the Dominion Drama Festival of 1935) in recent *bona fide* dramatic history, these sad down-and-outs sketch and establish their past and presents—the lives they had once, the palace of pipe-dreams they live in now. But all of them are buoyed up in anticipating the arrival of Hickey, a brash-and-breezy sport of a big-time hardware salesman who unfailingly drops in at long intervals to throw a real wing-ding of a bender and celebrate Harry Hope's birthday.

By the end of that endless first act the audience yearn for Hickey's arrival almost as heartily as the dipsos who sit in a state of suspended animation like glass fish or a cast of imported dummies from Madame Tussaud's, while each one takes his turn at telling his battered and bottled life story.

At last Hickey arrives with a wham, looking like Geo. M. Cohan at his zenith. On the surface he is full of zing—underneath someone detects a change. He hasn't pulled his customary gag about leaving his wife with the iceman. What's up? A few wonder vaguely as they happily come to life under Hickey's spell.

ACT II is the Birthday Party—surely as funny a second act as you could imagine until Hickey takes over as M.C. and begins a sort of relentless evangelistic needling of the derelicts, urging them to face reality and quit dreaming. One by one, they flare up at him and when the retired anarchist reminds him that he hasn't pulled the old iceman gag, Hickey adds the final Belshazzar touch to the lugubrious feast by saying his wife is dead, and at peace. And, hence, so is he. He has come to understand what he stands for in this confusing life. He has rid himself finally of his illusions and he urges the tatterdemalions to face life honestly.

In Act III, certainly the best writing of the play, we see what deadly effect Hickey's cold-water evangelism has had upon the palace of pipe-dreams. Violent quarrels break out; stripped of their dreams, the inmates of Harry Hope's hopeless hostelry fly at one another's throats.

The Negro goes out to make a killing at gambling; one of the tarts prepares to marry the second-string barkeep; the closest of friends threaten mayhem; even Harry Hope almost takes that long-threatened walk around the Ward. Then, as they begin to straggle back, unable to face the brutal glare of reality, Hickey replies to the taunts of those who stayed put, by telling them that his wife did not die—she was murdered.

By Act IV, all the bedraggled pigeons have flown back to the loft—to sit in the same state of suspended animation, out of which Hickey's ruthless realism forced them. And in that act, harrowing and powerful, featuring one of the longest speeches in all drama, Hickey tells his own scarifying story of a life-long death-struggle against an illusion, before the police take him away, a self-confessed murderer.

And we learn the paradoxical truth that Hickey was no longer afraid of life, because he had plumbed all of its terrors, and at least had nothing to fear but the hot seat at Sing Sing. "Which" as the seaman said of the sea-serpent, "is considerable"—in our humble judgment.

O'NEILL'S basic message would seem to be best uttered in the words of his Greek-chorus onlooker, the retired anarchist, Larry Slade, who like his less clear-headed fellow illusionists is heartily glad to be rid of Hickey's sobering and unwelcome exhortations. "The lie of a pipe-dream," says Larry, "is what gives life to the whole misbegotten, mad lot of us, drunk or sober."

A good play is usually compounded of worthwhile ideas dramatically presented, and even at its dullest, O'Neill's new play has breadth, depth, sincerity and passion, as he dignifies these dozen-odd outcasts on their "long fool's errand to the grave." The Theatre Guild has spared no expense in this satisfying production. They selected a sensitive and superb director in that gifted actor, Eddie Dowling, late star of the unforgettable "Glass Menagerie", who would have made as fine a Hickey as the convincing and versatile James Barton.

Our pick among the other actors were Dudley Digges doing a splendidly sustained piece of character work as Harry Hope, the Good Samaritan of South Street; Tom Pedi who, as Rocky Pioggi, the luggish Italian bartender is so vigorously, vitally real that you feel he can't be an actor at all, but a genuine mug commandeered from nearby "Jacob's Beach" on 8th Ave., just for this occasion; Carl Benton Reid who turns in a powerful chunk of performance in a somewhat thankless role as Hickey's chief foil, the retired anarchist; and Nicholas Joy who makes "Captain" Lewis as credible as any Colonel Throttlebottle who ever carried the white man's burden.

Excellent supporting jobs are contributed by Morton Stevens, Al McGranary, John Marriott, Frank Tweddell, Leo Chalzel, Joe Marr; the three ladies of the evening are adequate, but there isn't enough of the old Jeanne Eagles in them to make them professionally authentic.

All in all, "The Iceman Cometh" provides a highly rewarding evening for all those who enjoy powerful, purposeful drama which presents life itself rather than mere hollow dialogue, cute gals and artificial antics that help kill off an evening. This is a play that really matters—and will continue to matter a generation hence.

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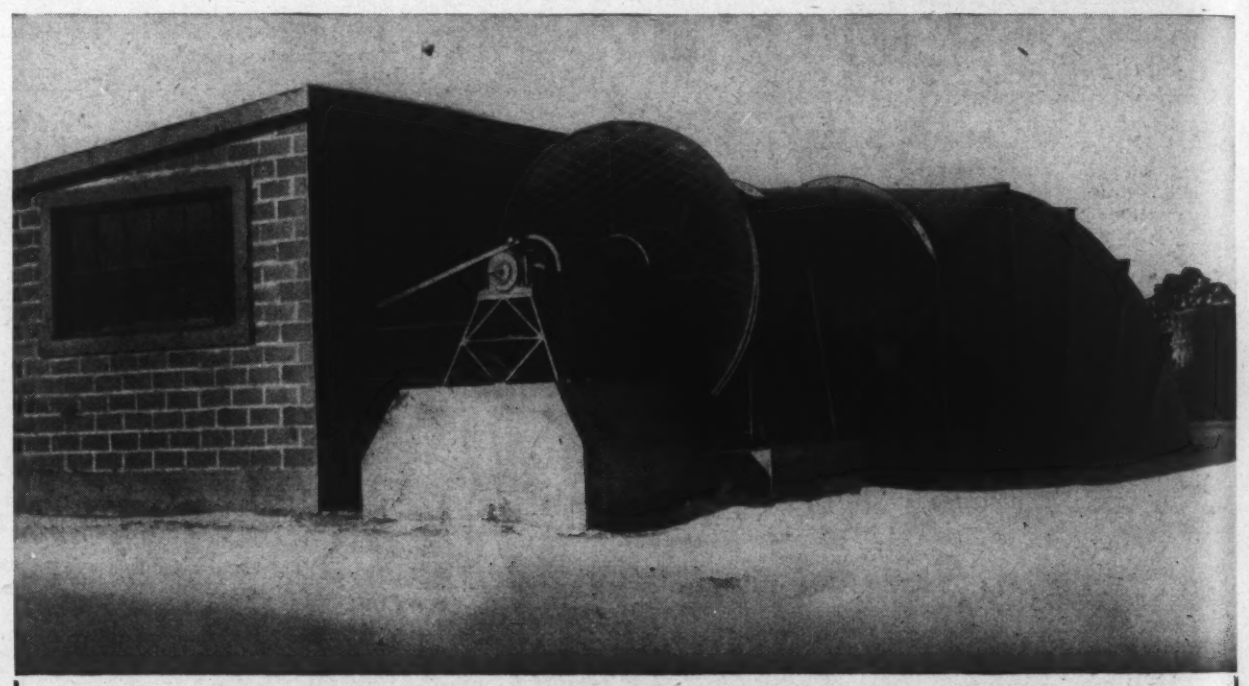

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A Religious Security Council to Aid U.N.

By R. W. HAMBLETT

As a vital challenge to the world's great religious organizations, this writer suggests the establishment of a Security Council of Religious Faiths. It would present the case of all the people of the world, regardless of any distinctions, who abhor war. The group would be small in number with one representative from each of the world's major religious faiths, and would meet near and concurrently with the U.N. Security Council.

CAN the great religious faiths help the United Nations and if they can, will they do so? Religious faith should be one of the most powerful influences for good in the world. The one thing that will bring the greatest good to the greatest number in this generation is universal peace. The great religious faiths should unite their forces to assist in reaching and maintaining peace on earth.

The United Nations and the religious faiths have something in common, since the former came into being for the specific purpose of developing harmonious relations in our world and of preventing war with its trail of human misery and suffering. True religion, regardless of individual creed, abhors violence and lawlessness and strives to promote high ideals in human relations.

Multitudes of people have written off religion as a failure. Its far flung organizations have been unable to prevent two world wars, with disastrous consequences to the faithful and unbelieving alike. The ministers and devotees of all the Churches have, on both occasions, found themselves relegated to the position where they could do little but provide help and consolation to the suffering. To their keen distress, servants of religion on both warring sides have had to give inspiration to each to fight the other.

From all parts of the world people are watching the U.N. But by a very great many it also has been written off as a failure. The charge of playing power politics is made against the member nations; strife and bitterness are the keynotes of its meetings. Recriminations are rife and it is being freely said that the United Nations are talking peace while jockeying for positions for the next war.

Although the great religious faiths are divided on many points, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, Moslem and the others, each insistent on its own creed and doctrine, these Faiths are nevertheless united in one great and all important feature—namely, that the basic ideas of all faiths are moral and humanitarian. From this unity can grow a mighty strength which could counteract the shortcomings of U.N.

Political Outlook

The weakness of U.N. lies in the fact that its outlook is political rather than humanitarian. The delegates are representatives of States and operate under instructions from home governments which at best represent the view of the party temporarily in power. That view usually is, "What is best for the country (and perhaps for the party)?" rather than "What is in the best interests of mankind?" The need and desire of the peoples of the world for peace is in danger of being smothered in political scuffles.

Entirely independently of the United Nations, a Security Council of Religious Faiths could be established. This body should meet concurrently with its counterpart in the U.N.O. and somewhere in the vicinity of the headquarters of the international Security Council. The duty of this Security Council of Religious Faiths would be to observe and study the deliberations of the Security Council of the United Nations and, from the view-points of moral rectitude and humanitarianism, assess the work of that Council. In time of stress or emergency these representatives of religious thought should not hesitate to take upon themselves the responsibility of demanding a hearing from the United Nations. On such an occasion if it arose, the case for the *people*, those who will suffer and die in the event of war, should be fearlessly stated and a demand made in their name for a fresh exploration of all possible avenues out of an impasse.

This Security Council of Religious Faiths should be small in number; ten or twelve would seem suitable. The membership should include at least one Jew, Moslem, Hindu, Catholic and Protestant, but in no case more than one adherent of any particular Church or Sect. This body could be elected by a Religious Advisory Council to which any organized religious entity would be invited to send a delegate (e.g. Anglican, Presbyterian, Greek Orthodox, Dutch Reformed, Methodist, Baptist, Russian Orthodox, to name a few.)

The S.C.R.F. would furnish reports to its parent Religious Advisory Council and to the press: In the event of disagreement, majority and minority reports should be available. An executive section of the Advisory Council would arrange for publication of these reports and the distribution of them in simple language and in pamphlet form, through the various churches and religious organizations throughout the world.

Strengthening U.N.

It is reasonable to expect that these reports would be free from national, political party, journalistic or other influence or coloring. Read by ordinary folk everywhere, the reports would inform and arouse public opinion to such an extent that the effect on politicians and governments would be profound. The hands of the U.N. should be strengthened immeasurably in their efforts to find just and wise solutions to thorny problems.

The actual details of the organization of these suggested religious councils are of minor importance. They could be worked out by the executive branches of the various faiths without difficulty. What is important is that the councils should include all branches of religious thought and practice. Such a religious security council should cut clean across national and party lines. It would owe no allegiance to either Capital, Labor or any other special group.

U.N.'s Security Council could not fail to heed the work of the Religious Council. The pressure from below would be too great. The peoples of the world, properly informed and motivated, would make themselves heard and those peoples, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters *do not want war*.

Will the religious faiths respond to the challenge of these critical times and bring help to the United Nations and the world? The nations have produced brilliant war leaders throughout the years; surely the religious faiths can find equally outstanding peace leaders.

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LONDON LETTER

Lord Mayor's Show Returned with Its Traditional Pre-War Glory

By P. O'D.

London.

IF NOT bread, at any rate circuses! And the circus dearest to the hearts of Londoners is the ancient, nonsensical, and picturesque parade of the new Lord Mayor to the Law Courts and back again. During the war there were Lord Mayor's Shows, but, however stirring to the heat, they were grim and rather drab—not much more really than a parade of Service detachments with municipal trimmings. And the Lord Mayor went by in a motor-car!—"quod est absurdum," as good old Euclid would say.

This year the Lord Mayor and his laughing but devoted liegemen of London went back to all the traditional and comic glories of the procession, Cinderella coach and all. I call it the Cinderella coach, though that name is more often used to describe the Royal State coach, in which the King and Queen travel on occasions of top-priority ceremony.

The Royal State coach is rather the more elaborate and impressive of the two, but with their gilt and carvings they are both straight out of fairyland. And they appeared at the same time, about 200 years ago. Indeed the same Italian artist is said to have painted the panels and decorations on both. But you can, if you like, believe that they arrived just as they are—on permanent loan from Titania and Oberon.

In the old days, history relates, Lord Mayors used to ride in their parades on horseback. But this is rather a lot to ask of an elderly and probably obese civic dignitary, especially when you consider how slippery the streets of London can be in November.

Then one fine, or not so very fine, day a Lord Mayor really did come tumbling off, scarlet and ermine and all—vastly to the joy of the populace, no doubt. But the Aldermen, instead of arranging like good showmen to make this a permanent feature of the parade, decided that it was not a very dignified proceeding. So ever after (except for the interruptions of war) the Lord Mayor has ridden in his golden coach, far safer and even more glorious.

Worries about Wood

In spite of the number of substitutes for wood which science has in recent years been able to think up, and enterprising manufacturers have put into production, wood, ordinary plain, old-fashioned wood, still remains one of the prime necessities. Canadians, living with immense forests almost at the back door, may find it difficult to realize how irksome a shortage of wood can be, and in how many different ways and how often you feel it. But in this country people know all about it. They have so little wood that, for ordinary purposes, you might say they have none.

There are many reasons for this shortage, all of them tracing back directly or indirectly to the war—the immense consumption of timber; the destruction, in many timber-producing countries of Europe, of all facilities for getting the timber out; the failure of coal supplies in others, making it necessary to use the wood as fuel. For this last, the lack of British coal for export is partly responsible.

In this country the ordinary man, if he wants a few feet of board for some necessary carpentry, has to sign elaborate forms explaining the nature and necessity of the work. Even then he is lucky if he can get part of it—at about treble the price it used to be.

Builders are held up for lack of it. Exporters cannot get wood for packing-cases in which to send their stuff abroad. And when you do get a bit of timber, it is generally of a sort fit only to be chopped up into kindling. Wood is rather like bread, in that it is one of the things you take for granted — until you can't get it.

Beniamino Gigli's Return

The tenors of Italy are still incomparable, and Beniamino Gigli is still the greatest among the living. His return to Covent Garden with the San Carlo Opera Company has been in the nature of a triumph. Huge audiences have cheered and applauded him, quite unmindful of whether or not he really did sing for the Germans during their stay in his country. Well, poor fellow, what else could he usefully do? Even tenors must live.

Gigli at nearly sixty is still a tenor in the grand robust tradition. He throws himself into his roles with a superb gusto, and the golden voice is as big and flexible as ever, but perhaps not quite so golden. The wear and tear of more than 30 years of grand opera are bound to tell on it, but it is still a marvellous instrument. It was a joy to hear it again—even on the radio.

A Divorce Problem

How to make divorce quicker and cheaper without making it easier is the problem that is puzzling the acute legal brains of the Committee on Procedure in Matrimonial Causes, which has just brought out its second interim report. There are, of course, worthy persons who would like to see divorce made even slower and more expensive, as a further deterrent. But the only effect of that in a good many cases is to cause sufferers to adopt rough-and-ready expedients which don't at all commend themselves to the moralist.

Largely as a result of the war, there has of late been a regular flood of divorce applications in this country, as in most others. It has piled up behind the dam of rather cumbersome and antiquated legal machinery, until at the present rate it will take years to get even existing cases through the mill.

Since the present Divorce Court is obviously incapable of catching up with the arrears of work, the first thing to do is to increase the facilities for the hearing of cases. What the Committee proposes is that, in addition, the judges of the County Courts—there are nearly 60 of them—should be appointed Divorce Commissioners, and while acting in that capacity should have the status and pay of judges of the High Court. It is also suggested that the places where these new Commissioners sit, whether in London or the Provinces, should be of a commensurate dignity with the High Court.

The idea behind all this insistence on dignity and status is that there should be no casual informality about the breaking of the marriage-tie. Divorce is not to be obtained the way you would order a new suit—and with a much better chance of getting it. Anyone who has ever had occasion to attend a sitting of the High Court knows what an awe-inspiring experience it is. But whether it will be sufficiently awe-inspiring to encourage umbrageous husbands and wives to kiss and make up, only time and the psychologists can tell—probably only time.

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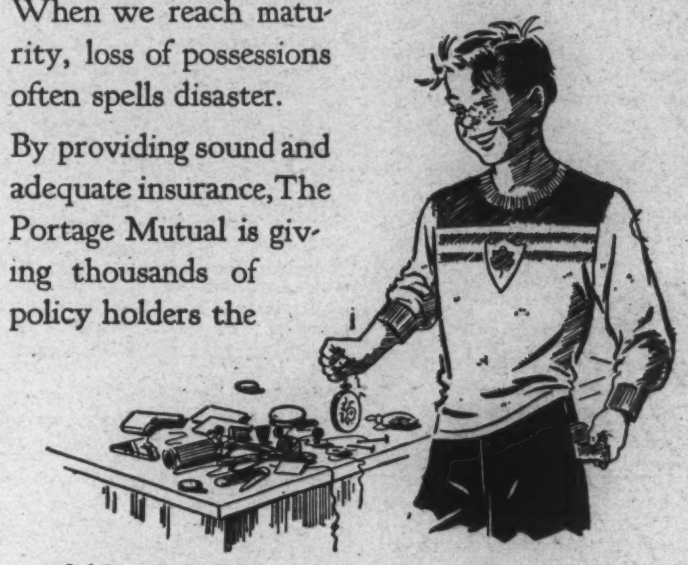

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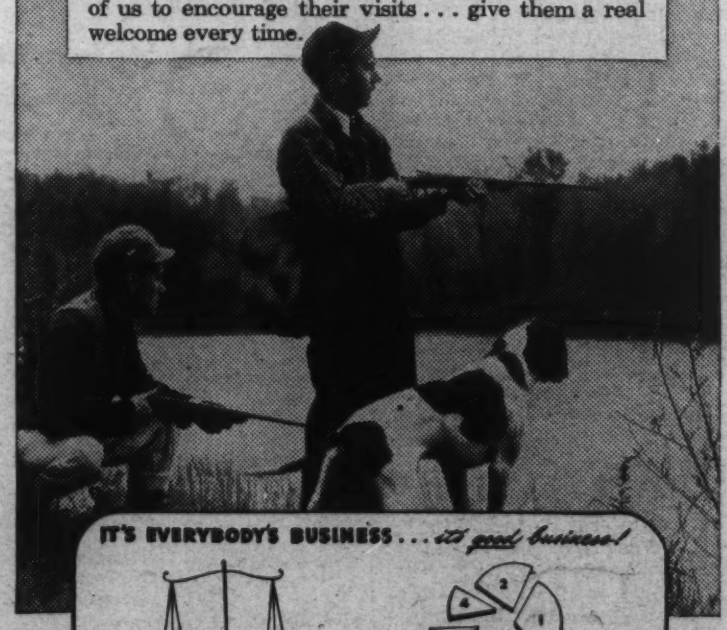

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RECORD REVIEW

Harpsichord Version of Goldberg Variations Is Ace Recording

By JOHN L. WATSON

THERE are times when a performance or a work of art is so entirely satisfying that the critic, at a loss to discover any serious imperfections, finds himself playing the role of press-agent. Fortunately for the tribe, such phenomena occur infrequently, but when they do they merit a good deal of attention. The particular phenomenon which prompted this outburst is the new Victor recording of Bach's thirty "Goldberg Variations," with Mme. Wanda Landowska at the harpsichord. This recording was made in New York in 1945 and is not to be confused with the earlier, and less satisfactory, pressing made by Mme. Landowska in France for the Bach Society limited editions.

The "Goldberg Variations" are a product of Bach's mature genius, written when he was Composer to the Royal Court of Poland and Saxony and the especial favorite of Count Hermann Karl von Kayserling, the Empress Catherine's ambassador to Dresden. Like most of the indomitable Empress' servants, the good Count pursued a hectic diplomatic career and was unusually partial to good music, for its sedative and soporific effects. For the express purpose of soothing the ambassadorial nerves, Bach composed this Air and Thirty Variations for performance by his brilliant young pupil, J. Theodore Goldberg.

Musical Permutations

The Air is a modest little tune of great beauty and profound simplicity. The Variations explore virtually every conceivable permutation of form, construction, mood and keyboard technique. This is Bach the musical mathematician, the architect of sound, putting a mature genius to work on a series of complex and intriguing musical problems, and setting forth the solutions with clarity, precision and, incidentally, a dry and subtle wit.

The harpsichord, so often thought of as a sort of imperfect piano (as people think of mediaeval paintings as imperfect representations of human values), is, of course, a noble instrument in its own right. Far less sonorous and less versatile than our modern grand piano, it was, nevertheless, the chief instrument of its day, the "backbone" of virtually every instrumental or choral ensemble. Of all living exponents of the harpsichord, Mme. Landowska is unquestionably the greatest. Her "simulation" of tonic accents on an accentless instrument through phrasing alone is something to be marvelled at.

Because of its sweetness and purity of tone, the harpsichord is wonderfully well-suited to recording, which may account in part for the fact that this album (Victor DM-1022) is almost without technical faults. The introductory program notes that go with the album, including a short essay by Virgil Thompson, are excellent.

In the world we grew up in, every respectable piano bench contained Mme. Liza Lehmann's "In a Persian Garden", that singularly lovely setting of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat". From now on, it is to be presumed that a great many well stocked record libraries will contain Ralph Bellamy's reading of the same work, with incidental music by the Victor Chamber Orchestra, under Macklin Marrow (Victor DM-1055).

Mr. Bellamy's recitation is a curious mixture of sincerity and ineptitude. On first hearing, it sounded to us not unlike a New England undergraduate reading a typical Norman Corwin radio script but, on the other hand, there is no denying that Mr. Bellamy has a fairly profound understanding of his subject and that he is thoroughly consistent in his rather odd approach to English poetry.

Verse to Prose

In point of fact, the verse, as presented here, is no longer poetry, but prose. However, since it was very good poetry to begin with, it is capable of being transformed into very good prose. Where poetry is concerned, it may be that we in this country are prejudiced against the American manner of speech, accustomed as we are to the lovely accents of the "Old Country". After all, there is no reason why the accent of Dartmouth or Des Moines should not be as appropriate for the reading of a Persian philosopher's verses as the accent of Oxford or Cambridge. Nevertheless, this writer cannot quite believe that "sorry" ought to be pronounced *sahry* or "God", *Gahd*. There is something in Mr. Bellamy's "folksy" manner that leads us to suspect he has been reading too many instalments of "Life in these United States" in the *Reader's Digest*.

The incidental music which provides the background for the reading, is both unobtrusive and undistinguished.

Nowadays, when a serious composition becomes "popular" it inevitably suffers at the hands of those whose business it is to cater to popular demand. Melodies from the Rachmaninoff C-minor Piano Concerto have, in the last five years, been whistled by every messenger boy on the North American continent and at least two popular ballads have been inspired by its lovely themes. As if this were not bad enough, Messrs. Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe have now concocted a new "adaptation" called "Concerto Themes" (Victor 28-0409) in which the principal "tunes" from the Concerto are lumped together and rattled off on two pianos for all they're worth. This kind of spoon-feeding cuts no ice with us and we devoutly hope it won't with you.

The tremendous popularity of "Night and Day", the very bad film about Cole Porter, augurs well for the commercial success of the very good album of Mr. Porter's songs, sung by Risë Stevens with Sylvan Schulman's orchestra. (Columbia D164).

Miss Stevens' splendid mezzo-soprano does full justice to the captivating Porter melodies and the oddly metaphysical lyrics. The album contains favorites like "Night and Day", "In the Still of the Night" and "Begin the Beguine"; and, of course, you will run across both those famous Porterisms, "I've Got You Under My Skin" and ". . . under the hide of me". It would probably require a competent psychologist to explain Mr. Porter's curious preoccupation with subcutaneous phenomena.

Kern Favorites

A companion album to the foregoing is the collection of Jerome Kern favorites performed by André Kostelanetz (Columbia D161). Kern was an even better melodist than Porter who, we suspect, will never write a "Showboat" if he lives to be a hundred. Mr. Kostelanetz' arrangements are altogether appropriate and the recording is excellent. There are twenty songs in all, which precludes individual listing in this space, but they are Kern's best and Kern's best are very good indeed.

The latest Walt Disney epic, "Make Mine Music," which is currently playing in the local cinemas, was reviewed with cheerful tolerance, if not with unqualified enthusiasm, by Mary Lowrey Ross. We are prepared, therefore, to believe that the film is more amusing and more intelligible than the set of records on the same theme produced by Columbia and brazenly dubbed a "Masterwork" (D167). In "The Whale Who Wanted to Sing at the Met" Mr. Nelson Eddy reads a rather indifferent script and sings a number of songs in several different registers at once; undoubtedly a commendable engineering feat but a bit too much to put up with after a hard day at the office.

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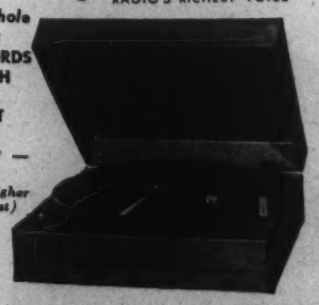

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A Vivid Satire on Revolution As Practised by Mankind

ANIMAL FARM, by George Orwell. (Saunders, $2.00.)

ALLEGORY is like unto burlesque. It begins well, progresses well for a while, and doesn't end soon enough. Even the greatest of the allegories may thus be classified, for when "all the trumpets sounded on the Other Side" for Christian there was no discoverable need to go back for Christiana. In this judgment concurrence is not vitally necessary.

Here is an allegory on the normal progress of political revolution; namely, the mass-cry for justice, general destruction, the rise of leaders, the quarrels of leaders, the purge, the revision of the original theory, the Man on Horseback, the new tyranny.

The author envisions a revolution among farm animals based on the prophecies of an aged boar who insists that all animals are equal and that man is the enemy to be destroyed. Things are a little difficult after the owner is chased off the farm but the leadership of two aggressive pigs brings about some sort of order. Then one of the two proves to be a traitor and is pursued by inclement foes who, themselves, are the only *true* revolutionists. And so it goes, the Leader, protected by a group of dogs he has bred and raised in the faith, taking more and more power until he lives in sybaritic luxury while the other animals are as hungry as they ever were in the old days.

The interest in the tale lies in the fun of picking out which animal represents whom, in one or other of the revolutions of our times. The book is richly ironical. And yet, it doesn't end soon enough for this one reader.

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A GIRL born on a Kansas prairie resolved, almost as soon as she could talk, that she would be a nurse. The chance for training was long delayed; it came in California, after she was married. The marriage didn't "stick," for the husband, unemployed and in ill-health, refused to be a burden on his wife, walked out and never returned.

When the Spanish-American war broke out nurses were needed and the girl found herself in Honolulu. Then after long labor she came back to California, thence to Montana, thence to the Peace River country in Northern Alberta. Always she was at home among pioneers or soldiers, marking picturesque and unusual characters, doing her professional best for all sorts and conditions of men and so maintaining her congenital cheerfulness.

This book is a record of long industrious days and weary nights among peculiar people. The author writes vivaciously and so makes a most interesting tale.

Woe is Me!

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A QUARTER of a million words about a learned man, the world's leading sinologist, who lives alone in his library, and gets married to his housekeeper, an ignorant slut with a ceaseless tongue and a vocabulary of about two hundred words, who drives him over the border-line of sanity on which he was already teetering, is "Auto-da-Fé," one of the most lugubrious books I have ever had to plow through. It is a translation of a pre-war Austrian novel, and as a detailed history of progressive mental degeneration against a background of ignorance, lust, cupidity and sadism, it is without a peer, I hope.

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We're preparing now to greet you . . . and you may look forward to a truly memorable visit! You will view all the storied charms of the Motherland from the picture windows of comfortable, modern trains.
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THE BOOKSHELF

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PIE for breakfast? Certainly, said all early New Englanders, considering it as only natural after codfish cakes, hashed brown potatoes, hashed veal, fruit rolls and butter and coffee. But the third generation, or the fourth, having become rich, travelled abroad and came back with a strange yen for the Continental breakfast; coffee and rolls. "Instead of converting the Parisians to pie" says the author, "these innocents abroad permitted themselves to be seduced into surrendering their birthright. It is a conspicuous historical fact that nations are apt to copy each other's worst features rather than their best."

So in this light and whimsical mood the author jogs through the annals of New England discussing turkey and cranberry sauce, cheese, fish, the weather, the haunted houses, the phantom ships and that eyebrow-raising custom of bundling. The result in a happy and alluring book.

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AN AMERICAN girl, widow of an Englishman who had died while climbing in the Alps, is carrying her heart-misery from London to Paris, to Vienna, to Rome, following the pattern of the cosmopolitan idle-rich. On a train she becomes acquainted with a Swedish attaché of the International Labor Office who suggests that if she wants novelty she might go to Albania. She goes; is fascinated by living in what seems to be Old Testament times, falls in with an American woman missionary-doctor and at last offers herself and her money as the doctor's aide. The Swede approves of her, violently, but leaves her there to work out her own salvation with no thought of romance to confuse her.

Those who savor a story of passion in movement will not find it here. Travel addicts or persons attracted by the puzzle of the Balkans may be more interested for it is well-written, even though unconvincing.

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For after all it is the meek that will inherit the earth.

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At the same time he was interested in the work and in the people laboring beside him, and perhaps not a little proud of his own achievements, for which there is scriptural warrant. "Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion."

The essays, or rather sketches, are smoothly written and make pleasant casual reading.

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BERNARD M. BARUCH, by Harry L. Shumway. (Ryerson, $1.75.)

WHILE the financial success of this eminent American is a matter of general knowledge, not so much is known of his talent for leadership and of his solidity of character. This story of his life is by a good reporter rather than a literary artist, but it is full of interest.

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IF there be any Yahoos (or Houyhnhnms) who have not read this alert appreciation of their demerits they have now an opportunity at moderate cost of repairing their neglect. The edition follows the complete text of the four voyages as published in 1727, is admirably printed and of convenient size. There is an admirable Introduction by G. L. Brodersen.

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TWO of Ring Lardner's complete books, You Know Me, Al, and The Big Town, are here reprinted together with an intelligent selection of his fugitive tales and sketches. Behind all the infectious hilarity the criticism of the current social scene is devastating.

The Photogenic Republic

LOOK AT AMERICA, by the Editors of *Look*. (Allen, $15.00.)

NATURAL and artificial splendors are plentiful in the United States of America, and there are enough camera-artists of distinction to record them. This notable book of nearly four hundred pages of imperial octavo size assembles photographs from all corners of the Republic giving equally dramatic emphasis to urban and rural scenes. Ten of the plates are in full color and the hundreds in black and white which follow make a complete "travelogue" for any home-loving soul, turning over pictures before a glowing fireplace.

Guard the Wealth

CONSERVATION, ILLUSTRATED by fifteen experts, edited by A. R. Whittemore and Mary Light, of *Canadian Nature Magazine*, 177 Jarvis St., Toronto. $1.00.

HERE is "a mort of wisdom" concerning the prevention of soil erosion, the control of floods, the protection of birds and beasts in their natural habitat, the value of reforestation, and all other means of holding for following generations the rich resources of this Canada — too often carelessly wasted for lack of knowledge. All school libraries should have this on the shelves.

Friend of Man

GREAT HORSE STORIES, Truth and Fiction, selected by Page Cooper, with 82 illustrations by Paul Brown. (Doubleday, $4.50.)

WHETHER you merely like horses, or love them with consuming passion, this admirable anthology will please you. Here are Kipling's polo story, "The Maltese Cat," Quiller-Couch's "Ballad of the Jubilee Cup," Will James's "The Seeing Eye" and some twenty other good yarns about all sorts of horses. Lord Mottistone, who once was Jack Seeley, known to all cavalrymen, here tells the story of "Warrior" which in the first World War showed the way to the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Moreuil Ridge.

A Critic's Favorites

By JOHN H. YOCOM

TEN COMPOSERS, by Neville Cardus. (Clarke, Irwin & Co., $2.50.)

AN ENGLISHMAN, formerly a music critic on London newspapers and now living in Australia, writes summing-up studies of his favorite composers from Schubert to Sibelius inclusive. The others are Wagner, Brahms, Mahler, Strauss, Franck, Debussy, Elgar and Delius. The essays are neither simply anecdotal personality sketches of the men nor technical analyses of their work, for Cardus has regarded each against historical backgrounds. He notes — and properly — that genius, *métier* and cultural environment are almost indivisible in any creative process. If you already know something of the composers, you will find in these essays fresh supplementary material.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

CLIFTON FADIMAN once estimated that of the 2,500 books he read for the *New Yorker* in the course of a year, not more than 50 of the authors had the slightest idea of how a book should be written. Since Ione Sandberg Shriber had already written seven murder stories before she produced "The Last Straw" (Oxford, $2.25) she can hardly be said not to know how a book should be written, and we have an uneasy feeling that in the past we may have praised one or two of her works. But we can express the opinion that this book exhibits most of the faults that saddened Mr. Fadiman, the worst of them being a shameless padding.

One of the things they do better in England than elsewhere is to produce detective stories, and we have three pretty fair examples of their work in "Green, December Fills the Graveyard" by Maureen Sarsfield (Longmans, Green, $3.00); "Death in Harley Street" by John Rhode (Collins, $2.50) and "Situation Vacant" by Miles Burton (Collins, $2.25).

Burton and Rhode are veterans, and we are inclined to think that their latest books are, if not their best, then among their best. Rhode's fault is, of course, the almost inanimate character of his people; there is little or no action; but there is some reasoning that appeals strongly to his admirers. Burton does not share this fault; and his people are more credible. Miss Sarsfield's book is enjoyable mainly for the shrewdness with which her characters are observed and for the picture she gives of life in a little English village.

"Fear No More" by Leslie Edgley (Musson, $2.50) starts out to run its course like a Man o' War, covering the first mile in about 1.32. It finishes the mile-and-a-quarter in about 2.12. That is to say up to page 150 we thought we might be reading another "The Wheel Spins" or "A Coffin for Demetrius" or "Before the Fact". The pace was terrific. Mystery and action rode hand in hand. Then when the author in 50 pages of the book had to give a rational explanation, the horse shortened stride and just stumbled home. But the book is well worth reading. Other readers may think "Fear No More" carries its speed farther than it seemed to us. . . "The Silent Speaker" by Rex Stout (Macmillan, $3.00) is the first full-length Nero Wolfe mystery in six years. It is first class. . .

"STAR WEEKLY OUR ADVERTISING MAINSTAY!"

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Back in 1941, The Savage Shoe Company Limited were concentrating on the manufacture of a variety of "brand name" shoes. In March of that year they decided to promote the name "Savage" on all their shoes, regardless of brand name. Such a change of policy required advertising support. In order to reach the greatest number of buying readers with the least expenditure, The Savage Shoe Company Limited bulked most of their advertising appropriation in the Star Weekly. Today The Savage Shoe Company Limited is the largest manufacturer of nationally advertised children's shoes in Canada. And the Star Weekly *still* carries the bulk of their advertising appropriation.

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THE BOOKSHELF

CONDUCTED BY J. E. MIDDLETON

A Vivid Satire on Revolution As Practised by Mankind

ANIMAL FARM, by George Orwell. (Saunders, $2.00.)

ALLEGORY is like unto burlesque. It begins well, progresses well for a while, and doesn't end soon enough. Even the greatest of the allegories may thus be classified, for when "all the trumpets sounded on the Other Side" for Christian there was no discoverable need to go back for Christiana. In this judgment concurrence is not vitally necessary.

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LOOK AT AMERICA, by the Editors of *Look*. (Allen, $15.00.)

NATURAL and artificial splendors are plentiful in the United States of America, and there are enough camera-artists of distinction to record them. This notable book of nearly four hundred pages of imperial octavo size assembles photographs from all corners of the Republic giving equally dramatic emphasis to urban and rural scenes. Ten of the plates are in full color and the hundreds in black and white which follow make a complete "travelogue" for any home-loving soul, turning over pictures before a glowing fireplace.

Guard the Wealth

CONSERVATION, ILLUSTRATED by fifteen experts, edited by A. R. Whittemore and Mary Light, of *Canadian Nature Magazine*, 177 Jarvis St., Toronto. $1.00.

HERE is "a mort of wisdom" concerning the prevention of soil erosion, the control of floods, the protection of birds and beasts in their natural habitat, the value of reforestation, and all other means of holding for following generations the rich resources of this Canada — too often carelessly wasted for lack of knowledge. All school libraries should have this on the shelves.

Friend of Man

GREAT HORSE STORIES, Truth and Fiction, selected by Page Cooper, with 82 illustrations by Paul Brown. (Doubleday, $4.50.)

WHETHER you merely like horses, or love them with consuming passion, this admirable anthology will please you. Here are Kipling's polo story, "The Maltese Cat," Quiller-Couch's "Ballad of the Jubilee Cup," Will James's "The Seeing Eye" and some twenty other good yarns about all sorts of horses. Lord Mottistone, who once was Jack Seeley, known to all cavalrymen, here tells the story of "Warrior" which in the first World War showed the way to the Royal Canadian Dragoons at Moreuil Ridge.

A Critic's Favorites

By JOHN H. YOCOM

TEN COMPOSERS, by Neville Cardus. (Clarke, Irwin & Co., $2.50.)

AN ENGLISHMAN, formerly a music critic on London newspapers and now living in Australia, writes summing-up studies of his favorite composers from Schubert to Sibelius inclusive. The others are Wagner, Brahms, Mahler, Strauss, Franck, Debussy, Elgar and Delius. The essays are neither simply anecdotal personality sketches of the men nor technical analyses of their work, for Cardus has regarded each against historical backgrounds. He notes — and properly — that genius, *métier* and cultural environment are almost indivisible in any creative process. If you already know something of the composers, you will find in these essays fresh supplementary material.

The Crime Calendar

By J. V. McAREE

CLIFTON FADIMAN once estimated that of the 2,500 books he read for the *New Yorker* in the course of a year, not more than 50 of the authors had the slightest idea of how a book should be written. Since Ione Sandberg Shriber had already written seven murder stories before she produced "The Last Straw" (Oxford, $2.25) she can hardly be said not to know how a book should be written, and we have an uneasy feeling that in the past we may have praised one or two of her works. But we can express the opinion that this book exhibits most of the faults that saddened Mr. Fadiman, the worst of them being a shameless padding.

One of the things they do better in England than elsewhere is to produce detective stories, and we have three pretty fair examples of their work in "Green December Fills the Graveyard" by Maureen Sarsfield (Longmans, Green, $3.00); "Death in Harley Street" by John Rhode (Collins, $2.50) and "Situation Vacant" by Miles Burton (Collins, $2.25).

Burton and Rhode are veterans, and we are inclined to think that their latest books are, if not their best, then among their best. Rhode's fault is, of course, the almost inanimate character of his people; there is little or no action; but there is some reasoning that appeals strongly to his admirers. Burton does not share this fault; and his people are more credible. Miss Sarsfield's book is enjoyable mainly for the shrewdness with which her characters are observed and for the picture she gives of life in a little English village.

"Fear No More" by Leslie Edgley (Musson, $2.50) starts out to run its course like a Man o' War, covering the first mile in about 1.32. It finishes the mile-and-a-quarter in about 2.12. That is to say up to page 150 we thought we might be reading another "The Wheel Spins" or "A Coffin for Demetrius" or "Before the Fact". The pace was terrific. Mystery and action rode hand in hand. Then when the author in 50 pages of the book had to give a rational explanation, the horse shortened stride and just stumbled home. But the book is well worth reading. Other readers may think "Fear No More" carries its speed farther than it seemed to us. . . "The Silent Speaker" by Rex Stout (Macmillan, $3.00) is the first full-length Nero Wolfe mystery in six years. It is first class. . .

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MUSICAL EVENTS

"Once-In-A-Century" Voice Still Makes Music that Probes Deep

By JOHN H. YOCOM

IF IMPRESARIO S. Hurok, while strolling on the Champs Elysées in Paris one evening twelve years ago, hadn't noticed an *affiche* advertising an American contralto's recital, it is quite possible that two Toronto audiences would not have had the exalting musical experience which they did last week at Eaton Auditorium. For Hurok went to the recital at Salle Gaveau, saw a tall handsome girl walk out with the grace of a queen and stand at the curve of the piano. Her accompanist sat down; she nodded to him, closed her eyes and sang. Of that first listening to Marian Anderson, Hurok reports: "Chills danced up my spine and my palms were wet."

Before Hurok found her Miss Anderson had been singing obscurely in the U.S. It was a discouraging uphill road, although European recognition, especially in Scandinavia, was considerable. The contract for 15 concerts that he offered her in Paris, however, presented her in her own land as the success sensation she was and is. S. Hurok still manages Marian. Now she does as many as 96 concerts in the U.S. alone in a single season.

As Canadian audiences have long known, Miss Anderson's music-making probes deep, whether she sings, as she did in Toronto, a group by Gluck, Bellini and Scarlatti, lieder by Schubert, a Massenet aria from "Herodiade," French moderns (Poulenc and Fauré) or spirituals. Each time one hears a finished, polished instrument; yet each hearing shows that Marian Anderson continues to grow in her art, to attain an even more refined vocal technique, to expand the breadth and scope of her musicianship. It was back in 1936 that Toscanini told her: "A voice like yours is heard once in a hundred years."

At times the concentration which Miss Anderson gives her singing, and thereby enchants her audience, has the effect of setting her apart from her listeners. Then it remains for the audience on its part to concentrate the more to make compact the rapport. Accompanist Franz Rupp, also an artist, smoothly handled the backgrounds, especially in the Schubert. Only in the spirituals that had accompaniments with disconcerting counterphrases and arty progressions for the simple tunes was the piano not at the proper level for Marian Anderson.

An Audience Wondered

Stories of Miss A.'s poise, dignity and fortitude — often in trying and embarrassing circumstances — are legion. We like the one about her first concert under Hurok's direction at Town Hall. The audience wondered why the curtains opened and closed on her after each group of songs, while she remained beside the piano. It was near the end of the program before they knew that the train of her dress covered a foot in a plaster cast—held one inch off the floor! She had seriously wrenched her ankle a few days before.

Concert season over, Marian Anderson, now one of the ten top-income artists in the musical fields, lives in a white shingled house on her Connecticut farm with her architect husband, Orpheus Fisher. In a studio building which her husband designed on the edge of the farm, Marian polishes and perfects, with Rupp, programs for each season. Often she sings into a recording machine, listens critically to the playback.

S.R.O. for Chamber Music

The first "Five O'Clock" of the T.C.M. last week was by the Parlow String Quartet before an S.R.O. audience — Kathleen Parlow, first violin; Samuel Hersenhoren, second violin; Stanley Solomon, viola, and Isaac Mamott, cello, playing Schubert's Quartet in A-minor and Beethoven's in C-major. The performance reminded the listeners, many of whom were students, of the uniquely satisfying experience afforded by an hour of lovely chamber music, if one knows anything at all of sonata form and polyphony. The teamwork in playing, the balance of tone production, and the expert weaving of melodic and counter-melodic strands were magnificent. The cello, particularly in the Andante of the Beethoven, gave warm variety to the monochromatic timbre usual with a string group. The Finale of the Beethoven was impressively dramatic with the technical skills and interpretative abilities of four players coalesced into a whole vastly greater than the sum of the parts.

A new Canadian piano star shone brightly in Toronto last week when Montreal's Mariette Gauthier gave a brilliant recital at Eaton Auditorium. Opening her program with a group by Rameau-Godowsky and Beethoven's 32 Variations, Miss Gauthier demonstrated a musical understanding and executive ability (notably in her left hand) that would enhance a concert star of five times the experience. The Brahms Intermezzo and Debussy's "Impromptu Serenade" and "Submerged Cathedral" were played with taste and skill, and a clean-cut artistry in the Debussy for the too frequent sentiment. Her Chopin also bore an overall handsome technique, especially in the F-Minor Fantasy and the Three Etudes, even if at times playing craftsmanship led her to exploit more the brilliance in the works than poetic qualities. But Miss G.'s musicianship already shows remarkable maturity and sensitivity; the years to come can only bring to those even greater development.

Short Notes

Add to the list of Canadians making good in the U.S. the name of Charles Coll Underwood, baritone from New Glasgow, Nova Scotia, recently appointed to the music faculty of Greensboro College in North Carolina. Prior to the war, in which he served overseas as a Canadian Army intelligence officer, five years of his professional career were spent in Paris, where he studied under Trabadello and others, maintained his own studio and sang as baritone in the American Cathedral, the Comédie Française, with Radio France, B.B.C. and the Paris Symphony.

André Mathieu, young Quebec province composer who won a music scholarship from the French government, left recently for Europe. When the Quebec Productions film, "The Stronghold", is completed and being shown, you will be able to hear some of Mathieu's work; his Third Concerto has been accepted as the theme music.

Ettore Mazzoleni, principal of the Toronto Conservatory of Music and associate conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, conducts the Vancouver Symphony Orchestra on Sunday, Dec. 1.

MARIAN ANDERSON

Jussi Bjoerling, tenor, sings on Thursday, Dec. 5, at Eaton Auditorium in the Thursday Concert Series.

Donald Dame, Met tenor, will be guest-artist at the T.S.O. Pop concert in Massey Hall on Dec. 6.

Under the direction of Mr. E. S. Lewis St. Simon's Choir presents Christmas music in "Court and Cathedral" on Monday, Dec. 9, in Eaton Auditorium.

On Wednesday, Dec. 11, Muriel Kerr, pianist, gives the third afternoon recital in the Women's Musical Club series, at Eaton Auditorium. That evening at Massey Hall famous Richard Tauber sings.

Mary Munn, noted blind pianist, plays in recital at Eaton Auditorium on Dec. 12. Miss Munn played with the T.S.O. one year ago.

On Friday, Dec 13, Vivian Della Chiesa, U.S. soprano, will be guest artist with the T.S.O for its Pop concert.

Sheila Munro, Canadian pianist, whose recital last year was so well received, plays again in Eaton Auditorium on Dec. 14. Miss Munro has studied in Paris with Isadore Philipp and is a specialist in French music.

Her Career Has Been a Line of Triumphs

By JOHN COZENS

BRUNO WALTER, the world-famous conductor, once said that Mme. Lubka Kolessa, now of Toronto, was "one of the most superb pianists of our time." Similar sentiments have been echoed by such conductors as Monteux, Klemperer, Fürtwangler, Kleiber and Hans Kindler, with whose orchestras she has been guest-artist. This widely celebrated concert-pianist will play at the second concert of the "Wednesday Five O'clocks" in the Toronto Conservatory of Music Concert Hall Wednesday next, December 4.

Mme. Kolessa was soloist with the National Symphony Orchestra of Washington in 1943 when Sir Ernest MacMillan was guest-conductor. In an enthusiastic review of that occasion the Washington *Post* critic said that she proved herself "master of the keyboard." And such press criticisms have appeared in the newspapers of just about every world capital and principal city, from Stockholm, Prague, Rotterdam and Vienna, to Buenos Aires, Montevideo and Rio de Janeiro, throughout the U.S., and now in Canada where for the past several years she has made her home. At the T.C.M. she is teaching senior students, her pupils having won numerous scholarships and other awards.

Of Czech nationality (her father was for many years Rector of the Ukrainian University of Prague), Mme. Kolessa was educated in Vienna at the Royal and Imperial Academy of Music, and at the age of fourteen won its first prize—a grand

Georges Enesco, famous Rumanian violinist who will be guest artist with the Toronto Symphony Orch. at Tuesday evening concert, Dec. 10.

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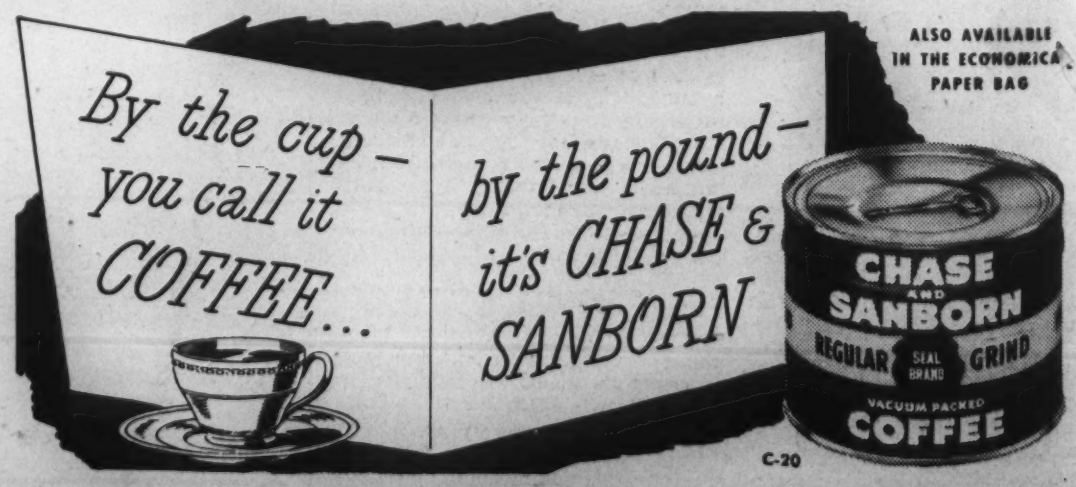
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piano. Continuing at the Master School under Emil Sauer, she won the State-awarded prize at 15.

Since coming to Canada Mme. Kolessa has been acclaimed for her radio presentations of lecture-recitals, both on the development of piano music and on the history of the piano concerto. Her many radio programs include several complete series of Beethoven's Sonatas, Mozart's Concertos, and recitals of Schubert sonatas and several all-Chopin programs. Leading phonograph companies have recorded her playing, notably Beethoven's Third Concerto and works of Mozart, Chopin and Scarlatti.

FILM AND THEATRE

If Only the Good Were Clever And the Clever Ones Good

By MARY LOWREY ROSS

GOOD people rarely turn out to be very smart on the screen and smart people are hardly ever more than halfway respectable. As a result films which deal with criminals and riffraff (e.g. "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers") are usually a lot more wide-awake and interesting than pictures depicting nice people in the mild complications of family life (e.g. "Centennial Summer"). The bad people move fast and keep their wits about them, and the film has to step along briskly to keep up with them. But the good people falter between love and duty and grope their way about in a gentle fog of misunderstanding; and however slowly they react, the camera always seems half a beat behind them.

About the most lovable character in "The Strange Love of Martha Ivers" is a pretty tramp (Lizabeth Scott) who has just finished doing a stretch for stealing a fur coat. It was given her by her protector who afterwards flew away to the moon. The Judge, however, wouldn't accept this version of the story, and I was a little surprised that anyone as tough-minded as the hero should have been willing to bolt it whole. This slight concession to romance, however, is about the only one the picture is allowed.

The film opens with a runaway girl being chivvied out of a box-car by the police and restored to the home of her rich, hated aunt (Judith Anderson). That evening the little heroine knocks off her nasty aunt on the staircase, using the victim's own cane. With this childish homicidal bent she presently grows up to be the handsome heiress Martha Ivers (Barbara Stanwyck), married to her adoring, though naturally uneasy, childhood playmate (Kirk Douglas) who was the witness to the initial crime. Before long another juvenile playmate (Van Heflin) drifts back into town. He is a professional gambler, with a dubious record, but nothing actually against him on the books except a case of justifiable homicide.

He is involved with the pretty jailbird, but switches in two seconds flat to his childhood sweetheart Martha. (The emotions in this film operate on the dizziest time-schedule imaginable.) After this the screen becomes so congested with blackmail, thuggery, alcoholism, adultery, and political skullduggery that it looks as though nothing could straighten things out except the heroine's own favorite solution, which is to bump someone off on the family staircase and call it skull fracture.

Fortunately there has been no confusion whatever in the minds of the screen authors who have contrived the story expertly, with a neat and solid structure to support all the feverishly designed melodrama. They get the best possible assistance from Barbara Stanwyck and Van Heflin, who round out their sordid but fascinating assignments with the authority of people who know exactly what they are about. I'm not so sure of Lizabeth Scott. She seems to have fallen a little too easily into the tradition established by all the sad, sultry, difficult girls of the Dietrich - Lake - Bacall school. It doesn't take long on the screen for a tradition to become a rut.

Sweet and Dull

With one or two exceptions all the characters in "Centennial Summer" are kind and sweet and good and they couldn't be duller. The film is about two pretty sisters (Jeanne Crain, Linda Darnell) who bicker over beaux and dress patterns but are nice girls, well brought up in the traditions of 1876. Cornel Wilde and William Eythe are the young men concerned. They're both exemplary. Dorothy Gish plays the loving and constantly agitated mother and the father role is played by Walter Brennan who is an expert character actor with more professional tricks up his sleeve than Cornel Wilde is likely to pick up in a lifetime; so I suppose it's my fault that the sight of his simple, honest, indignant face always tends to reduce my interest in what is going on. Constance Bennett as a Parisian worldling in a wonderful golden chignon does her best to brighten things up but the flurry she creates on the screen doesn't raise much corresponding excitement in the audience.

With its Jerome Kern tunes, young romance, gentle comedy and pink frosting technicolor, "Centennial Summer" was clearly intended to be as light and delectable as angel cake. The results, however, are rather flat and disappointing, as though someone had slammed the oven door on the concoction before it had really set. The Jerome Kern tunes are very pretty however, and so are the old daguerrotype costumes. Maybe all that "Centennial Summer" really needs is a brisk seasoning of delinquency.

SWIFT REVIEW

HENRY V. Laurence Olivier's superb production of the Shakespearean drama, and a credit to everyone concerned.

THE STRANGER. Mystery melodrama about a postwar Nazi who settles in an American town and startles the inhabitants out of their wits. With Loretta Young, and Orson Welles directing and starring.

THE DARK MIRROR. Olivia de Havilland as identical twins, one a nice girl and the other a homicidal maniac. There's some routine psychiatry but it doesn't slow the picture up to any extent.

NO LEAVE, NO LOVE. Van Johnson, Keenan Wynn and assorted talents in a two-hour stretch of foolishness.

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This "Pygmalion" Is High Theatre Art

By LUCY VAN GOGH

THE first and third acts of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" as performed by Gertrude Lawrence, Dennis King, Cecil Humphreys, Ralph Forbes, Katherine Emmet and Cynthia Latham at the Royal Alexandra this week are the finest theatre art we are likely to see this season. The play, over thirty years old, still retains its perfectly contrived effectiveness, and the players know what it is about and how to get the most out of it.

The second act is a curious disappointment, and I think it is mostly Mr. Shaw's fault. The program calls the piece a romantic comedy, which we imagine would annoy Mr. Shaw greatly and which is certainly incorrect. The theatrical record books call it a farcical play. It is in this second act, where Eliza's impeccable perfection in the true Belgravia accent leads the society women to believe that her Tottenham Court Road vocabulary must be the last word in sophistication, that the piece makes its nearest approach to farce. Miss Lawrence's performance was perfect beyond praise; nothing in the whole evening was finer than her mincing delivery of these outrageous expressions. But the society ladies did not get across; they did not seem possible; even Professor Higgins's mother was less than lifelike in this scene. It cannot have been the staging, for that was done by Sir Cedric Hardwicke (though can it be possible that Shaw called for a *square* piano, a type practically unknown in England at any era?), and it can hardly have been Miss Lawrence insisting on under-playing of the ladies' parts to get more attention to her own part; she is not that sort of actress and anyhow it diminished her effect rather than enhanced it. My recollection is that previous performances in Canada have shown the same difficulty, and so I blame it on Mr. Shaw.

The end of the third act (except the last few lines) is also weak for another reason, namely Mr. Shaw's passion for discussion; but here the incomparable art of Miss Lawrence and the very high skill of Mr. King pull off a triumph, and the audience is actually unaware that it is being discussed at, so to speak, until the light of reason begins to break through the fog of words. The pacing, variety and natural ease of the delivery of these difficult speeches is marvelous.

There is of course an immense fund of deep human feeling below the surface of the role of Eliza Doolittle, and Miss Lawrence misses none of it. Great comedy such as hers is largely the result of the serious undertone below the lighter effects. The scene with Higgins after the "presentation" might perhaps be more passionate, but it could not possibly be more poignant or more human.

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Romance in A flat ..... Mozart
Variations on a theme by Gluck, in G major ..... Mozart
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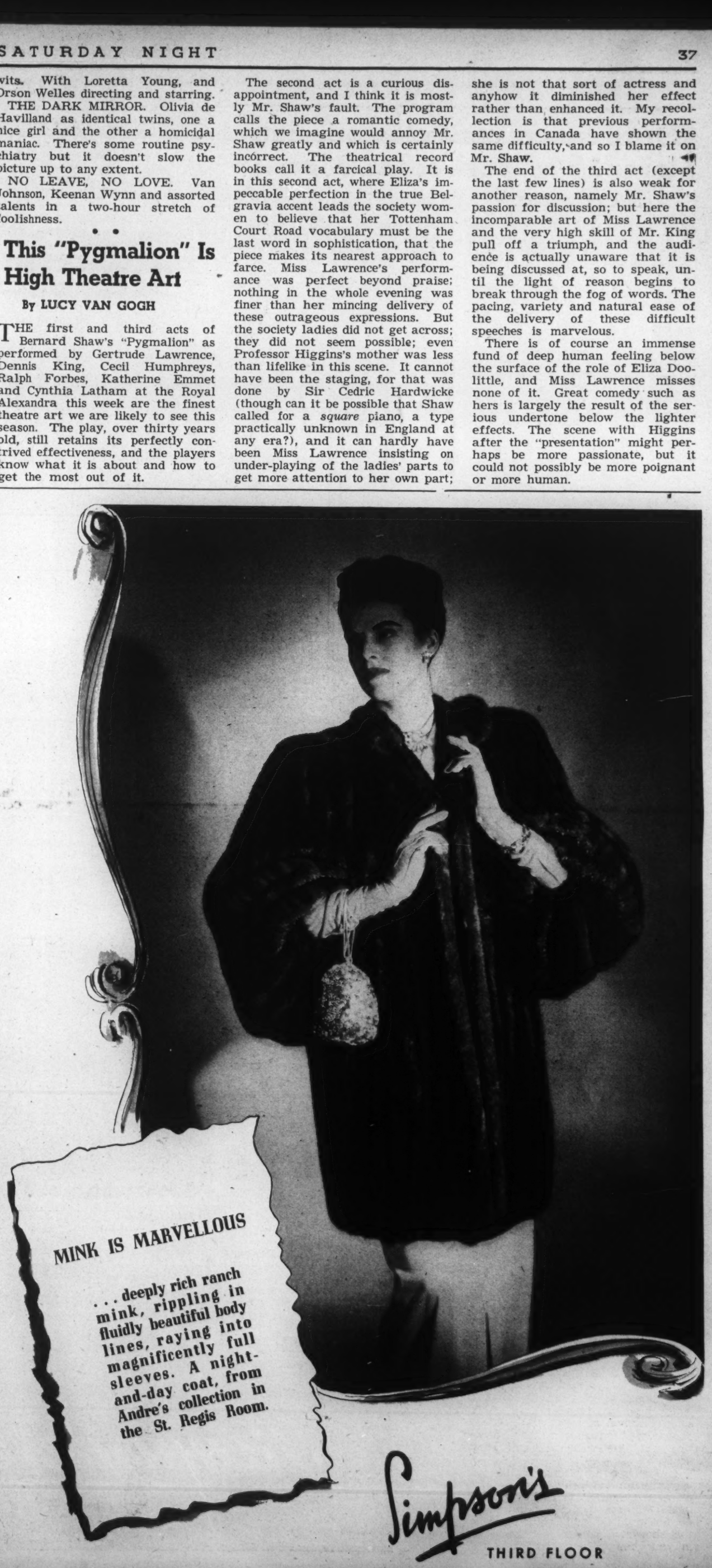
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WORLD OF WOMEN

Coordination of Clothes, Colors, Makes Light Work of Travelling

By CAY MOORE

PLANE travel, train travel and eventually travel in their own shining new cars, are beginning to beckon footloose ladies with their tempting speed and comfort. If your travelling involves hopping from one city to another on short notice—even if your comings and goings are limited to a long week-end in the country—getting places these days has been simplified to the point where you can really indulge your whims; and indulge them you should, for travel is a tonic.

But the days when we travelled with piles of luggage and an army of porters trailing us, are over. The experienced traveller streamlines her packing, has learned to travel light and, as a result, probably is better dressed and better equipped for all eventualities than the woman who is burdened with the responsibility of keeping track of many pieces of luggage.

Compressed Wardrobe

Dress designers, well aware of this trend, are busy as bees contriving non-wrinkle light-weight clothes that miraculously adapt themselves to changes of climate and occasion. Coordination is the key, and today it is possible to have a good suit with matching topcoat, pair of slacks and even a long dinnerskirt. With this wardrobe you can do a switch-around job that will see you through from morning to night.

Coordination also helps one avoid the pitfalls of many color schemes which, in turn, means a limitation of the number of accessories you will need.

Into your one bag you toss a sweater for warmth, an extra blouse, and a festive blouse for evening glamor. One set of accessories in addition to the shoes, gloves, handbag and jewellery you are wearing, should see you through nicely. You may even have room in your bag for an extra dressy suit and, if the bag is a big one, a dress. Whatever you choose for these, consider the color scheme to blend with the accessories packed in the bottom.

In order not to arrive at your destination with a suit like a wilted lettuce leaf and a hat like a fallen muffin, remember there are tricks to packing. To avoid creasing of lighter garments, always put heavy articles such as shoes and purses in the bottom of your bag. Around these shoes, which should be encased in plastic or knit shoe bags to prevent rubbing, pack lingerie, hosiery, belts, jewellery, and so on, until you have a tight level layer. Find a corner for the travel iron. Electric irons now back on the market are small and light in weight.

How To Pack

Save sufficient space for the all-important top clothes. If your bag does not have a tray in it, improvise with the bottom of a cardboard box, one that fits in tightly. When it comes to the unpacking, all you need to do is lift out the tray when searching for the other articles. In this tray, begin with suits. Suits are much more practical than any other garment, for both travel and around-the-clock wear. Wear one and carry two if the visit is a lengthy one. Use plenty of tissue paper in between garments to prevent creasing. Be sure and pack your jacket not lengthwise, but crosswise. The suit should arrive unwrinkled. If there is a sign of crease, it will be around the waistline where it will show least.

Next come the dresses. Silk jersey, chiffon and lace will "hang out" in a few hours. Do this before an open window, and the results will be better in the wind rather than in the shower. Blouses get top place in your bag. They also should be packed crosswise.

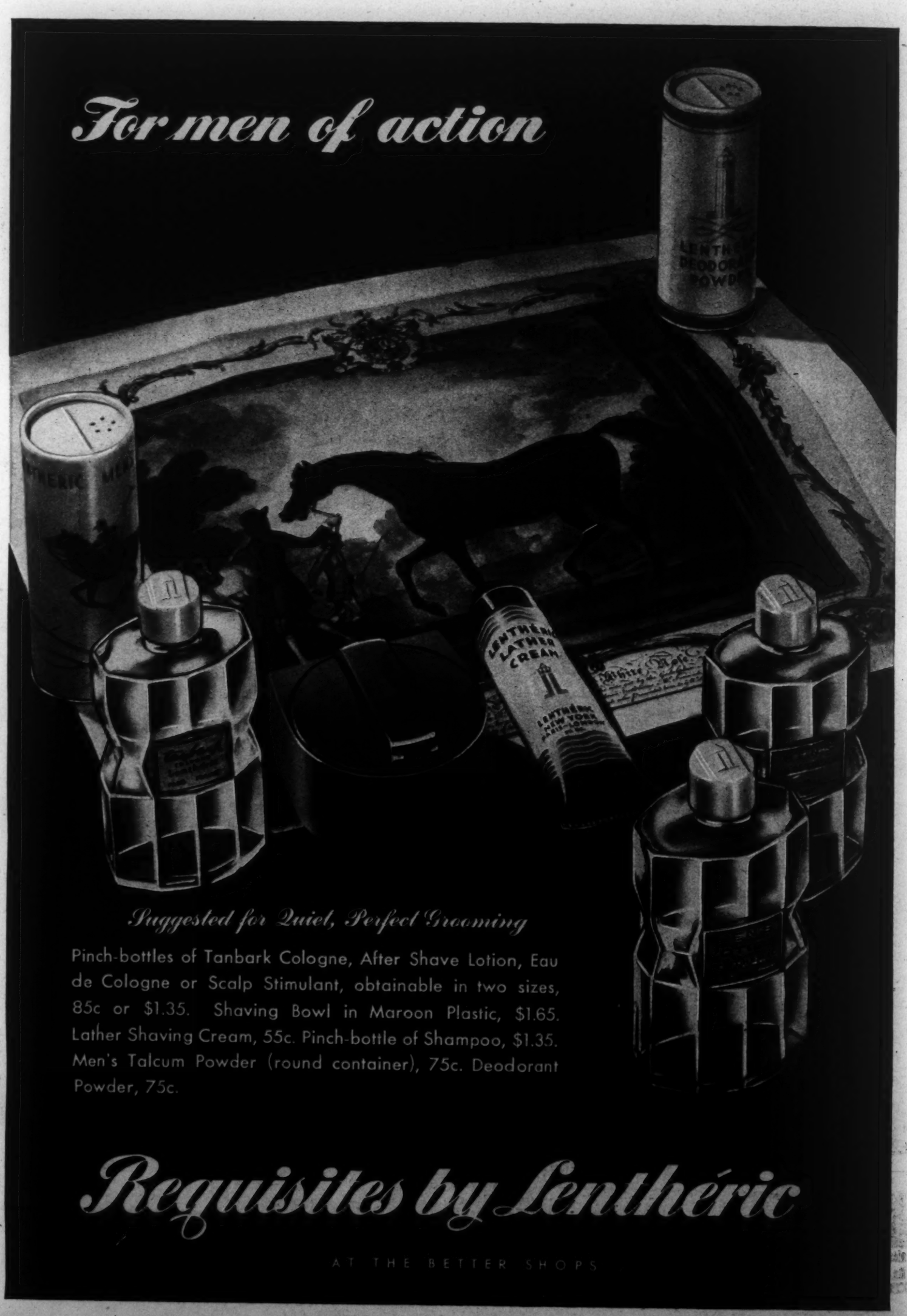
Nylon lingerie is an excellent traveller. Whether it is a slip, a bra or a girdle, drying time is only a matter of a few hours. With nylon you eliminate the extra sets of changes previously required.

The choice of hats requires almost prayerful thought. More pretty hats have been ruined by bad packing than by rainstorms. Here use *plenty* of tissue paper. If the hat has a bow stuff the bow with paper, as well as the inside crown. If you must carry a bevy of giddy hats, put them in a lightweight hat-box that can stay with you in the plane seat. Or if you do not like the thought of escorting a hat-box wherever you go, you might use a well-known actress' idea. She wears a neutral colored hat in felt, and carries a set of veils in various shades. With each change of veil, the effect is that of an entirely new hat. Veils carefully rolled do not take up much room.

How often have we debated over the weighty cosmetic jars. You must have a convenient kit to refresh you and your face when you reach your destination. If you are a normally well-equipped young woman, you will have simple essentials such as lipstick, powder and comb in your purse, but she is a wise traveller who augments her cosmetic wardrobe with a beauty box. There are beauty-cases that do double duty as overnight bags with room for a nightie and a corner for the veils for that lone hat. The cosmetic people have your necessary equipment condensed into smaller containers.

To ensure against leakage of perfume or lotion, especially when travelling by air, drop wax from a candle around the stopper after it is put firmly in place. Spilling and breaking of bottles during train travel can be avoided if you use bottle guards that are padded and zipper closed.

When the man-of-the-house arrives home with that shining new car and suggests Buffalo, New York, or even Miami, don't be quaint and load him down with luggage. Put all you want for the visit in the luggage compartment, and for family peace carry only one overnight bag with a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AT THE BETTER SHOPS

fresh change of blouses and cosmetics for the one-night stops enroute. Your husband will bless you and the tipping costs will be less.

An excellent solution for the shoe problem, especially on motor trips, is to buy a canvas duffle bag. In the bottom put your husband's heavy golf shoes, your golf shoes and, carefully wrapped in shoe bags or paper, tuck in extra shoes. This leaves much more room in your luggage for clothes.

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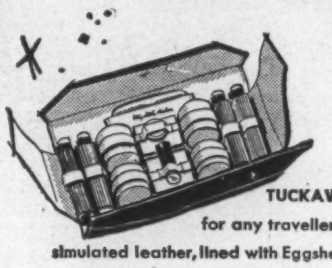

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Coordination of Clothes, Colors, Makes Light Work of Travelling

By CAY MOORE

PLANE travel, train travel and eventually travel in their own shining new cars, are beginning to beckon footloose ladies with their tempting speed and comfort. If your travelling involves hopping from one city to another on short notice—even if your comings and goings are limited to a long week-end in the country—getting places these days has been simplified to the point where you can really indulge your whims; and indulge them you should, for travel is a tonic.

But the days when we travelled with piles of luggage and an army of porters trailing us, are over. The experienced traveller streamlines her packing, has learned to travel light and, as a result, probably is better dressed and better equipped for all eventualities than the woman who is burdened with the responsibility of keeping track of many pieces of luggage.

Compressed Wardrobe

Dress designers, well aware of this trend, are busy as bees contriving non-wrinkle light-weight clothes that miraculously adapt themselves to changes of climate and occasion. Coordination is the key, and today it is possible to have a good suit with matching topcoat, pair of slacks and even a long dinnerskirt. With this wardrobe you can do a switch-around job that will see you through from morning to night.

Coordination also helps one avoid the pitfalls of many color schemes which, in turn, means a limitation of the number of accessories you will need.

Into your one bag you toss a sweater for warmth, an extra blouse, and a festive blouse for evening glamor. One set of accessories in addition to the shoes, gloves, handbag and jewellery you are wearing, should see you through nicely. You may even have room in your bag for an extra dressy suit and, if the bag is a big one, a dress. Whatever you choose for these, consider the color scheme to blend with the accessories packed in the bottom.

In order not to arrive at your destination with a suit like a wilted lettuce leaf and a hat like a fallen muffin, remember there are tricks to packing. To avoid creasing of lighter garments, always put heavy articles such as shoes and purses in the bottom of your bag. Around these shoes, which should be encased in plastic or knit shoe bags to prevent rubbing, pack lingerie, hosiery, belts, jewellery, and so on, until you have a tight level layer. Find a corner for the travel iron. Electric irons now back on the market are small and light in weight.

How To Pack

Save sufficient space for the all-important top clothes. If your bag does not have a tray in it, improvise with the bottom of a cardboard box, one that fits in tightly. When it comes to the unpacking, all you need to do is lift out the tray when searching for the other articles. In this tray, begin with suits. Suits are much more practical than any other garment, for both travel and around-the-clock wear. Wear one and carry two if the visit is a lengthy one. Use plenty of tissue paper in between garments to prevent creasing. Be sure and pack your jacket not lengthwise, but crosswise. The suit should arrive unwrinkled. If there is a sign of crease, it will be around the waistline where it will show least.

Next come the dresses. Silk jersey, chiffon and lace will "hang out" in a few hours. Do this before an open window, and the results will be better in the wind rather than in the shower. Blouses get top place in your bag. They also should be packed crosswise.

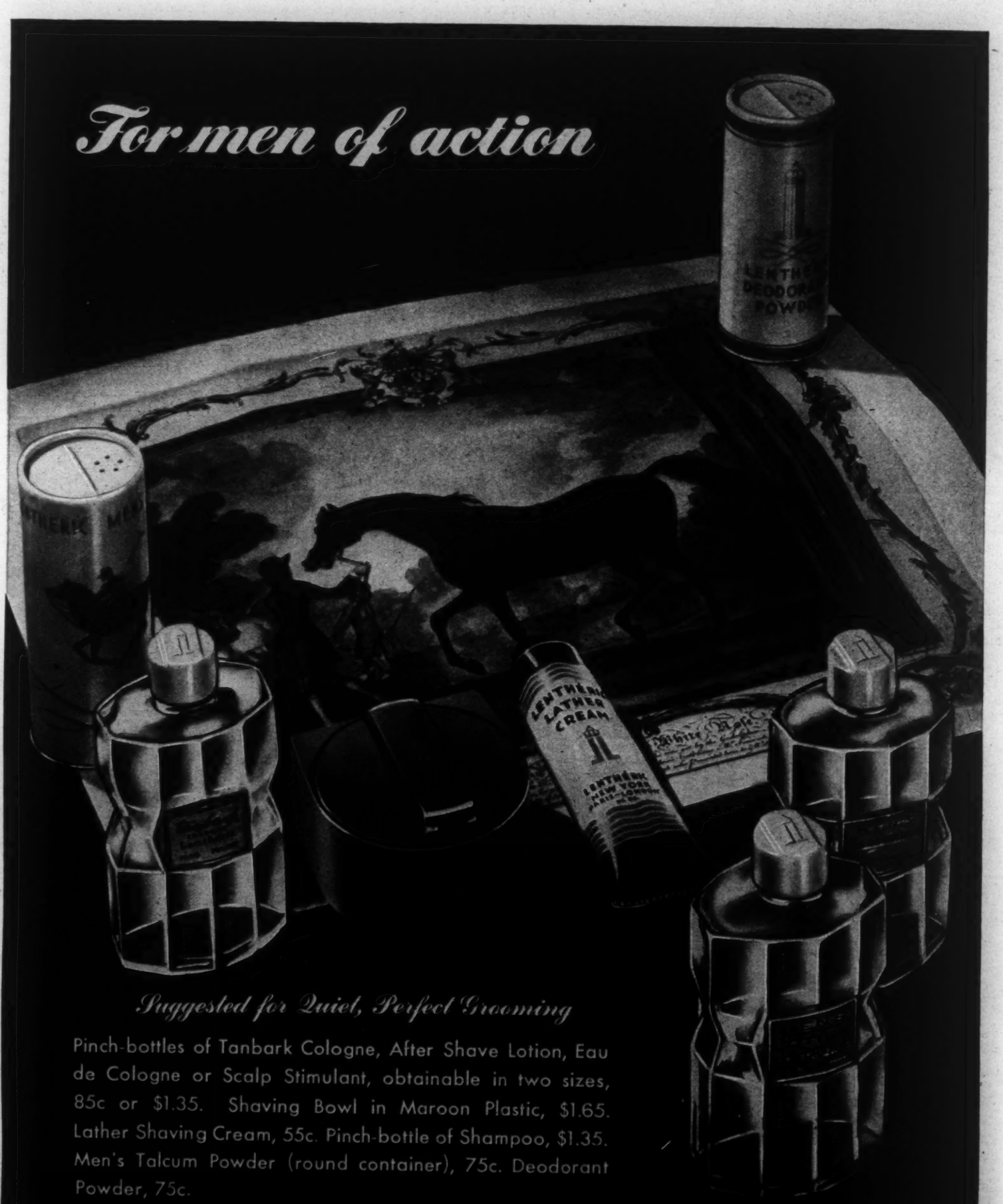
Nylon lingerie is an excellent traveller. Whether it is a slip, a bra or a girdle, drying time is only a matter of a few hours. With nylon you eliminate the extra sets of changes previously required.

The choice of hats requires almost prayerful thought. More pretty hats have been ruined by bad packing than by rainstorms. Here use *plenty* of tissue paper. If the hat has a bow stuff the bow with paper, as well as the inside crown. If you must carry a bevy of giddy hats, put them in a lightweight hat-box that can stay with you in the plane seat. Or if you do not like the thought of escorting a hat-box wherever you go, you might use a well-known actress' idea. She wears a neutral colored hat in felt, and carries a set of veils in various shades. With each change of veil, the effect is that of an entirely new hat. Veils carefully rolled do not take up much room.

How often have we debated over the weighty cosmetic jars. You must have a convenient kit to refresh you and your face when you reach your destination. If you are a normally well-equipped young woman, you will have simple essentials such as lipstick, powder and comb in your purse, but she is a wise traveller who augments her cosmetic wardrobe with a beauty box. There are beauty-cases that do double duty as overnight bags with room for a nightie and a corner for the veils for that lone hat. The cosmetic people have your necessary equipment condensed into smaller containers.

To ensure against leakage of perfume or lotion, especially when travelling by air, drop wax from a candle around the stopper after it is put firmly in place. Spilling and breaking of bottles during train travel can be avoided if you use bottle guards that are padded and zipper closed.

When the man-of-the-house arrives home with that shining new car and suggests Buffalo, New York, or even Miami, don't be quaint and load him down with luggage. Put all you want for the visit in the luggage compartment, and for family peace carry only one overnight bag with a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LENTHÉRIC LATHER CREAM
Suggested for Quiet, Perfect Grooming
Pinch-bottles of Tanbark Cologne, After Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne or Scalp Stimulant, obtainable in two sizes, 85c or $1.35. Shaving Bowl in Maroon Plastic, $1.65. Lather Shaving Cream, 55c. Pinch-bottle of Shampoo, $1.35. Men's Talcum Powder (round container), 75c. Deodorant Powder, 75c.
Requisites by Lenthéric
AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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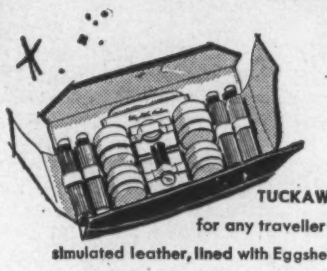

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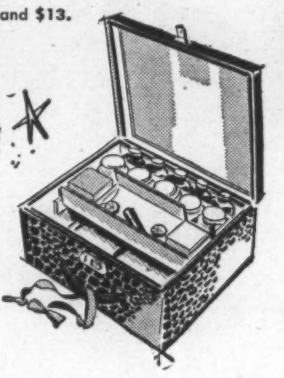

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Seeing Annie Home: Doukhobor Ladies Apt to be Uninhibited

By MARY NICHOLSON

ANNIE made headlines, two or three years ago, when she and a dozen or so other Doukhobors, men and women, peeled off their garments down in Vancouver's Stanley Park, on a bright Sunday afternoon. It was a gesture of defiance, intended to underline their refusal to comply with "tyrannical" government orders, which bade them make income tax returns, get registration cards and send the children to school.

But apparently you can't do that sort of thing in Vancouver, especially in the park on Sunday, and before long sirens screamed, tires smoked and cars whizzed up with policemen spilling out in the best Keystone comedy tradition.

The Doukhobors were rounded up and bundled off to the police station in all stages of dress and undress. Perhaps you saw their pictures in the paper at the time. Annie is on the left, looking like a partly unveiled Epstein statue. She hadn't succeeded in getting everything off, probably because she had put such a lot on in the first place.

Perhaps that was why she only got a sentence of one year, though most of the others got longer and went to the penitentiary to do their time. She landed in Oakalla, the provincial prison farm in Burnaby, half-way to New Westminster and there she sat her year out—all of it. For though there is remission of time for good behavior, Annie disdained to qualify.

She didn't mind, however. She went in a pigheaded, fanatical old vegetarian, who could not or would not speak English. Everything was the same when she completed her sentence—if anything more so, for she had added milk, butter and cheese to the forbidden items on her diet.

When her time was up, all her friends were gone—either back on the farms around Nelson, or still in the penitentiary. If she had any plans for the future, no one knew of them. She just looked stupid if you questioned her, nodded and answered at random. Apparently, she figured, everything would be taken care of. No need for her to worry.

How right she was. No one, least of all the provincial government, could face the thought of any Doukhobor remaining in town longer than was necessary. But how to whisk her off without her sensing their apprehension and putting ideas in her head? The problem was solved by giving a private social agency authority to get a ticket and berth for her and carry out the evacuation and embarkation procedures.

Annie was ready and waiting—round face shining like a McIntosh Red, shoe-button eyes snapping, when the social worker called for her with a car. A kerchief covered her head and a shawl was wrapped around her stocky body. She was tucking away a grapefruit-sized onion in her bosom. For eating on the train—she pantomimed. The matrons frowned their disapproval and she reluctantly packed it away.

Explaining An Upper

Now it was time to go. Groups of girls gathered at the windows as she climbed into the car. "Goodbye, Annie. Goodbye." "Don't come back." "Keep your nose clean, Annie." And Annie's one contribution — "See you next Spring." What does that mean? More trouble? No, just a joke, judging from her mischievous smile.

She spread herself on the back seat of the car and began to fumble with her shawl. The escort held her breath. But Annie was just a little warm, and even a little excited, behind her air of rustic stolidity.

Nothing on the trip to town interested her very much. She didn't seem to appreciate the view, or the new houses building along Kingsway or the neon lights in the city. What are neon lights compared to a blazing schoolhouse, anyway?

The social worker tried to be as nonchalant as possible, but it was hard not to turn around when the rear-vision mirror provided a tantalizing glimpse of stubby fingers arranging and rearranging the clothing, or a stout torso doubled over, doing — what?

But nothing happened and at last Annie and her bundles were decanted on the plaza at the east end of the C.P.R. station and a check made to see if everything was there — the string-bag, the burlap gunnysack, the suitcase, the shoe box (with her lunch inside), the paper shopping bag, the big cardboard carton—all present and correct.

Until they walked that "last mile", the social worker hadn't realized the thronged station was so large. What a setting for a demonstration! A montage of J. F. C. Wright's "Slava Bohu" flitted across her mental silver screen. What was it happened at the station in Fort William in 1907 and later on in Yorkton?

Speed The Traveller

Now the worst was nearly over. Only the C.P.R. policeman at the top of the stairs to negotiate. And right here the social worker learned the secret of how to get down to the platform—take a Doukhobor woman with you. Your way will be made easy.

Down by the sleeper, an outraged porter rolled his eyes at the assortment of luggage. "Caint get on here with all that stuff—should of checked it." The social worker explained that Annie could not get it through her head that she could give it to the man in uniform upstairs and it would travel on the train with her and get off when she did.

A little silver changed hands and his gloom lightened. He grumblingly began to stow parcels here and there, keeping scared eyes on his passenger. Not in his car, he hoped.

Annie plopped down on the velvet seat and settled herself with her remaining belongings around her, like a Plymouth Rock with her chicks. Now to brief her on operation upper berth. "Up here, Annie — look—a bed — lets down like a shelf."

Annie shook her head. "No—sit here."

"You can't Annie—someone else sleeps here."

Annie gazed wildly around and pulled her skirts down.

"No—not with you. Down here. You sleep up there."

She looked incredulous. The social worker sympathized with her. A lower berth *would* have been better.

"See, Annie, across here. This one is fixed. Yours like this. You sleep up here—other person down here." Annie started to move her baggage across the aisle.

"No, no. You stay here. Porter fix your bed soon. This one other people's."

Goodbye, Annie!

A horrible thought struck her—"How get up?" She looked despairingly around, moaned and clutched the social worker's wrist. Strangers till that night they were fast friends now.

"Porter will bring ladder—he will help you." The social worker could see that didn't quite solve the difficulty but there was nothing to be done and if the porter could stand it, she should be able to.

Until the "All aboard" sounded, Annie hung on as if it were her last earthly contact before a rocket trip to the moon. She let go as the train made a preliminary lurch and kissed her escort gratefully.

"Be a good girl, Annie."

The train started up. The car rolled past—a white blur against the window was all that could be seen of Annie.

The social worker soared up the stairs, jet propelled. She treated herself to a cup of coffee and relaxed. Tomorrow's paper, she thought, will look all the better—because, this time, Annie did not make the headlines.

• •

LOVE VS. LOGIC

WE ARE threatened with a set of opinions which would make the economical situation the basis of society, The esthetical is the basis of society, for in the heart of man, woman and child love is more than logic though it works so obscurely. Christianity, feudalism, German militarism are all of them esthetical. The word itself comes from the Greek verb to perceive, and it is so, for love works by the direct method of intuition, and not as logic does by inference. I love a lord, I love a fine horse, I love banners and trumpets, I love the figure on the Cross, suffering for the sins of the world.

—From the *Letters* J. J. B. Yeats

Dinner Reservations for Two

By ERIC R. ADAMS

THEY came into Pierre's in time for a very late dinner.

Old Robert brought the menus and the wine list. He extended them with obvious pleasure and said, "Good evening, Mrs. Barton, good evening, Mr. Barton, I'm glad to see you again." And then he murmured politely, "It's been a considerable time since you were here, sir."

Gregory Barton nodded. "I've been at the club a lot," he said, "and out for dinner with business friends. There always seems to be something."

"I'm sure I understand, sir," said Robert. "But I do hope you and Mrs. Barton will come as often as you can." He hesitated, as if choosing his words with a good deal of care. "There are so few of the old customers now, sir. But seeing you and Mrs. Barton reminds me of old times. You used to come so often."

Gregory Barton gave his wife a quick glance, their eyes met uneasily and then he returned his gaze to the old waiter and said suddenly, impulsively, "Robert I think there's something I should tell you right now. I hate to disappoint you, but we shall probably never come here again."

"Indeed, sir," said Robert. His eyes fell on Mrs. Barton and she leaned

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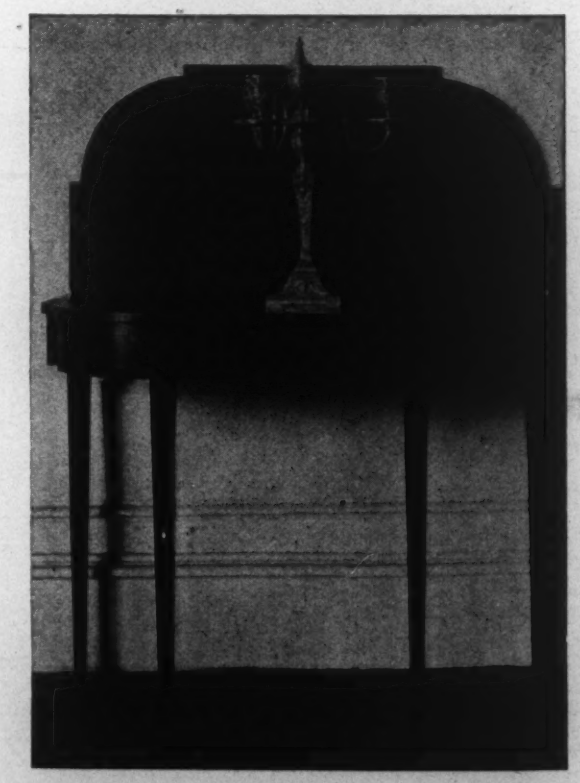

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forward and spoke urgently to her husband.

"Gregory," she said, her voice low, "do you have to tell everybody? Please, dear, it's one of those things and I don't think you should be so dramatic about it."

"Was I being dramatic?" he asked with concern. "I'm sorry, Edna. But I thought we should tell Robert. He's an old friend of ours, aren't you, Robert?"

"Thank you, sir," said Robert.

"You see," Gregory Barton went on slowly, "Mrs. Barton and I think it would be best if we each went our own way. There doesn't seem to be an alternative."

The candle flickered and there was silence. And then they heard old Robert murmur softly, "I'm sorry, sir," and in his voice there was something that had not been in the voices of some others who called themselves good friends. Edna Barton looked up at him and was ashamed that she had wanted to hide what was happening, so she added softly, "Don't be sorry, Robert. It had to be. Didn't it, Gregory?"

Reserved

"Yes, of course," said Gregory Barton and he gave the old waiter a fleeting smile. "Here, now, Robert, you mustn't worry about us. Let's get on with this meal of ours." He studied his menu at some length and when his wife was ready he said to her, "What will you have Edna?"

She told him and he told Robert and added his own choice and when the waiter said, "And some wine, sir?" he nodded.

"Certainly, Robert. Some of that good Chilean Pommard. Bring it after the entrée," and the old man went quietly away.

The minutes passed and they chatted, almost gayly, except that their talk was not of themselves but of the little things in their life. It was as if, by tacit agreement, a subject which showed little promise of compromise had been abandoned in favor of less disturbing topics. Then Gregory Barton removed his cigar suddenly and said, "Hello, here's Robert coming back already. I wonder why?"

At their table the old waiter was smoothly apologetic. "I'm very sorry," he told them, "but I've just been advised that this table was specially reserved by a couple who should arrive at any moment. It should, of course, have been marked, but it wasn't, so could I beg you to move now before your dinner is served."

"All right," said Gregory Barton, with hearty joviality, "we'll let these people have their special table." He got to his feet and his eyes followed Robert's extended hand.

"Please, sir just over here."

They went to the new table and settled themselves. It, too had candles and was in a sort of corner. "Not a bad spot," remarked Gregory Barton. He looked closely at his wife and she murmured her approval and when she'd been seated he said shortly, "You'll enjoy that roast duck, Edna. It's just right for this time of year and that chef knows what to do with it, too."

Mrs. Barton's Wine

The soup came and it was delicious and in the soft candlelight Gregory Barton looked at his wife several times. Then Robert brought the entrée and later the main dish and the wine. But it was not the brand that had been ordered.

"There is no Chilean Pommard," Robert explained smoothly. "So I have taken the liberty of substituting Casa Blanca." He turned politely to Gregory Barton's wife. "It is, I recall, a favorite with Mrs. Barton."

She smiled and nodded. "It's been my favorite for a long time," she told him.

For an instant he looked at her gravely but she had returned her attention to her husband and had nothing more to say so he unsealed the small bottle and filled their glasses. Then he put the bottle back in its wicker holder and went quietly away.

Gregory Barton spoke with forced joviality. "Now we must have our toast. But I must admit I don't exactly know what form toasts take at times like these. . . do you?"

She shook her head slowly.

He watched her for a moment and then said curiously, "What are you thinking about, Edna?"

"About the last time we were here."

"What? You mean a couple of months ago?"

"No, I mean here, at this same table."

"Were we ever at this table?" His voice held a note of surprise.

She nodded. "Ever so long ago. Can't you remember it, Gregory?"

He thought deeply, and suddenly he said softly, "It was the day we were married."

"Yes," she murmured. "That was when it was."

Her eyes were bright as she looked across at him. "It was just like this," she whispered. "The candlelight, the funny silverware, the same table, old Robert."

Her mind seemed to be seeking some detail that might be different. She seized his arm suddenly. "Why, even the wine is the same kind, Gregory! And you didn't order that kind. Old Robert brought it."

He looked at her, startled.

"See," she said, delighted at her discovery, "that other table is still empty. Robert planned this. He wanted us to recall that other day and that other toast, when we said we'd always want each other."

During the silence that came the candles burned lower and Gregory Barton thought of too many nights at the club, too much attending to business and Edna Barton thought of a neglected home and husband. Then they both spoke their thoughts and the new ones that came, until finally Gregory Barton said gently, "It's getting late, dear," and his wife smiled and said, "My goodness, it really is." And in the voices of both there was something that had not been there for a long time.

Old Robert came then with the check and to mumble apologies about the occupants of the other table failing to arrive.

"Don't tell him" whispered Edna, when they saw him coming. "Don't let him know that we guessed what happened."

Her husband nodded. "I won't tell him," he said.

Later, by the door, waiting for their taxi, Gregory Barton excused himself. "I need cigars," he told Edna and he crossed to the cigar counter where old Robert was standing. Then, as he turned to go, he hesitated. "Good night, Robert," he said in a clear tone and from the doorway Edna smiled.

For an instant, just a fleeting instant, steady old eyes looked into his and he heard the old waiter murmur, "Did it work, sir? Did your plan work?"

Gregory Barton spoke loudly for the benefit of his wife. "Yes, Robert, the dinner was very satisfactory. Better in fact, than I had expected."

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THE DRESSING TABLE

Memo to the Christmas Shopper re Gifts for the Distaff Side

By ISABEL MORGAN

DESPITE the usual plaintive pleas of the shops that customers do their you-know-what shopping early, it's fairly safe to wager that many laggards will arrive panting as the shops are about to close for the holiday. Christmas seems to be a delayed reaction with a large percentage of the population. Cosmetics and toiletries of all kinds appear to be more plentiful this year—and certainly they have regained many of the fancy trappings that have been missing for years—but wide-eyed optimists will do well not to count too much on this fact. Supplies are better than they have been, but it's rash to count on finding many left on the shelves the day before Christmas.

This week we'd like to go into, among other things, the matter of kits. You might call them dressing-tables cut down to carry-about size, for they contain all the things necessary for care of the skin and for make-up. These have a special appeal for anyone who travels—whether the extent of her travelling is an occasional week-end away from home, or a plane trip to England. As gifts they may be considered in the munificent category, although modest in price.

And One To Carry

Looking over the field, we found:

A week-ender kit in black, royal blue or red alligator-grained fabrikoid and peach washable lining. Has a drop-leaf side panel and, inside, an array of no less than eight beauty necessities as well as a generous-sized mirror and comb, and still there is space remaining for personal extras. It has a short detachable handle of clear plastic, and comes equipped with a spare strap to be attached when the kit is worn slung over the shoulder. (Helena Rubinstein.)

For keeping her fingernails beautiful where'er she may roam, there is a choice of a semi-circular shaped case of black or brown leather with a handsome brass frame. It holds five bottles of nail polish and so on, as well as lots of implements, including scissors, file and cuticle pusher. Or, among others, a less elaborate set that still contains all the essentials for ye compleat manicure in a flat zipper leather case with a plastic tray. (Peggy Sage.)

A week-end beauty box that any woman who travels will pounce on with loud huzzas is not really a box, but an overnight bag of black alligator grain equipped with a mirror in the lid, a lift-out tray holding cosmetics and toilet preparations, with sufficient space left over for nightie and slippers. . . . Designed originally for girls in the Canadian services, a small flat zippered leather kit holds make-up as well as comb and mirror. Its compactness has endeared it to civilians because it fits into a handbag with the greatest of ease. Or it even can function as a purse because there is a section for change. Comes in black, brown, blue or red leather. (Elizabeth Arden.)

An overnight case of leather offers a choice of finishes in lizard black, alligator brown, sadelle or red. This has a saddle-stitched handle and, all in all, is a pretty handsome addition to any collection of luggage. There's a mirror inside the lid, and a fitted cosmetic compartment of matching leather which can be lifted from the case and used separately. (Dorothy Gray.)

An oval shaped affair that could pass as a handbag is of leather with a gold crest embossed on the top, and is as compact a piece of travel goods as one could hope to find. Raise the hinged top and there, facing you, is a mirror and a compact nest of pink-topped jars and bottles, the contents of which will keep you looking far better than you have any right to expect. We were torn between this and another from the same house, an oblong shaped kit lined with moire that closes with an envelope flap which, when opened for business, lets one side down so that all jars and bottles are within easy reach. (Du Barry.)

For Christmas giving many houses put their products in beautiful and unusual settings. This year—even though material shortages have stayed around to bedevil them—they have some exquisitely lovely things and at surprisingly modest prices.

Three flacons of Elizabeth Arden's best-loved perfumes, White Orchid, Night and Day and Blue Grass, rest on a cherry-red velvet base inside a box of clear lucite. The box has a hinged top and is intended to hold cigarettes when the last drop of perfume has vanished into the air. And, of course there are E. A.'s "Gift Horses" — prancing steeds whose manes are decked with flowers, bearing on their backs a bottle of the ever-loved Blue Grass Flower Mist. Her Blue Grass perfume comes concealed in a Merry Christmas stocking of red velvet topped with white fur, the whole displayed preciously in a clear plastic box topped with a red satin bow and a sprig of holly.

Pretties

Around all year, but very festive looking, are the Chen Yu Smart Sets consisting of lacquer, lacquerol base and lipstick in color matching the lacquer. The lipstick comes in a simulated carved ivory case specially packaged to feature the color inside. The Chinese Red color, for instance, is packaged with a reproduction of the Chinese bridal robe in the Metropolitan Museum, which inspired the color.

Dorothy Gray's Christmas bell of clear plastic is trimmed with holly and a giddy red satin bow with which it could be attached on a Christmas tree. It would make an attractive favor for Christmas dinner parties, too. The bell contains a dram of Flutter perfume.

• • •

COUNTER-ATTACK

THE banker sits in pompous state.
The merchant visits him.
He needs accommodation,
His bank account is slim.
The banker coldly hears him through,
"I'd like to help you, though
Your stock is far below its par.
Unfortunately, no."

The merchant counts his hidden shirts.
The banker visits him.
He needs accommodation,
His shirt supply is slim.
The merchant coldly hears him through,
"I'd like to help you, though
My stock is far below its par.
Unfortunately, no."

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Curved treatment of fur, huge rounded sleeves mark this three-quarter coat as the 1946 Baroque silhouette in the new mutation, amber mink. By Esther Dorothy, New York.

Rejuvenation Doesn't Become One at University Library School

By MARGARET TESKEY

GOING back to university to study after one is thirty has its drawbacks. The Big Trouble is that it makes one feel too young.

I felt rejuvenation coming on the day our library school class assembled for registration. That first day I was about five years younger than the family Bible says. As the weeks went by my attitude of mind became still more youthful—so young, in fact, that I began to get panicky. At the rate of youthifying I would soon be acting like a bobby-soxer. Something would have to be done . . . and soon.

The matter came to a head one noon hour. Necessity dictated the purchase of a warm cardigan to wear under my winter coat. There was a nice, sober-colored one in the sportswear department of the big department store near the university; but, to my horror, my right hand got out of control, passed over the dark hued cardigan and grasped a sloppy joe pullover with contours as baggy as some of the book jackets I was studying at library school. Just in time I stopped myself from saying to the salesgirl, "I'll have one of these in light blue." (A color preference with the Freshies this autumn.)

Other tussles with myself occurred in the stocking department at sight of short wool socks in a shade to match my brown eyes, and in the shoe section where I tried on low-heeled loafers. I asked for a pair two sizes too large, so that the shoes would slide up and down the way young co-eds' slippers do as they clump across the campus. What saved me I do not know. Maybe it was the amused gleam in the saleswoman's eyes.

Lower Grades

But I was fighting a losing battle. On the way out of the store a pencil box acted like a stop signal. It was of the swing-out variety in two layers, with a gay picture on top.

"Your daughter will be sure to like it," said the salesgirl as she wrapped up the box. "All the kids are nuts about this swing-out style, especially those in the lower grades."

That evening I played with the box, then sat for a long time thinking about it. What need had a childless widow far on in ner thirties for a youngster's pencil box? Was it premature second childhood that caused the sale? And what were the profs going to do when they found out about the "rejuvenescence?" See to it that there was one less student at class, of course!

Soliloquizing did me good; made me feel older, almost my real age again. Resolutely I took fountain pen and paper. Perhaps the problem

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could be solved by writing about it.

Is it the library school course that makes me feel so young, I wrote. Or is it the people taking it? Or just being back on the campus?

The one year course is a heavy one. At the beginning many students wonder why they need go to as many lectures on cataloguing, reference, book selection and library administration as the university calendar prescribes. Friends raise their eyebrows, too. "We can picture you learning what books to order for libraries," they say, "and how to manipulate the little rubber stamp that blacks in the date on a library card. But that shouldn't take you from the first of October till the end of May! And you have your B.A.—an entrance requirement in Canadian universities, you tell us. Is there so much more to learn about books and libraries than you know already?"

How To Find A Book

If only we students could take these friends to just one lecture on Classification and Cataloguing! How their ears would buzz with Dewey Decimal Classification and Cutter Expansive and Library of Congress notations! They'd hear about "collation", "imprint", "duodecimo", "author entry" and many other mysterious library terms. They'd see on the blackboard weird signs, symbols and abbreviations that look more like doodles than anything else but have to be memorized.

After the lecture they would treat any card in any library catalogue with increased respect. They'd realize that a student cataloguer must beat her brains against a wall to remember that a book on conic sections should be classified 513.22, and should be so noted in the call number at the top left of the catalogue card, two spaces from the left edge and three spaces from top edge. They'd listen if she took the trouble to tell them that names of authors must be entered on the cards in different ways depending on nationality of the authors. But they'd beat a quick retreat on being informed that this is but Rule 26 in the A.L.A. Catalogue Rules; that there is a grand total of 174 rules to remember.

I must admit that when I am attending Cataloguing and Classification lectures I do not feel as young as I do at other times of the day.

The most soothing and youthifying of all the classes are those on the history of the book. The lights go out. Dark curtains go across the windows. Pictures flickering on a silvered wall take the place of text books. Being "spoon fed" with cave sketches by Cro-Magnon man, petroglyphs by the North American Indian, and hieroglyphics by the ancient Egyptian is fun. Even more entertaining is the dry wit of the lecturer. We could sit for hours, our eyelids drooping now and then in the blessed dimness, if only the seats were not so hard.

Reading lists are *not* youthifying. I have watched 'teen age brows furrow and look forty-ish when reading lists two pages long are handed out by the professors. My own brow is not entirely unclouded on such occasions. One day we had lists on Book Selection, Reference, The History of the Book, *and* Library Architecture. I felt quite old, well over thirty, by the time five o'clock rolled around.

Hats In The Air

When the class appears particularly young and chipper, the professors think it's time to do some toning-down and they hand out Problems. This happens two or three times a week. The Problems test knowledge of cataloguing, reference books, or anything else that we have been hearing about at lectures. Always, it makes us feel like the man who mounted his horse and galloped away madly in all directions.

We rush into the "stacks" and look in E West and Z South for information about So and So. Then two floors down to the reading room catalogue for specific, elusive information on Such and Such. Not there. So downstairs to Library School files. Not there. Then up to the Reference Desk and ask the librarian in charge for help. The galloping is exhilarating but unlike the usual kind. After an afternoon of library galloping it is a treat to sit down.

What about the people in the library school classrooms of this Canadian university? Do they inspire a youthful frame of mind? Yes. Nearly all the students taking the course are young university graduates in their twenties. The women outnumber the men three to one. There are a few "oldies" in their thirties and forties. Formerly these were teachers, librarians or business-world folk. Most of the librarians have had library training; the rest learned in the school of experience. All think that they need training that leads to a B.L.S. degree, and so have come back to university classes.

Every woman in our course seems to have thrown her hat into the air and not cared whether it came to earth again. Hatlessness makes for blithe, becoming expressions. My friend and I wore hats to our first lecture. Thereafter we felt too rejuvenated to look twice at any sort of headgear.

The fine fettle continued when we surveyed the hair-fixes of girl students. Not an upsweep on the campus, so far as we could see; but tresses free and flowing, shoulder manes on the youngsters, short cuts on the more mature co-eds. We sighed with relief and went to our hairdressers to be shorn of our slick, hard-to-keep-neat up-dos.

We noted that even co-ed clothes reflect the youthfulness that reacts happily to organ-grinders, parades and such. Casual suits, simple blouses. Base flattery, sometimes, in studded slippers and open toe slingbacks, as a change from plain, medium-heel shoes and low-heel loafers.

The campus itself is a most delightful rejuvenator. On Registration Day, my friend Betsy and I walked under leafy branches spread like fingers giving a blessing. Students were hurrying to register and we hurried, too, although we had time to spare for strolling. On the wide, sun-warmed steps of one of the buildings were hatless girls and boys sitting at ease, talking. That was where I loved to sit, years ago. The lightheartedness of youth came over me as I thought about those other days.

Thinking about those thoughts made me sigh "The campus always does that to me. And although I've put everything down on paper I don't seem to be any nearer to solving my problem than I was when I began writing."

But there *was* a way to end my difficulty. I came upon it a few days later, when I was cleaning out a drawer of my desk. In the drawer was an album filled with "snaps". These snapshots proved to be the antidote for the poison of my excessive youthfulness; I looked so *very* young in every picture! Now, all I have to do when I feel too rejuvenated by university life is . . . open up the album, dig myself out, have a good look . . . then go to my mirror.

• •

TANGLED

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To read industriously.

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I'll do my housework round;
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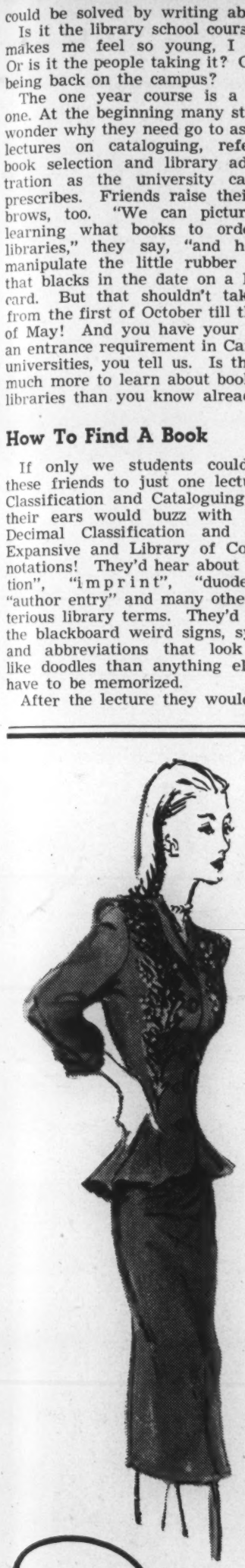

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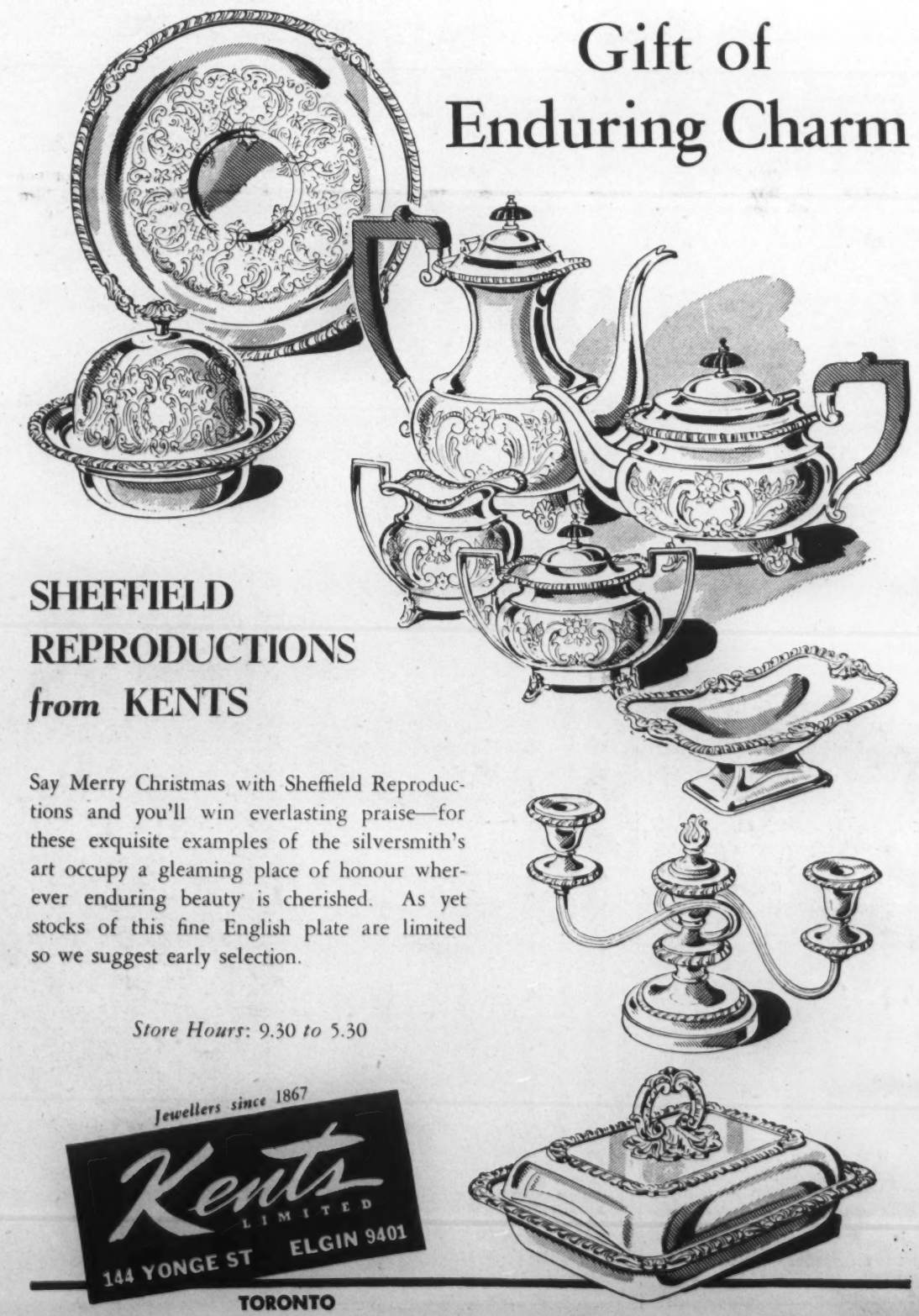

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FEMININE OUTLOOK

Men's Tactics All Wrong When They Carp at Women's Tactics

By DOROTHY HORNFELT

DOWN through the ages men have been writing about The Things They Don't Like About Women. And disheartening reading it is. Rarely do these gentlemen, from Plato to present-day writers, offer any constructive criticism. They merely enumerate our faults. They are content, apparently, to deflate our egotism, leaving us to puff it up again as best we may.

The purpose of the current crop of scribes, so they claim, is not to be unpleasant or sarcastic but to report in a calm, impersonal fashion our more obvious imperfections. Surely so negative an attitude, if not downright carping, is at least very poor psychology.

Why can't our self-appointed mentors let us into the secret and tell us what it is they *do* want? What we crave is a word picture of Man's Perfect Home Companion. We are eager to make corrections and improvements in our personalities, but, with no blue-print before us, it's difficult to know where to begin.

Formula For T.B.G.'s

Taking a typical example of the gentlemen's craft (no pun intended), a minor masterpiece entitled "What's Wrong With Women's Tactics", let us examine its effect on the tired business girl.

"Ah," breathes the t.b.g. when she comes across the article in her favorite magazine, "this is it!" At last she is about to learn what man considers to be the ideal type of womanhood. Incidentally, of course, she will obtain the magic formula for acquiring a husband. The t.b.g. curls up on the chesterfield and prepares for a pleasantly instructive half-hour. She imagines, poor innocent, that, by eliminating the wrong tactics, the writer must of necessity reveal the right ones.

You will notice that she is not misled by the word "tactics". She knows that the dictionary defines "tactics" as "any method of procedure", but she also knows, when a man combines "tactics" in the same sentence with "women", the word signifies one thing, and one thing only. It means the method or methods by which a reluctant male can be led, dragged, or otherwise hauled to the altar.

In the first paragraph the t.b.g. discovers that the writer of the article dislikes cynical women. "Cynicism," he asserts, "is not an attitude that adds to a girl's charm." This suits the t.b.g. to perfection. She has always found the strain of maintaining a cynical attitude to be rather wearing. From now on she'll be the Pollyanna type. It's as simple as all that.

She Feeds Him Cookies

But no, this won't do either. In the next sentence she finds that the writer is equally averse to sweetness and light. The "sweet" girl, it seems, is insincere. Her saccharine charms are probably a cover-up for the hideous thoughts she harbors in her subconscious. More than likely she has a secret hankering to cleave her best friend's skull with a broadaxe.

By now the t.b.g. is a trifle impatient. When is the writer going to break down and bring out the ideal type? As she reads on, she becomes increasingly confused. He takes a verbal swing at the "good time girl" because she insists on telling off-color stories which, as everyone knows, is a male prerogative. And he is infuriated because the deceitful creature likes to give the impression that she's quite a drinker when, in actuality, she is strictly a one-cocktail woman. Whether or not he would prefer to wed with a feminine candidate for Alcoholics Anonymous he does not state.

Nor does he care for the "good girl" type. She has a nasty habit of reciting all the things she doesn't do. By comparison, this makes him feel like a heel, which, of course, he isn't. Anyway, she bores him to death.

The "domestic" girl who takes him to her home and feeds him cookies made with her own fair hands isn't too bad. The cookies, in fact, are delectable. The drawback here is the girl's family. They sit around with a predatory gleam in their collective eyes and, when her Mother happens to remark what a wonderful wife the lass would make, he is scared out of seven years growth and makes a bolt for the nearest exit.

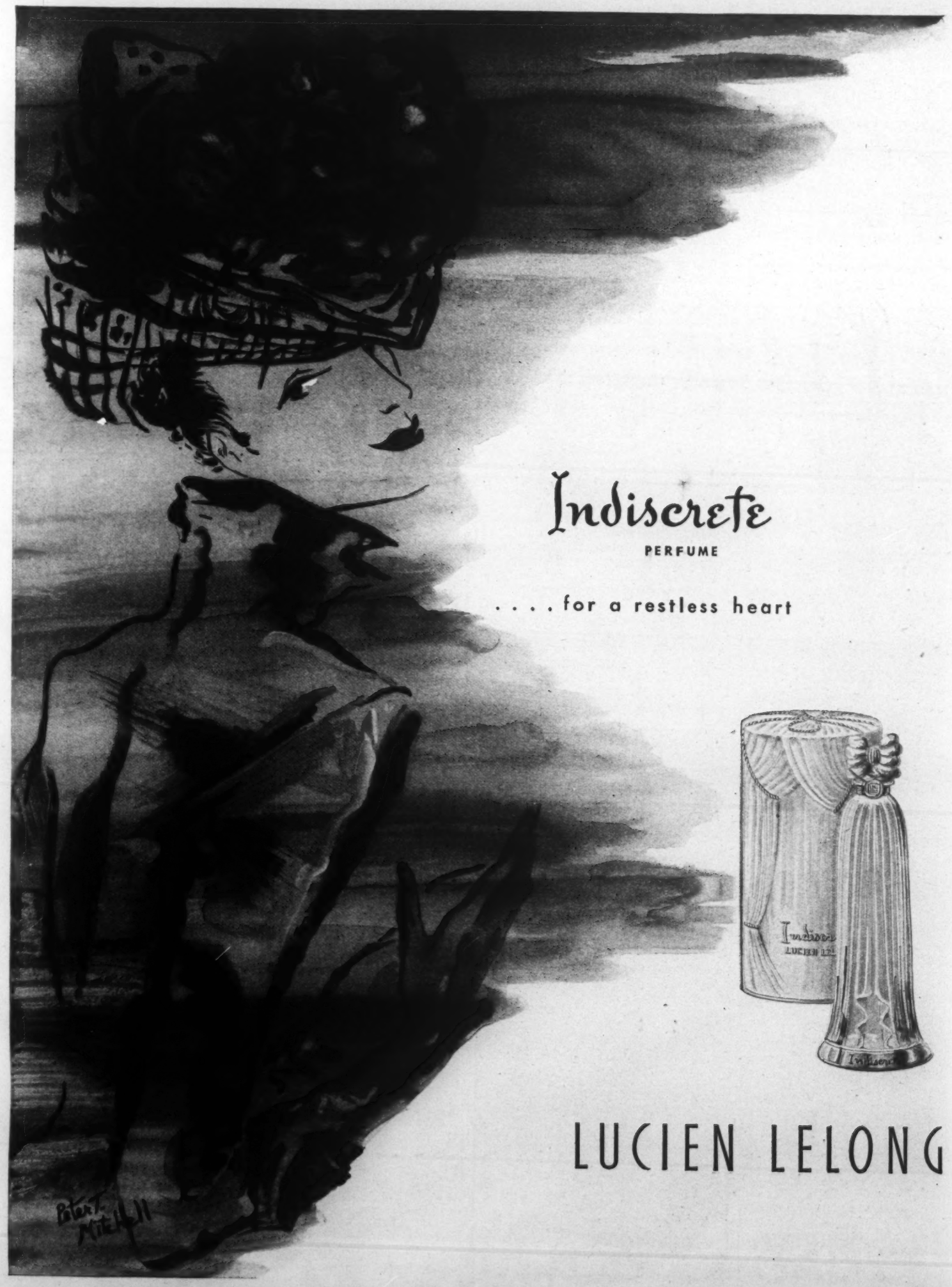
By this time the t.b.g. is downhearted but not despairing. There are still a few types left. But, in conclusion, the writer proceeds to polish them off in double quick time. The "coy" girl is irritating, the "gushing" girl is nauseating, and the "career" girl is too, too choosy. At this point the tired business girl bursts into tears. If badly brought up, she will probably mutter "To hell with him" as she hurls the magazine to the floor.

STATELY EPITAPH

I WONDERED if there is any epitaph in the world as impressive as that of Sir Isaac Newton, in Westminster Abbey:

Here lies
Sir Isaac Newton Knight
Who, by vigour of mind almost supernatural
First demonstrated
The motions and Figures of the planets
The paths of the comets and the tides of the ocean.
He diligently investigated
The different refrangibilities of the Rays of Light
And the properties of the Colours to which they give rise.
An Assiduous, Sagacious, and Faithful interpreter
Of Nature, Antiquity, and the Holy Scriptures,
He asserted in his Philosophy the Majesty of God
And exhibited in his conduct the simplicity of the Gospel.

It comes to mind because Great Britain now is formally celebrating the tercentenary of Newton (the actual tercentenary year was 1942, when Britain was too preoccupied with demonstrations of the law of gravity to celebrate its expounder). —Clark Kinnaird in the *Saturday Review of Literature*.



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CONCERNING FOOD

Here's to the Traditional Yule Fare of Fruit Cake, Pudding

By JANET MARCH

"Now thrice welcome Christmas
Which brings us good cheer,
Minced pies and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer;
With pig, goose and capon
The best that can be—
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree."

CHRISTMAS doesn't change much, so that this piece of verse from "Poor Robin's Almanack" in 1695 seems perfectly suitable in 1946. The only thing is that you had better step lively about collecting your cheer or there won't be any left in the shops above or below the counters. If you are a really expert housekeeper your mincemeat, plum puddings and Christmas cake will already be maturing, and your order for the butcher will long since have been hanging on his file.

The rest of us who just heaved the last English parcel into the post office long after the approved date are only now beginning to re-stock our depleted shelves after sending off every bit of dried fruit and shortening that could be got together so that the traditional English Christmas may look at least like a pale shadow of itself.

As soon as you have wheedled a few more raisins out of the grocer and a bit of suet from the butcher you had better get right to work, unless you are going to let George do it and buy the ready-made articles—this is one way of getting a little ahead of that valuable commodity, time—

English Plum Pudding

- 1¼ cups of currants
- 1¼ cups of raisins
- 3½ cups of bread crumbs
- ½ pound of suet
- 6 eggs
- 4 tablespoons of citron
- 3 tablespoons of lemon peel
- 1 twelve-ounce bottle of beer
- 1 cupful of milk
- 1½ cupfuls of sugar

Wash the currants and raisins, unless you are sure this has been done adequately for you. Some raisins come beautifully clean and some do not. Dry them, if you have had to wash them, and chop the suet finely. Slice the citron and lemon peel and mix all the fruit with the bread crumbs. Beat up the eggs and stir them and the sugar in. Then add the beer and milk slowly, stirring as you go. If your bread crumbs are very dry you will barely have enough liquid; on the other hand, if they are made from pretty fresh bread you may have a little too much liquid. As in all doughy mixtures you want a reasonably solid mixture which you can tie up in a pudding cloth without its being runny. The amount of bread crumbs and milk can be decreased or increased according to the need. Tie up the pudding in a cloth and boil gently for about three hours.

If you like more things in your pudding than just peel and raisins you can add a few chopped nuts, preserved cherries and chopped dates. This is a basic recipe for an English beer pudding. Serve with as much hard sauce as you can afford from your butter ration.

Mincemeat

- 3 cups of chopped apples
- 2 cups of raisins
- ¾ cup of currants
- 5 tablespoons of citron peel
- 2/3 cup of chopped suet
- ¾ cup of sugar
- 2 teaspoons of mixed cinnamon, allspice, ground cloves
- Sufficient orange juice to moisten the mixture

Chop the raisins and the currants and peel. Mix all the ingredients together and simmer very gently, or else cook in the double boiler for an hour. Then pack in sterilized jars till you wish to make your pies.

Rich fruit cake seems to be a thing you can buy ready-made these days, but of course if you have the energy and what it takes, the home-made sort will be liked by your family, and it gives a housekeeper a comfortable feeling to know that she has an emergency ration of a fruit cake stored away for those extra people who turn up at Christmas. Before you start on your home-made Christmas cake will you note that no rich fruit cake has baking powder in it. It is intended to be as heavy as lead, and you don't want to make it rise.

Christmas Cake

- 1 cupful of butter
- ¼ cupful of shortening
- 2 cups of brown sugar
- 2 pounds of raisins, seedless
- 1 pound of seeded raisins
- 1 pound of currants
- 1 cup of molasses
- ½ pound of chopped dates
- ½ pound of chopped citron
- ¼ pound of almonds blanched and chopped
- ½ pound of glacé cherries chopped
- ½ pound of mixed peel
- 8 eggs
- ¼ cup of strong coffee
- ½ teaspoon of ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon ground allspice
- 5 cups of flour
- ½ cup of brandy (if you have it to spare)

Melt the butter and shortening and then add the sugar and the eggs and beat well. Stir in the fruit, which should be lightly floured, and then add the molasses, coffee, brandy, and last of all, sift in the flour and the spices. Beat well as you go. Line the cake pans with heavy waxed paper and cook in a slow oven—never letting the heat get over 300°—for three to four hours. If the tops start to brown or dry out too much cover with waxed paper.

The whole trick of Christmas cake is to mix it well and cook it long and slow. You need lots of time to prepare the ingredients and a strong arm and a sharp knife. If you lack these qualifications, I recommend that you buy your Christmas cake ready-made.

• •

SOMETHING new in jewellery has been devised by a young woman glimpsed in Hollywood. She had curved a solid silver heirloom teaspoon into a bracelet. The metal bends easily to fit the wrist. And the family monogram on the handle of the spoon gives the ornament a distinctive touch.

To cap the luxury of a leisurely breakfast in bed, an English set of fluted dishes makes a pleasing sight in turquoise blue with solid color knobs, spouts and handles. It comes from Susie Cooper Pottery Ltd.

Quality
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a-century, speaks
for itself.

Is Mom Really That Bad? And Who Made Her What She Is Today?

By MIRIAM CHAPIN

MOM has been taking an awful beating of late. Philip Wylie started the game with his "Generation of Vipers," in which he excoriated all Moms, and most other people as well. Now along comes a gentleman advertised as one of the United States' most eminent psychiatrists, Dr. Edward A. Strecker, to present his book, "Their Mothers' Sons."

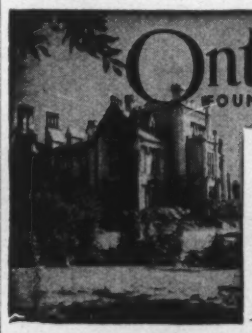
He accuses Mom of being a juggernaut whose toll of crippled lives is greater than all our wounded in two World Wars. Mom is the possessive parent, who ruins her children's lives by never permitting them to grow up, who hangs round their necks till the day she dies, by which time she has made it impossible for them to make happy marriages or lead productive lives. Well, given that definition, Mom is guilty of crimes as charged.

But who is guilty of Mom? She doesn't exist in a vacuum. Isn't she entitled to enjoy a few neuroses if everybody else does? Some day she may rise up and point a finger at her judges, asking "Who made me what I am today?"

This throwing all the blame for the neurotic ills of our present day onto Mom gives rise to some suspicion that our eminent writers suffer from a masculine guilt complex themselves. So did Adam. If you are unwilling to shoulder your share of the blame, it is pleasant to be able to pick on a more obvious offender. It is not however, a solution of a complicated situation. Mom is part of a larger set-up than her household, and her children grow up under other influences than those she controls. She is a symptom rather than a first cause.

How did she get that way? What is to be done with her? Dr. Strecker merely scolds her for not letting go of her children. If she obeys him—then what? Are we to have a mass suicide of Moms, all plunging toward the sea to drown like lemmings? Can't some of her be salvaged? After all, she did produce children and so fulfilled something of her duty to society. Is it entirely her fault that she brought them up so poorly?

The lot of the woman of forty-five or fifty, whose sons and daughters should have left her home to found their own, is not a simple one in our culture. She trembles to think that her time of usefulness is over, she is



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frightened of the idle days she sees before her, since nowadays housework for two requires only part of a day.

She doesn't want to read all day, she thinks she is too old to take up work outside her home, she has little companionship with her husband, away much of the time at business—and so she clings to her nearest support, her children. It is as bad for her as for them. But it is a failure of our whole society, not hers alone, that she has no definite position, no demanding tasks to perform.

Among primitive peoples women work to get food until they die—life is hard but never boring. In China, the older a woman grows traditionally the more honor and dignity she gains, the more authority is hers in the household and outside. In peasant cultures the grandmother is the custodian of medical knowledge, the one to be consulted in sickness and trouble. Only in our civilization is the elderly woman too often set aside as useless.

She has her revenge when she poisons the relationships of her younger relatives. During the war many housewives found new interest and discovered new abilities in working for the Red Cross or other organizations. Now apparently they can slump back for all anybody cares. What Mom needs to make her a real woman and not a Mom is work to do, status in the community, a chance to earn money if she likes, to be a person and not just a member of a family.

The women who have undertaken public work, in politics or welfare or who have taken up anew the hobbies they dropped when they married or who have had to get out and help the family purse, are not Moms. They can take their children or leave them, treat them as friends and adults, make them welcome when they come to visit and see them off without tears, regard their in-laws as human beings and not as interlopers.

Dr. Strecker hates the women he writes about. Doubtless he has seen so many results of their deadly work that he feels justified. But he offers no way out. He even snubs the progressive school, which is one hopeful prospect for the children of today—supported by the mothers. While it has made mistakes, it does give its pupils a chance to grow up and learn from their own mistakes.

As for the soap operas over which Mom drips tears, who puts them on? Why not give her something better to listen to, something that would send her out to accomplish something for herself? Truly the gold-star mothers junket of which Mr. Wylie speaks was a dreadful exhibition—but did not the United States War Department aid and abet it? And is that staffed by Moms?

Like the delinquent boy who has gone from being a drug-store cowboy to minor crime, Mom is both a victim and a menace. Any older woman who has had to hunt for a job knows how few are open to an untrained person past forty. Housework, acting as companion, and precious little else. Part-time employment is even scarcer. Yet Mom's salvation depends on feeling important to herself, on being necessary to someone, on getting a perspective on her life from outside her home. Wouldn't it be nice if our psychiatrists would consider how to help her do those things, instead of berating her?

A Beauty Contest Without Tears

By LOUISE STONE

ELLEN settled herself in an easy chair before the grate fire in Marion's livingroom.

"Well," she said, getting out her knitting, "we raised the money for the club."

"What club?" Marion asked.

"Progressive Housewives. We needed two hundred dollars for new curtains for the club rooms. Twenty members got ten dollars each from their husbands by suggesting a beauty contest."

"Whoever thought that one up must have been a dumb cluck."

"It was my idea," Ellen replied with dignity.

"But everybody's fed up with beauty contests."

"You don't understand. This was a beauty contest for men."

"You wouldn't be a bit balmy, would you," Marion asked, "in the crumpet?"

"I don't think so," Ellen said equably. "What's wrong with a beauty contest for men?"

"What men?"

"Any men. Especially policemen and husbands who belong to Rotaries and Kiwanises and other beauty contest promoters."

"And you mean to say Henry gave you ten dollars toward it?"

Rewards of Pulchritude

"When I told Henry about it, he said he understood in beauty contests the contestants were judged for beauty, poise, personality, intelligence, ability to entertain and proficiency at winter sports. He said he excelled in everything but ability to entertain, and he would start right away taking singing and ballet lessons, and if he won, all he would ask in the way of a prize was a shirt."

"That's what I like about Henry," Marion said, "he's cooperative and reasonable."

"I told him the winner would get more than a shirt—he would get a complete new wardrobe. His hair would be attended to by François. He would be photographed in various poses in a leopard skin. He would get to ride around for a day in a new car with a chauffeur and anywhere he told the chauffeur to go he would go."

"That might be convenient," Marion remarked.

"He would take over his boss' job for a day. He'd be interviewed on the radio. He'd make the rounds of the night clubs and mingle with society that's really high. He would shake hands with the mayor on City Hall steps. Perhaps ultimately he'd get to Hollywood—and back."

"It sounds irresistible," Marion commented.

"That's what Henry said."

"Which," Marion asked, "settled everything?"

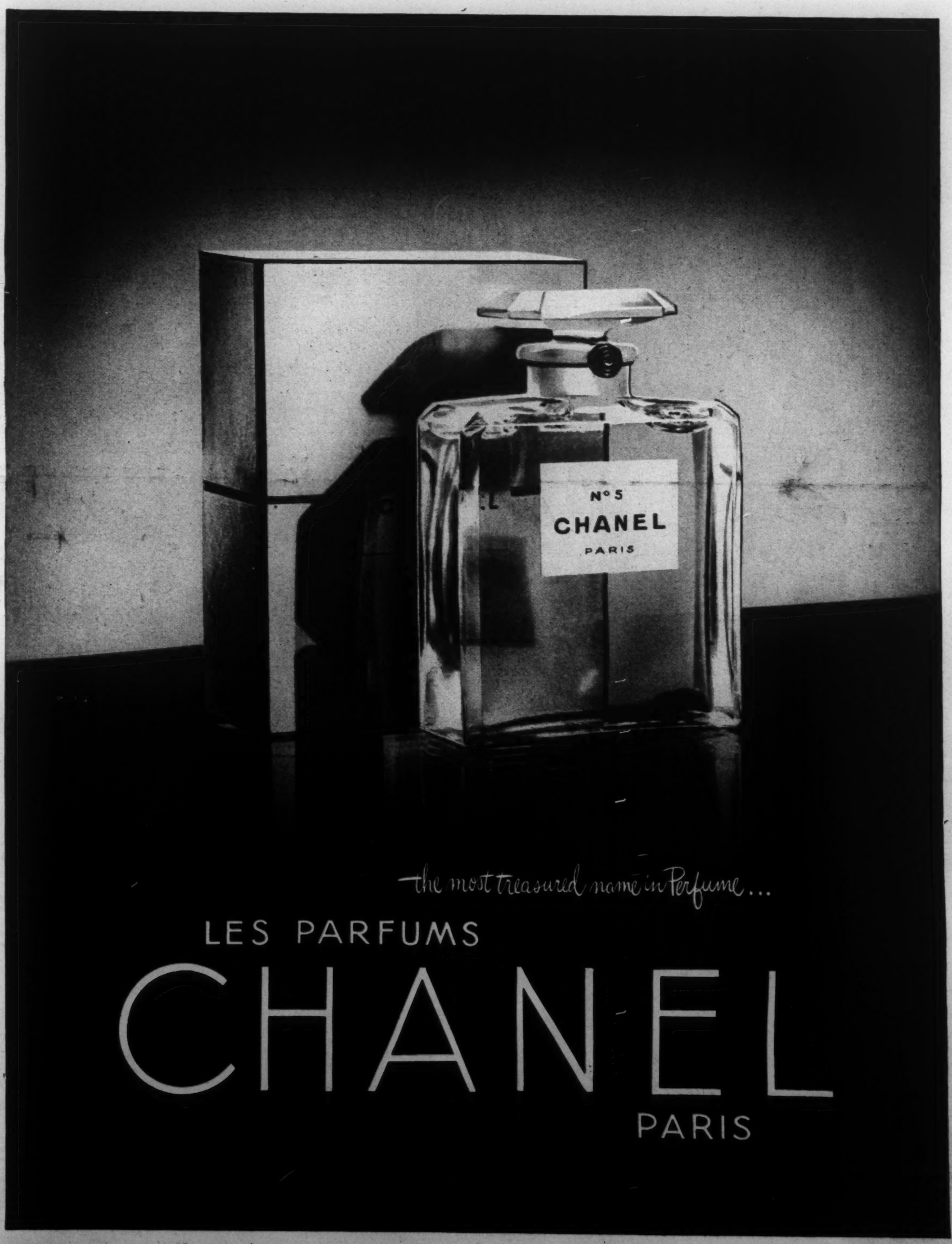
"All but the fee."

"You mean the entry fee?"

"I mean the non-entry fee. Ten dollars was what the Housewives had decided on. Henry paid it on the spot. The other husbands did, too. So we've got the two hundred dollars for new curtains, we're not going to have a beauty contest, and everybody's pleased."

"Then," Marion observed, "you weren't so dumb."

"That's what I thought," Ellen said complacently.



THE OTHER PAGE

The Greatest King

By HORACE BROWN

NOW it chanced that three kings rode into the desert on their camels. Theirs was a mission that was passing strange. They sought the Greatest King, and their wisdom had told them that to find him they must travel to the East.

The three kings journeyed without pomp or panoply, for they were wise men and thus lived simply. They followed a new and shining star that went ever before them, leading them on their quest. Their prophecies and incantations had told them that, when the star stood still in the heavens, then would their journeying be ended.

The desert was wide and fearsome, and the passage of it fraught with many hazards. Great wild beasts roamed its sands, searching out the unwary traveller. At night, evil spirits came from their lairs and howled and sang and taunted the three wise men with all manner of dire forebodings. Yet the evil spirits did not dare venture too near where the kings rested, for the three were good men and evil cannot approach good, lest evil suffer harm.

On the evening of the tenth day in their crossing of the desert, the three kings perceived approaching a most ferocious storm of sand. The entire heavens were obscured. Rapidly, the wise men urged their camels, but the terrified beasts scarce needed the goad. Fleet as they were, the sandstorm soon overtook them. It became darker than the darkest night, and the three kings covered their faces as best they could against the stinging bite of the sand.

It did not take great wisdom for the three kings to divine ere long that they were lost. Without the brilliant star to guide them they were as a ship without a captain. Presently, their beasts sank to their knees exhausted. The three kings gave themselves up for lost. They lamented one to the other, saying that it was not meet that they should die with their quest for the Greatest King unfulfilled.

As they thus lamented, a Voice spoke to them above the storm. It was a Voice that filled them with terror and with love at the same moment. It was a Voice, they knew, that was not of this world. These were the words of the Voice:

"Why do you lament, O Wise Kings? Is your quest for the Greatest King your earth has ever known of such little moment that you would allow yourselves to die in the desert?"

Then up spoke the First Wise King: "How can we prevail against the storm?"

"By faith," answered the Voice, and it was as though thunder had spoken. "You had the faith to begin your journey. Now, when all seems lost, you must have the faith to continue."

"How can we have that faith?" asked the Second Wise King. "What magic incantation releases us from the spell?"

"Not magic, but believing," said the Voice again, and it was soft this time and somewhat troubled. "You must believe in the Greatest King and what you seek in Him. The magic is the magic of His love. You can be released from the storm which threatens your lives by seeking in the Greatest King those things he would have you seek."

Then the three kings consulted amongst themselves, and they agreed one with the other to tell the Voice what each sought in the Greatest King.

Said the First Wise King:

"I seek an old man, wise with his years, skilled in the arts of compromise, learned in the ways of the world, who can be all things to all men. He shall be my Greatest King."

And as the First Wise King spoke, the storm increased in its fury, and all knew that this was not the Greatest King.

Then spoke the Second Wise King:

"I seek a young man, vigorous, bold, a warrior and a leader, who shall take his avenging sword through the world curing all wrongs with his might, and who shall lay waste those who do evil. He shall be my Greatest King."

But as the words came from his lips, they were torn away by a mightier blast than ever, and the three kings resigned themselves for lost, so terrible was the wrath of the storm.

Then said the Third Wise King:

"I seek a babe, a babe wrapped humbly in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger, whose smile will be the glory of the angels, and whose heart will be innocent and pure, whose thoughts will always be gentle and of Peace, whose words will speak of love and tolerance and hope for all Mankind. He shall be my Greatest King."

And even as the Third Wise King spoke, the storm ceased, and the night stars shone in the heavens. And lo! There over the heads of the three kings glowed, brighter than ever before, the star they had been following on their quest.

While the three kings marvelled, the Voice spoke again, and it no longer thundered but spoke with all the love and compassion the world has ever known, saying: "Go, seek this Greatest King of all, this babe in swaddling clothes lying in a manger. Go, seek this Prince of Peace, my dearly-beloved Son."

THE RIVER

I ROSE and followed the bell note
Through the cool sunrise to the river.
There was no quay nor strand nor moored boat,
Only the grass that made a border

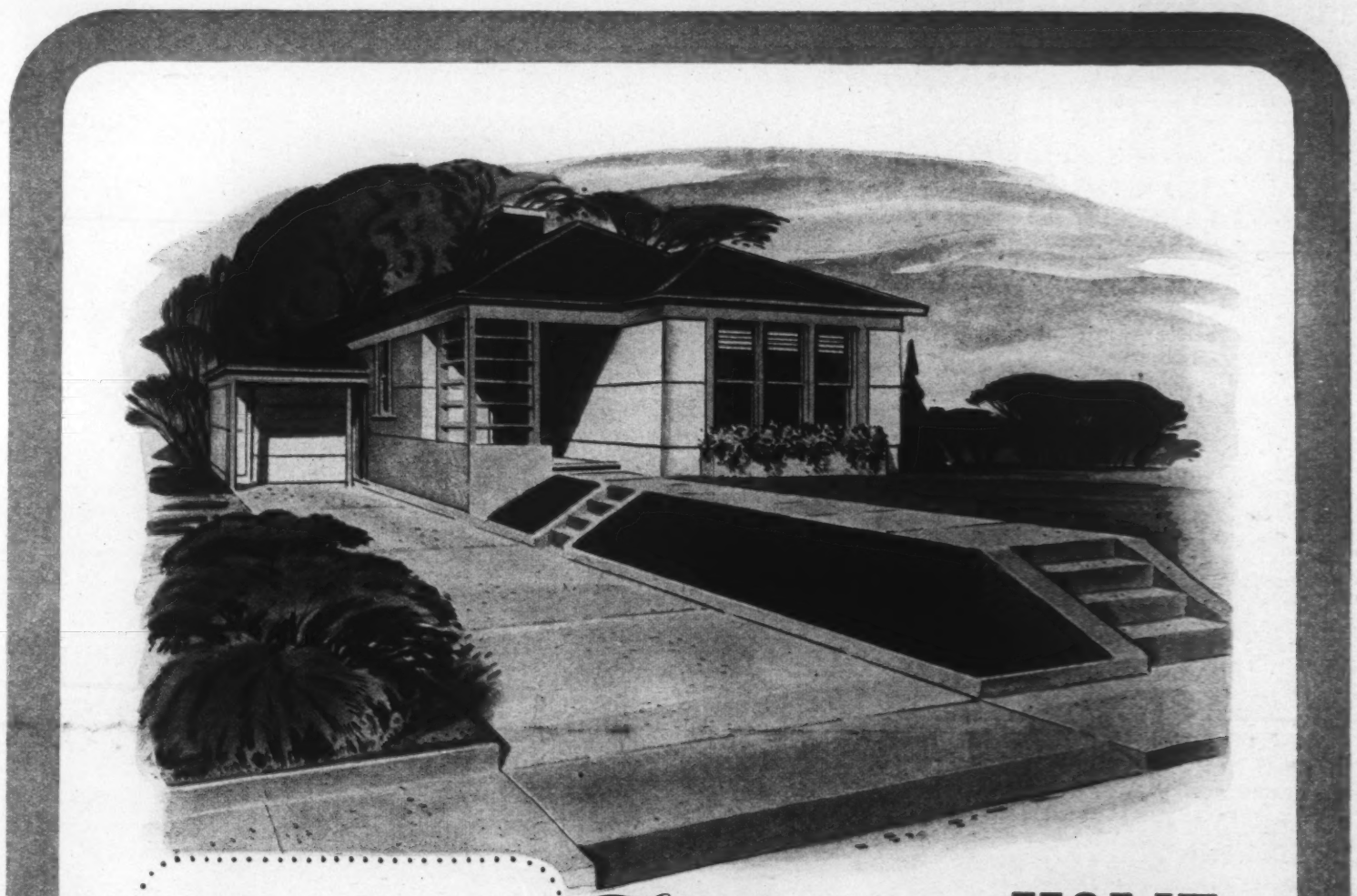
Lush along the shining stream.
And I set foot upon the water flowing
Past columned porticoes of dream,
Past trees in orient beauty growing,

Whose fruits hung ripe and redly flushed
With lucent morning.
And all was strangely still and hushed
And shadowless, but at the river's turning

Friends came with faces grave and sweet
To give me greeting; palest azure
Their robes, the meadow at their feet
Spilled its fully starry flower treasure.

And one dipped down a fluted shell
Drawing for me a crystal measure;
I drank, and far away the bell
Rang clear upon the timeless river.

LENORE A. PRATT



The Economical HOME

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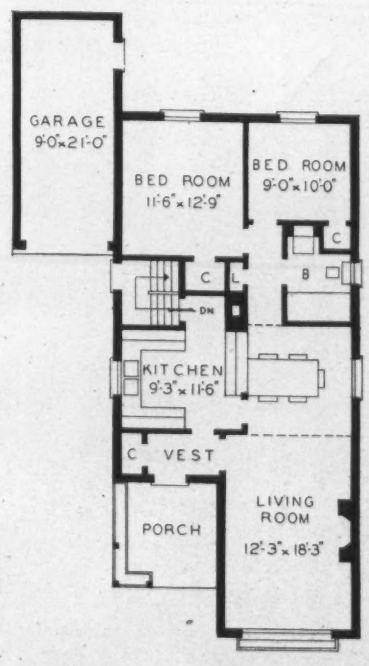

Do not write to us for plans of this house. We refer you to the architect in your vicinity, who will assist you in consulting your local builder or contractor and estimating the cost of construction in your neighborhood.

A gem of comfort and good living for the young returned man or the family with moderate means. Hall vestibule opens into both living room and kitchen. It has extra-big closet for coats, or clothing of the overnight visitors. Living room is generous size, with artificial fire. Dining space has built-in table served directly from kitchen . . . and the kitchen has sink under window, giving plenty of light . . . a second entrance to side door and cellar saves steps. Two bedrooms and bathroom are at the rear of home for privacy.

Basement has concrete block walls, and the chimney is of brick. The rest of construction is entirely of wood. Cedar shingles are used on the roof, and plywood siding for the exterior walls. Inside walls and ceiling are finished with insulating fibre board. Heating is warm air.

Cost of building is approximately $4500 . . . depending upon locality and type of materials used.

Blue Top

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The Beautiful Morning

By FLORIS McLAREN

PETE lay in bed listening to the voices and music downstairs. He held his arms and legs as still as if he were asleep, but he could feel the excitement inside him growing and spreading, tingling in his toes and rising like a taste in his throat.

Lifting his head cautiously just off the pillow, he looked across the bedroom. In the faint reflected light from the hall the hump of bedclothes in the other bed was motionless, but he knew that Donny was awake as he was, listening and waiting.

Downstairs whoever was playing the piano began Jingle Bells and everyone sang. It sounded strange to Pete to hear men and women singing a song from school. After Jingle Bells they started Good King Wenceslaus, but the piano stopped in the middle of the song, and the voices went on unevenly for a minute and then ended in a burst of laughter.

There was a heightening of noise then, and people moving around and doors closing, and then the voices faded, a few at a time, outside in the night, and Pete knew the party was over. The house seemed to settle down when the people had gone: quiet, and full of anticipation, and he heard the soft footsteps of his father and mother coming upstairs.

They stopped by the bedroom door and Pete made his breathing deep and slow and kept his eyelids still. He heard his mother's dress and her tiptoeing steps in the room and out again. He heard his father in the hall give a sort of groan and whisper, "My God, it's after four. Can't we go to bed now?" and his mother answer, "You go on. I have to . . ., and the rest was too low to hear.

He heard them going to their bedroom and his mother moving back and forth opening drawers and closets and going up and down stairs. Finally the hall light and the bedroom light went out and the whole house was dark and silent.

This was the hardest thing of all, to wait now, not to move too soon.

HE lay still until he heard his father begin to snore long snores, not loud, with a little whistle at the end. Still it was not time, not safe. He waited, and the excitement grew inside him until it filled him completely and then he could not lie still any longer, and silently as a shadow he crossed the room to Donny's bed. Donny sat up when Pete touched him.

"Is it morning?" he whispered.

"It's nearly morning. Daddy said so. Come on."

Pete pulled the blue quilt from the top of his bed.

"Take your blanket," he whispered.

With the eiderdowns trailing behind them, they felt their way, one step at a time, along the dark hall and down the stairs to the living room.

The living room was filled with a warm and flickering pink, from the embers in the fireplace. The tree stood tall and wonderful in the corner, with bits of light catching and glinting in the silver rain along the boughs. Silver and gold balls winked in the shadows. And underneath were the piles of packages.

On his hands and knees, Pete found the little pronged plug for the tree lights and pushed it carefully into the wall socket. The lights blossomed then, blue along the branches, set in silver reflectors like stars.

Pete and Donny began to poke and lift and shake the packages. Sometimes it was easy to guess what was in them, but this time it was very hard. There were two soft bundles that might be bathrobes or sweaters and two small heavy packages that were certainly jackknives, but almost everything was in tight securely wrapped boxes. Finally they piled the packages carefully back under the tree.

Quietly they put the last logs from the woodbasket on the fire and replaced the firescreen. With the intimacy of stealth, they spread an eiderdown on the floor and lay down on it so their heads were under the lowest branches of the tree. Carefully they pulled the other quilt over them.

They heard a milk truck coming down the street: the squeak of brakes as it stopped by each house and the whirr of the engine as it started again. Pete thought about the milkman; taking the cold bottles in his hands, running quickly up all the dark steps. He wondered if the morning seemed strange and different to the milkman, if he had that breathless quivery feeling in his stomach.

Pete turned so he could see Donny's fair hair and excited eyes. He felt warm and gentle toward Donny as though they never quarrelled at all. The tree lights shone softly through the branches above him like blue and white stars. The pink moving glimmer of the firelight reached out into the shadows of the room.

Pete closed his eyes and smelled the sharp lovely tree-smell and heard the hiss and snap of the log in the fireplace. All around him he could feel the mysterious unopened packages. With his eyes still closed he moved closer to Donny under the eiderdown and waited for the beautiful morning.

• •

TURNABOUT

LET other lovers rhapsodize
Forever more, without a doubt,
Of sunny hair and sky-blue eyes.
I turn my *clichés* inside out!

For I have found, to grade my words,
New standards of comparison,
And sing instead of voice-sweet birds,
And eye-blue skies, and hair-bright sun!

E. K. C.

• •

THINGS NECESSARY

(Villanelle)

ALTHO' I need the needful—very!
Savor of life for me is found
Pursuing things unnecessary.

I seek no circus to astound,
Nor dalliance unusual—
I get the fun of much around.

Tho' earning little cash withal,
My essentials are so few
I often play the prodigal.

A peck of troubles I've pulled through,
More by luck when down thrown—
But sometimes helping others too.

Of late I'm left like some unknown
Rhymer of the oldest kind—
Ruminating by my lone.

To virtue I now seem inclined—
Conforming to the customary:
But oh—the savor of life I find
Pursuing things unnecessary!

TOM MACINNIS

• •

THIS IS NOT SUMMER

THIS is not summer;
There are no leaves;
Nor is it autumn
For no wind grieves.

This is not winter;
There is no frost;
Nor is it penance
For summer lost.

This is not April;
No robin sings;
No river resumes
Its murmurings.

This is the season
Strange and apart
Whose climate is locked
Within the heart;

Sensitive neither
To heat nor cold;
Nor knows if the moon
Be new or old;

Sunless the morning,
At night no star...
For what is Beauty
When Love's afar?

VERNA LOVEDAY HARDEN.

• •

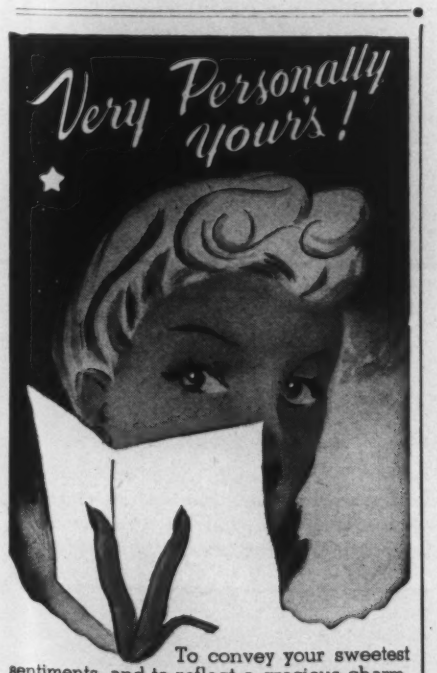
A SONG IN SPRING

IT IS Spring, lovely Spring—yes, it really is Spring!
And I'm told I should lift up my voice now and sing;
But it is not in any bright humor I am,
For a robin awoke me at four A.M.
And I've not yet recovered my "good-morning" calm.

A lyric for Spring! A lyric for Spring!
I'm sorry; I just can't accomplish the thing;
Though I see the forsythia all golden with bloom,
And a big bumble-bee has flown into my room;
Still, to ask right off-hand for a Spring Song from me
Is like looking for honey from that sort of bee.

Nor can I be funny — it doesn't belong;
And I can't make a song of this rhyming ding-dong.
No matter! I really don't care to be clever.
The new hats are on show. They're more silly than ever!

FLORENCE WESTACOTT



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Styled by BARBER-ELLIS

Dark enchantment for a luxury-loving lady on Christmas morning! Sheer black negligee and nightgown from the beautiful collection of lingerie at EATON'S

Franc's Future Rests On French Revival

By JOHN L. MARSTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The French public, no matter how divided they may be politically, are united in the determination to fight another devaluation of their currency. France's recovery from the chaos left by war has been remarkable, a good start has been made with the five-year reconstruction plan, and the deficit on foreign trade account is being energetically tackled by the negotiation of foreign credits and expanding exports.

The chief cause of uncertainty is the steadily-increasing budgetary deficit and the laxity of administration it implies in the French case; only the French government itself can remove this, says Mr. Marston.

London.

HOVERING over the latest elections in France was the fear that another devaluation of the currency was imminent. It is not yet clear whether the elections have increased or lessened the probability, but anyway the French public is determined to resist it.

A country so afflicted with the unstable government can hardly enjoy stability in its monetary system even if its economic position warrants it, and the prime need for reinforcing the franc is a soundly-based government capable of formulating and carrying out a bold and firm policy. If France can achieve such a government the prospect for the currency is favorable.

In the last decade or two of the 19th century and in the present century up to the outbreak of the first world war the franc was a cornerstone of Europe's financial structure. World War I threw all the established institutions of Europe into the melting pot, and even sterling between the wars had a very different appearance from the shining, trusted monetary symbol of the pre-war epoch.

Both the pound and the franc have yielded to the almighty dollar; but France's recovery this year from the chaos left by the second world war has been so impressive that there seems to be long-term possibilities of re-establishing her currency as an international factor.

Curiously little publicized beside her political difficulties, France has adopted a five-year plan for reconstruction and development which if put into effect—and a good start has been made, despite the difficulty of paying for scarce capital goods in the present world shortage—will establish French industry on a new level of modern efficiency. It is a credit to the people's willingness to work together even in an atmosphere of acute ideological disagreement. There are still, of course, problems at every step.

As in Britain, there is a chronic shortage of manpower. Efforts have been made to counteract its short-term effects by lengthening working hours, and it is hoped to adjust the longer-term balance by immigration from neighboring countries more generously populated, notably Italy, and by inducing the German prisoners still in France—six or seven hundred thousand of them—to settle there as Frenchmen.

At last there is a surplus of births over deaths, but that welcome change has obviously no bearing on the present economic position. A million civil servants in a population of 42 million is a luxury that the country cannot now afford, and it is hoped that something will be done to tighten the administration in accordance with the plans and promises which have been put forward over many months and not carried out.

The second chronic problem is coal,

(*Continued on next page*)

Chocolate Milk, Paint, Hair-Oil, All Require Use of Irish Moss

Irish Moss, or carrageen, brings considerable income to Maritime families. Gelose from it is used in chocolate milk to keep chocolate particles from settling, to remove clouding from beer, as a stabilizer for cheese and canned meats, in paints, etc. Picture shows Prince Edward Island children picking out the moss from seaweed and kelp. Salt water is . . .

. . . played over moss as it is bleached in the sun; fresh water or even a heavy dew will soak out gelose. Sold wet, moss fetches one cent per lb; dry, six cents. Moss, being taken to warehouse (below), used to be imported from France and Ireland. In 1945 P.E.I. produced 2 million lbs.

—Photos by Richard Harrington.

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Unions Must Be Restrained

By P. M. RICHARDS

THE soft coal stoppage across the border presumably increases the likelihood of early anti-strike legislation by the new Republican Congress. As this paper's Front Page said recently (Nov. 16), the Republican victory probably evidenced a widespread desire for a change of government rather than a general swing to the right in social-economic thinking. Nevertheless, whether the voters called for it or not, we are likely to see a definite move to the right in the halls of Congress. And it will be soon. The law-makers know that any anti-labor moves may cost them votes at the next election, so they will wish to put as long a period as possible between the deed and the time of accounting.

The coal strike, with its terrific implications for American industry and employment, coming on top of so many other labor-enforced halts in badly needed production, sharply points up the need for action. The main feature will be the imposing of penalties on labor unions and union heads for breaches of work contracts. Public opinion is likely to support legislation to curb the unions that can be reasonably claimed to be remedial rather than punitive.

Such a prospect should be very helpful to business sentiment, and should do much to counteract the fears of a serious downturn in business that have been so general lately. A business recession indeed appears to be probable as a result of the far-reaching derangements of production and distribution due to strikes, but — apart from a long continuance of this situation —there is no basic reason for a major depression now or next year or for two or three years. If organized labor uses restraint and remembers that, after all, there must be production if there are to be wages and goods to enjoy, industry should be kept busy for that length of time making up the deficiencies of goods and services created by the war.

What Comes After That?

It's the question of what happens when that has been done that we should be worrying about. Present overseas buyers of Canadian and U.S. products, now eagerly bidding (largely with our money) for everything we can spare them, should then be producing a large part of their own requirements. What they can't produce themselves they are likely to try to do without. These war-impoverished countries will logically progress from destitution to austerity — and nations practising austerity do not make good customers. This is not a pleasant prospect for a country as dependent on foreign trade as Canada; clearly it calls for the maintenance of as high a degree of productive efficiency as possible.

Fortunately, there are likely to be fewer strikes in future. Some of the union leaders admit the reality of the economic facts of life and are trying to restrain their followers. Many of the strikes have developed almost solely from the evidences of victories for other strikers; one successful strike naturally tended to produce others. But henceforth strikes are likely to be fought more vigorously by employers because of the current indications in operations figures that production costs are already so high that they are killing sales.

In the United States particularly present price levels are meeting with a lot of consumer resistance, and the general business expectation is that the Christmas buying season will be succeeded by a sharper-than-usual decline in business. Furthermore, the general employer experience with wage increases granted over the past year or so is that they have not added to labor efficiency and productivity, which, of course, are essential if the resultant higher costs are to be supported by earnings. And President Truman will be more resistant to strikes, as well as Congress. He has said that he will confine himself to trying to do his job well, without regard for influencing votes, for the balance of his term. If he does, we may see him standing much higher in public regard in 1948 than he does now.

No War Against Labor

It is greatly to be hoped that the new Congress will not think it has a mandate to war against labor. Labor, obviously, is always entitled to sell its services at the best price it can, and to bargain collectively to that end. The need is to restrain the unions themselves from acting arbitrarily and irresponsibly, to the long-term detriment of labor itself as well as the general public. The modern economic system is much too complex and sensitive for casual monkey-wrench throwing. As we have seen so many times in the last year or two, a stoppage of production in one industry may halt or slow down a hundred others, and cause serious hurt to numberless innocent bystanders. The public has a right to be protected. One of the first things the legislators should require is the secret strike ballot. At the least, it should be determined that a strike is actually the wish of a majority of the workers directly concerned, and is not imposed on them from above.

The war, of course, destroyed a vast amount of the world's wealth and has left its peoples immeasurably poorer. The fact of that impoverishment is all too plain today. In the past approximately 33 cents out of each of Canada's national income dollars has come from foreign trade. We need this trade to maintain employment and our national standards of living. How much of it we get in the future will depend upon our ability to meet the competition of other suppliers in world markets. To a large degree, that will depend, in turn, on the behavior of the labor unions.

(*Continued from Page* 50)
and this is even less a fault in administration. Coal output in November has been over 110 per cent of the pre-war volume—a notable achievement compared with Britain's. But imports are tragically deficient. The monthly average for 1936 was 1,850,000 tons, and even in the early months of the present year the figure was about 1,000,000 tons; but October imports were only 700,000 tons.

Britain's contribution to the Continent's coal supplies is now negligible, and U.S. shipments have been declining. France, moreover, is not getting anything like the quantity of coal from the Ruhr to which she feels entitled.

Some Favorable Trends

Nevertheless, there are some very encouraging trends on the French economic scene. The devastation of the transport system has been so far made good that the necessary facilities exist for conveying all the goods and materials at present requiring movement. Latest figures for electricity generated are at an all-time high. Steel output is about 90 per cent of pre-war rates. Automobile production is rapidly approaching and tyre production has reached pre-war quantities. And so on.

A major cause of the recent wave of uncertainty regarding the franc is the deficit on foreign trade account. The problem is being energetically tackled by negotiating foreign credits and by expanding exports.

In the recent series of trade negotiations with Britain, France has done both, by arranging to extend the life and adjust the terms of her debt of somewhat over £100 million to bring it into line with the conditions of the U.S. and Canadian loans to Britain; while increased trade on the export side is to be made possible by France's ability to produce more of the industrial materials which Britian needs and by Britain's willingness to take more French luxury specialties.

A country that is making a great effort to rehabilitate her industry and agriculture and mining by large-scale capital investment has naturally a heavy surplus of imports over exports, which is not on the long term a bear-point for the currency.

The other main cause of uncertainty is less satisfactorily explained, and only the French administration itself can remove it. It is the steadily-mounting budgetary deficit; or not so much the deficit itself—for balanced budgets, like balanced trade, are in themselves somewhat academic in present times—but the laxity in administration which in the French case it implies.

Revenue has been buoyant since the liberation, having increased about three-fold; but it covers slightly less than half of the inflated expenditure, or two-thirds if reconstruction expenses are allowed separately.

The increase in the note circulation has been quite modest considering the expansion of industrial activity, but absence of any proper price policy, a rampant black market, and widespread withholding of stocks in the expectation of higher prices, have brought about a rise in prices which is in marked contrast with neighboring Belgium's deliberate lowering of her price level. Inflation has for months seemed to be an imminent possibility.

None of these difficulties is insurmountable, and together they do not constitute a serious threat to the currency—provided that the French public gains confidence and a sense of direction. If the adjustments of the first few post-war years can be satisfactorily accomplished the valuation of Dec., 1945, may appear too low.

Ultimately, the strength of a currency is in the vitality of a nation's economic life; and France seems to be regaining that vitality after years of economic inertia.

NEWS OF THE MINES

Mine Officials Hope Improvement in Labor Situation Will Last

By JOHN M. GRANT

IS THE long-awaited improvement in the labor situation at the mines a reality? Heads of the mines are hoping so and that the turn for the better experienced this fall will become permanent. The hope long held that the end of hostilities would quickly make available an adequate supply of labor for the mining industry has not been realized, in fact earlier this year the situation further deteriorated until it was even worse than during the war. Signs of a definite change became apparent in September and October, with the Little Long Lac camp one of the first to benefit. With the harvest in and the first snow on the ground manpower commenced to arrive from the prairies. Men there had to be turned away as insufficient older men were available to take care of their training.

The influx of labor then spread eastward and it was not long before the improvement in northwestern Ontario was also reported from Porcupine, Kirkland Lake and northwestern Quebec mines. While the army of newcomers was largely from western Canada, the mines reported some coming from farming and industrial areas in southern Ontario and Quebec. In the Red Lake and Pickle Crow fields a further addition of labor is anticipated when the contractors on the Red Lake road commence laying off men early next year. A satisfactory improvement is reported from the Malartic district, but the marked gain in this camp had not at last report reached some of the other camps, such as Val d'Or. While most of the new workers are unskilled in mine work they are stated to be of a type likely to learn quickly. Various mining officials anticipate a continued improvement in the labor picture during the winter.

•

One improvement in regard to the labor situation was noted by W. P. Mackle, manager, in the recent annual report of Cochenour Willans Gold Mines, and that was the quality. However, the attitude, he adds, still remains of a "big day's pay for as little work as possible," and until this attitude is changed the industry as a whole is faced with a difficult problem. Mr. Mackle also points out that there is also strong evidence that mining is unattractive to labor despite the inducements of high wages and good living conditions, along with steady employment. "I am strongly inclined

(*Continued on Page* 55)

C.A.B. APPOINTMENT

G. DOUGLAS SCOTT

The appointment of G. D. Scott as Director of Broadcast Advertising has been announced by the Board of Directors of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters. Mr. Scott was formerly in charge of all advertising for the E.B. Eddy Company and at present is Account Executive with Cockfield Brown and Co. Ltd. He takes over his new duties January 1st.

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Notice of Preferred Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One and Three-Quarters per cent (1¾%) has been declared on the Preferred Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1946, payable 15th January, 1947, to shareholders of record 16th December, 1946.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 20th, 1946.

TEXTILE DOMINION CO·LTD

Dominion Textile Co. Limited

Notice of Common Stock Dividend

A DIVIDEND of One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25) per share, has been declared on the Common Stock of DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY, Limited, for the quarter ending 31st December, 1946, payable 2nd January, 1947, to shareholders of record 5th December, 1946.

By order of the Board,
L. P. WEBSTER,
Secretary.

Montreal, November 20th, 1946.

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Admitted Assets $5,833,185.28
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Write for Financial Statement

Head Office WAWANESA Man. — Eastern Office TORONTO Ont.

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IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

72nd ANNUAL STATEMENT

Year Ending October 31st, 1946

ASSETS

Deposits with and Notes of Bank of Canada	$ 37,787,472.56
Notes of and Cheques on Other Banks	16,736,146.09
Other Cash and Deposits	8,415,475.06
Government and Municipal Securities (not exceeding market value)	207,661,350.80
Other Bonds and Stocks (not exceeding market value)	7,949,602.21
Call Loans (secured)	7,284,417.55
TOTAL QUICK ASSETS	$285,834,464.27
Commercial and Other Loans (after full provision for bad and doubtful debts)	107,015,891.55
Liabilities of Customers under Acceptances and Letters of Credit (as per contra)	4,955,623.17
Bank Premises	5,620,729.89
Other Assets	123,709.80
	$403,550,418.68

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$381,282,345.22
Notes in Circulation	995,312.50
Acceptances and Letters of Credit Outstanding	4,955,623.17
TOTAL LIABILITIES TO THE PUBLIC	$387,233,280.89
Dividends due Shareholders	176,131.49
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits	16,141,006.30
	$403,550,418.68

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W. G. MORE, *General Manager.*

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ASSETS OVER $12,000,000.00

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

D. S. E., Toronto, Ont.— To provide access to ore disclosed at depth by diamond drilling, ARNTFIELD MINING CORP., a former gold producer in the Rouyn district of Quebec, is sinking a winze from the 1,075-foot level. The winze, approximately 200 feet northeast of the main shaft, is being put down 500 feet to establish five new levels and has progressed 235 feet with two levels cut. Sinking has been temporarily stopped while development is carried out on these horizons, but, is likely to be resumed in two or three weeks. On the new 11th level a length of 50 feet of good grade ore has been opened in drifting east and west. The first 35 feet averaged $14.35 across a width of 4.3 feet, and the balance is expected to be about the same grade. The crosscut on the 12th horizon is close to where a diamond drill intersection showed $8.05 across 18 feet. The drilling last spring from the 1,075-foot level was to a vertical depth of 200 feet. Seven holes obtained ore intersections and indicated an average value of $9.10 per ton over an average width of 8.8 feet for a length of 300 feet. I understand plans call for hoisting 300 tons of ore per day when production is resumed, but re-equipping of the mill is not expected until the shaft is completed.

G.F.B., Windsor, Ont.—BRANTFORD CORDAGE CO., LTD., for the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, has reported net profit of $128,192, equivalent after preferred dividends to $1.06 a share on the common stock. In the previous year net was $112,347, or 86 cents a share on the common. Operating profits after providing $13,512 for depreciation were up from $168,739 a year ago to $185,530 and reserve for taxes was $10,000 higher at $80,000. Working capital of $2,037,677 at Aug. 31, 1946, compares with $1,990,735 at Aug. 31, 1945. As was the case in the two previous years, the net profit is considerably below standard profits, states W. M. Messecar, president. During the year, fibre for binder twine has been supplied by the government on a subsidized basis, with the selling price of the finished product also frozen by the government at 1941 levels. It is not known at present how long this condition will continue.

R. H., Forest, Ont. — SANTA FE GOLD MINES continues idle and I have heard of no plans for resumption of operations. The company took over the former British Canadian Mines property and added several adjoining claims. The property consisted of 778 acres, six miles south of Mine Centre, Rainy River district, Northwestern Ontario. However, I am unaware as to whether the company still holds all this ground, the Ontario Department of Mines having reopened for restaking last spring, 365 acres held by the company on account of non-payment of taxes. The property was developed by two shafts, one to 550 feet, and lateral work carried out on several levels. Some ore was developed, but I understand the former operation was not a profitable one.

H.N., Alliston, Ont.—The UNITED FARMERS COOPERATIVE CO., LTD., has completed its 33rd year in business, and reports a volume in excess of last year. Volume, including the livestock commission sales, is $24,930,911.46. The net savings for the year amount to $308,910.08. This is a new record for the company, and makes possible increased patronage refunds to the members. The capital and surplus accounts have also shown increases, and interest cheques totalling $36,295.75, have been mailed to the shareholders. Before arriving at the earnings for the year, $33,689.87 has been set aside for depreciation on fixed assets, and $40,000 for Dominion Government income taxes. The company's liquid position has increased by over $155,000, and now stands at $570,394.39.

F. A. W., Ottawa, Ont.—Yes, it is correct that BIG MISSOURI MINES CORP. has acquired a group of 14 claims in the Yellowknife area. The claims are known as the Strikeline and are held under option. While this deal indicated that the company was again becoming active I have no information as to whether any exploration is being carried out. At last report Big Missouri had approximately $37,000 in its treasury. It still retains a 40% interest in Buena Vista Mining, which holds the old Big Missouri mine in British Columbia, which as you are undoubtedly aware was abandoned.

C.J.F., Hamilton, Ont.—CONSUMERS GLASS CO. LTD., reports net profit for the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, at $750,254, equal to $2.35 a share, compared with $635,356 or $1.99 in the previous 12 months. Taxes, excluding refundables of 29,687 against $34,842. Included in net profit were $697,680, compared with $539,713. Surplus forward was $1,809,775, against $1,728,348. Working capital was $2,367,906, compared with $2,259,711.

W. W., Montreal, Que. — If your HUTCHISON LAKE GOLD MINES shares are registered in your name you should have been advised last June of a special general meeting of shareholders. At this meeting approval was given to an agreement which provided for the incorporation of a new company and the securing of finances to give the property in the Thunder Bay district of Ontario a new test. MAYLAC GOLD MINES is the new company formed to take over the prop-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Coal is Strategic!

BY HARUSPEX

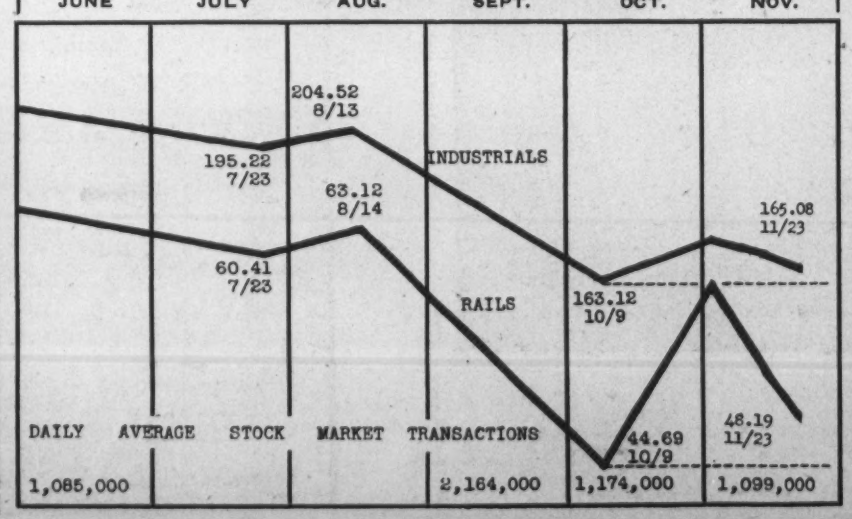
THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR N.Y. MARKET TREND: Downside penetration of February 1946 low points by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages confirms a primary downtrend as under way, duration and extent indeterminate.

THE INTERMEDIATE TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average.

Following the August-September decline, the N.Y. stock market which dominates Canadian prices, as reflected by the two Dow-Jones averages, has moved in a more or less sidewise direction. This trading range, now some two and one-half months old, represents the usual pause, after culmination of a sharp swing, during which the market slowly reappraises the outlook prior to further decisive movement. In the current instance, it is apparent that the market's decline has overdiscounted any downswing, to date, in the business line, thereby suggesting that the normal course for the market would be (1) further irregular sidewise action similar to the October pattern as the business line, in due course, moves off or (2) intermediate market rally of fair proportions, taking the level of stock prices up to the business line. Such intermediate uptrend would be disclosed by closes in both averages at or above 176.95 and 52.23.

If, at the present time, however, the coal srtike is not promptly settled, and, instead, this industry enters a protracted shutdown, the above picture will be altered. Coal is strategic, affecting activity in other key industries, such as steel. A long drawn out coal strike could sufficiently affect operations of industry as a whole as to cause a more immediate drop in general production than seems otherwise probable. In such event, the spread between the stop price line and business would be narrowed or eliminated, thereby opening up the market to possible downward discounting of what may happen to the business line in 1947 as economic readjustment proceeds. While a protracted shutdown in coal operations seems improbable, there can be little certainty on the subject.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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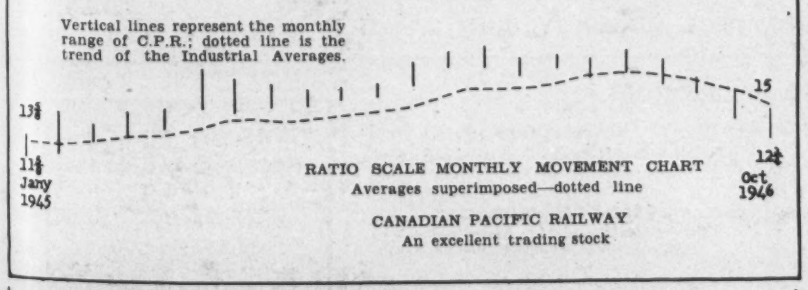
GROUP "C"—Speculations — 3. UNATTRACTIVE

A stock rated Favorable or Neutral-Plus has considerably more attraction than those with a lower rating, but it is imperative that purchases be made, even of stocks with favorable ratings, with due regard to timing, because few stocks will go against the trend of the Averages.

The Investment Index is the average yield of all stocks expressed as a percentage of the yield of any stock, thus showing at a glance the relative investment value placed on it by the "bloodless verdict of the market-place."

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

				Averages	C.P.R.
PRICE 31 Oct. 46	—	$14.00			
YIELD	—	8.9%	Last 1 month	Down 1.7%	Down 5.1%
INVESTMENT INDEX	—	49	Last 12 months	Up 7.1%	Down 25.5%
GROUP	—	"B"	1942-1946 range	Up 160.0%	Up 390.0%
Factors	—	Neutral	1946 decline	Down 18.9%	Down 48.9%



SUMMARY: On account of the wide price swings of C.P.R. the small ratio scale chart has been used to show its movements over the past 22 months.

In the last analysis issued on Canadian Pacific Railway it was stated that "as long as the current bull market continues, C.P.R. can be expected to give a good account of itself, but on secondary reactions readers should anticipate more than average sell-off." We believe the figures and chart above will bear out this statement.

Early in 1945 the Investment Index was around 80 and has gradually declined until today it is below 50, casting considerable doubt on the ability of the company to continue dividends at the current rate of $1.25 per annum paid in 1945 and 1946.

Investors in U.S. railroad stocks know the wide trading ranges of many of these issues. As a matter of fact, the Dow Jones rail averages have advanced some 20% from the year's low point as against about 5% for the industrial averages.

C.P.R. affords an excellent trading medium for Canadians and will doubtless be on the selected list of many who acquire stocks of high relative velocity when the general market appears to be in a buying zone. Its very broad international market makes it most attractive from the trader's standpoint.

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To assist investors in the selection of securities most suitable to their individual requirements, the services of our organization are always available.

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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

D. S. E., Toronto, Ont.— To provide access to ore disclosed at depth by diamond drilling, ARNTFIELD MINING CORP., a former gold producer in the Rouyn district of Quebec, is sinking a winze from the 1,075-foot level. The winze, approximately 200 feet northeast of the main shaft, is being put down 500 feet to establish five new levels and has progressed 235 feet with two levels cut. Sinking has been temporarily stopped while development is carried out on these horizons, but, is likely to be resumed in two or three weeks. On the new 11th level a length of 50 feet of good grade ore has been opened in drifting east and west. The first 35 feet averaged $14.35 across a width of 4.3 feet, and the balance is expected to be about the same grade. The crosscut on the 12th horizon is close to where a diamond drill intersection showed $8.05 across 18 feet. The drilling last spring from the 1,075-foot level was to a vertical depth of 200 feet. Seven holes obtained ore intersections and indicated an average value of $9.10 per ton over an average width of 8.8 feet for a length of 300 feet. I understand plans call for hoisting 300 tons of ore per day when production is resumed, but re-equipping of the mill is not expected until the shaft is completed.

G.F.B., Windsor, Ont.—BRANTFORD CORDAGE CO., LTD., for the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, has reported net profit of $128,192, equivalent after preferred dividends to $1.06 a share on the common stock. In the previous year net was $112,347, or 86 cents a share on the common. Operating profits after providing $13,512 for depreciation were up from $168,739 a year ago to $185,530 and reserve for taxes was $10,000 higher at $80,000. Working capital of $2,037,677 at Aug. 31, 1946, compares with $1,990,735 at Aug. 31, 1945. As was the case in the two previous years, the net profit is considerably below standard profits, states W. M. Messecar, president. During the year, fibre for binder twine has been supplied by the government on a subsidized basis, with the selling price of the finished product also frozen by the government at 1941 levels. It is not known at present how long this condition will continue.

R. H., Forest, Ont. — SANTA FE GOLD MINES continues idle and I have heard of no plans for resumption of operations. The company took over the former British Canadian Mines property and added several adjoining claims. The property consisted of 778 acres, six miles south of Mine Centre, Rainy River district, Northwestern Ontario. However, I am unaware as to whether the company still holds all this ground, the Ontario Department of Mines having reopened for restaking last spring, 365 acres held by the company on account of non-payment of taxes. The property was developed by two shafts, one to 550 feet, and lateral work carried out on several levels. Some ore was developed, but I understand the former operation was not a profitable one.

H.N., Alliston, Ont.—The UNITED FARMERS COOPERATIVE CO., LTD., has completed its 33rd year in business, and reports a volume in excess of last year. Volume, including the livestock commission sales, is $24,930,911.46. The net savings for the year amount to $308,910.08. This is a new record for the company, and makes possible increased patronage refunds to the members. The capital and surplus accounts have also shown increases, and interest cheques totalling $36,295.75, have been mailed to the shareholders. Before arriving at the earnings for the year, $33,689.87 has been set aside for depreciation on fixed assets, and $40,000 for Dominion Government income taxes. The company's liquid position has increased by over $155,000, and now stands at $570,394.39.

F. A. W., Ottawa, Ont.—Yes, it is correct that BIG MISSOURI MINES CORP. has acquired a group of 14 claims in the Yellowknife area. The claims are known as the Strikeline and are held under option. While this deal indicated that the company was again becoming active I have no information as to whether any exploration is being carried out. At last report Big Missouri had approximately $37,000 in its treasury. It still retains a 40% interest in Buena Vista Mining, which holds the old Big Missouri mine in British Columbia, which as you are undoubtedly aware was abandoned.

C.J.F., Hamilton, Ont.—CONSUMERS GLASS CO. LTD., reports net profit for the year ended Aug. 31, 1946, at $750,254, equal to $2.35 a share, compared with $635,356 or $1.99 in the previous 12 months. Taxes, excluding refundables of 29,-687 against $34,842. Included in net profit were $697,680, compared with $539,713. Surplus forward was $1,-809,775, against $1,728,348. Working capital was $2,367,906, compared with $2,259,711.

W. W., Montreal, Que. — If your HUTCHISON LAKE GOLD MINES shares are registered in your name you should have been advised last June of a special general meeting of shareholders. At this meeting approval was given to an agreement which provided for the incorporation of a new company and the securing of finances to give the property in the Thunder Bay district of Ontario a new test. MAYLAC GOLD MINES is the new company formed to take over the prop-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

Coal is Strategic!

BY HARUSPEX

THE ONE TO TWO-YEAR N.Y. MARKET TREND: Downside penetration of February 1946 low points by both the Dow-Jones railroad and industrial averages confirms a primary downtrend as under way, duration and extent indeterminate.

THE INTERMEDIATE TREND of the market is to be classed as downward from the May-June high points of 212.50 on the Dow-Jones industrial average, 68.31 on the rail average.

Following the August-September decline, the N.Y. stock market which dominates Canadian prices, as reflected by the two Dow-Jones averages, has moved in a more or less sidewise direction. This trading range, now some two and one-half months old, represents the usual pause, after culmination of a sharp swing, during which the market slowly reappraises the outlook prior to further decisive movement. In the current instance, it is apparent that the market's decline has overdiscounted any downswing, to date, in the business line, thereby suggesting that the normal course for the market would be (1) further irregular sidewise action similar to the October pattern as the business line, in due course, moves off or (2) intermediate market rally of fair proportions, taking the level of stock prices up to the business line. Such intermediate uptrend would be disclosed by closes in both averages at or above 176.95 and 52.23.

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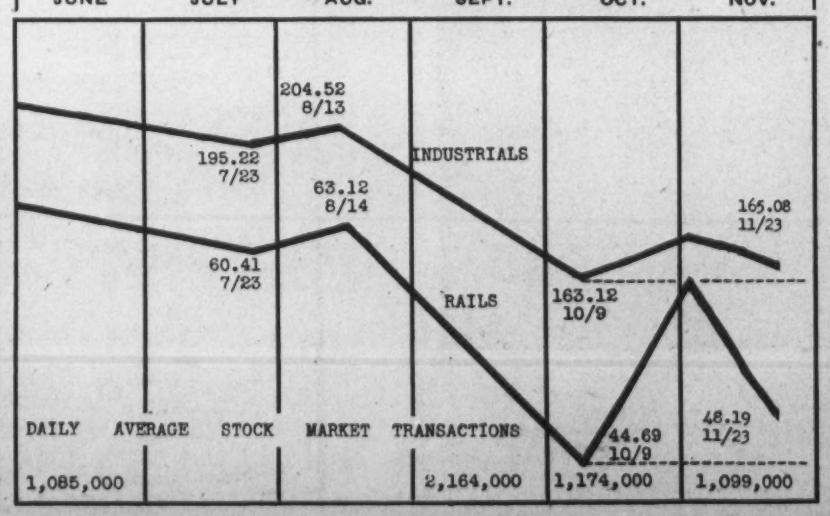

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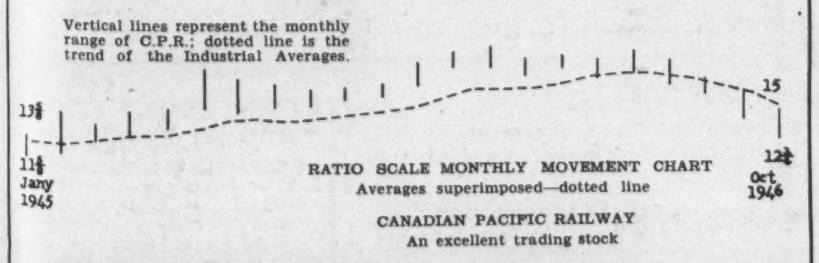
INVESTMENT INDEX	—	49	Last 12 months	Up	7.1%	Down	25.5%
GROUP	—	"B"	1942-1946 range	Up	160.0%	Up	390.0%
Factors	—	Neutral	1946 decline	Down	18.9%	Down	48.9%



SUMMARY: On account of the wide price swings of C.P.R. the small ratio scale chart has been used to show its movements over the past 22 months.

In the last analysis issued on Canadian Pacific Railway it was stated that "as long as the current bull market continues, C.P.R. can be expected to give a good account of itself, but on secondary reactions readers should anticipate more than average sell-off." We believe the figures and chart above will bear out this statement.

Early in 1945 the Investment Index was around 80 and has gradually declined until today it is below 50, casting considerable doubt on the ability of the company to continue dividends at the current rate of $1.25 per annum paid in 1945 and 1946.

Investors in U.S. railroad stocks know the wide trading ranges of many of these issues. As a matter of fact, the Dow Jones rail averages have advanced some 20% from the year's low point as against about 5% for the industrial averages.

C.P.R. affords an excellent trading medium for Canadians and will doubtless be on the selected list of many who acquire stocks of high relative velocity when the general market appears to be in a buying zone. Its very broad international market makes it most attractive from the trader's standpoint.

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ABOUT INSURANCE

Proposals for Revision of Canadian Insurance Law Now Under Study

By GEORGE GILBERT

Regarding its desirability as having been clearly established, the Association of Provincial Superintendents of Insurance has undertaken a revision of the Insurance Acts of the Provinces, not only with respect to the administrative law provisions but also with respect to the contract law provisions as they relate to all classes of insurance except life and marine.

An interim report has been made by a sub-committee appointed to deal with the subject and composed of representatives of both the Superintendents' Association and of the insurance industry.

IT has been recognized for some time that there should be a substantial revision of our insurance law, both administrative and contractual, especially the law relating to classes of insurance other than life. With this object in mind, the Association of Superintendents of Insurance of the Provinces of Canada appointed a special committee under the name of Insurance Law Revision Committee, with instructions to prepare draft legislation and also draw up a statement indicating the necessity for such revision, etc. The committee was further instructed to confer with representative groups interested in such revision and, where deemed desirable, that such groups be requested to name committees to confer with the Association's committee.

As a result, a sub-committee of the Insurance Law Revision Committee was set up composed of R. B. Whitehead, K.C., Ontario Supt. of Insurance, Georges Lafrance, Quebec Supt. of Insurance, and the following representatives of the insurance industry: R. L. Jones, H. D. McNairn, K.C., William Spry, Wilson E. McLean, K.C., and A. Leslie Ham. At this year's annual conference of the Association, the sub-committee presented an interim report, and it was decided that this report should be circulated amongst all organizations representative of the insuring public and of the insurance business for their consideration and comment.

Country-wide Problem

Although the committee derives its authority from Provincial sources, it points out in the report that the problem cannot be considered solely from the Provincial point of view, and that if the revision is to achieve one of its main objectives—simplification— it must take into account the existing practices of the Dominion Insurance Department. In this connection, it is stated that through a sub-committee the committee has had conversations with the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance, and that "it seems correct to say that he is not unsympathetic to the objective in question."

It is also noted in the report that, in so far as contract law provisions are concerned, legislation in the Province of Quebec has been based largely upon the civil law as distinguished from the legislation of the other eight Provinces which is primarily based upon the common law. While admitting the desirability of uniformity with Quebec, the report points out that the fundamental difference of approach cannot be ignored, and the committee has accordingly directed its attention primarily to the contract law of the eight common law Provinces.

With respect to the statutory conditions in fire insurance policies, the report says that the committee found that in many respects they were obsolete and required a thorough overhauling. But before going further into this matter, the committee considered the larger aspects of the problem—the desirability or otherwise of continuing this partial control of certain classes of policies and the advisability of the extension of this control to additional classes.

As pointed out in the report, the situation at the present time is anomalous, as a very large proportion of all fire policies now include additional perils in their coverage, usually by way of what is known as a Supplemental Contract, while often a fire policy is replaced by an inland marine policy of the "all risk" or multi-peril type, covering against fire as well as other risks. While under certain of these policies the fire coverage is subject to the Statutory Conditions, the report points out that there is a legal doubt in the case of certain types of policy and that a few types are not so subject, while the remainder of the contract is free of all control.

It is noted that there has been a complete change in the situation since the Statutory Conditions were enacted, and the question now is why in view of the widespread issue of "all risk" and multi-peril policies only certain perils should be subject to statutory control. While admitting that it might be feasible to rewrite the present Statutory Conditions as applying to named perils such as fire, etc., and to recommend Statutory Conditions for new perils, the practical difficulties in the way were such that the committee gave up the idea of developing Statutory Conditions for named perils. The alternative of developing Statutory Conditions for types of policy was also regarded by the committee as a move in the wrong direction.

Instead, the committee turned away from the idea of any attempt at rigid control of selected perils or contracts and recommended a general control of all contracts, "the principle underlying this control to be freedom to all parties providing the insured is adequately put on caution in respect to conditions which might either void or curtail the prima facie insurance payable."

Basic Principles

It was the view of the committee that certain basic principles such as good faith, contribution, indemnity, etc., might be included in the substantive law in the general interest of all, and these matters would not then be subject to variation in the individual policy contract. With regard to policies insuring against special liability imposed by statute, for example, with respect to automobiles and automobile drivers, the committee recognizes that special provisions may be necessary to guard against the possibility that the indemnity may be less than the prescribed minimum or otherwise fall short of the statutory requirements.

It is the opinion of the committee that, apart from these special cases and the safeguards which exist under present circumstances, if provision were made whereby the Superintendent of Insurance could prohibit or modify unfair contracts or clauses or ones otherwise not in the public interest, there could be no question of the protection of the insured. The committee believes that such provision would be much more effective than existing legislation.

According to the report, it is the intention in the revision to regulate all insurance contracts in accordance with the following classification: 1. Property insurance, e.g., fire, theft, inland marine, etc. 2. Liability insurance, e.g. automobile (part only), products, contractors, owners and tenants, comprehensive, etc. liability. 3. Marine insurance. 4. Insurance of the person—(i) Life, (ii) Accident and Sickness. 5. Suretyship.

With regard to the suggestion that the proposed revision will result in the existing case law or much of it, ceasing to be of value the report says that this would appear to be an unwarrantable conclusion.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to be advised as to the financial position of a company called The American Farmers Insurance Company, with Head Office at Phoenix, Arizona, as far as our Canadian policyholders are concerned. Is it regularly licensed here and has it a government deposit at Ottawa. This company claims they have the lowest rates in the world for Sickness & Accident policies. The company is rated as A-(excellent) by Dunne's insurance report.

—M.C.F., Sydney, N.S.

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K. M. PRINGLE, President, Dominion Securities Corporation Limited
G. STUBINGTON, Vice-President and Managing Director
KENNETH THOM, General Manager of the Company
HENRY J. WYATT, Director, Marine Midland Trust Co. of N.Y.

FINANCIAL POSITION DECEMBER 31, 1945

Assets $8,993,461.00
Liabilities to the Public $4,755,524.00
Capital $750,000.00
Surplus above Capital $3,487,937.00
Losses paid since organization $87,768,985.00

Head Office — TORONTO
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Company, with head office at Phoenix, Arizona, is not licensed in Canada and has no deposit with the government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders. Accordingly in case of a claim payment could not be enforced in the local courts; the claimant would have to go to Arizona to try to collect, which would put him virtually at the mercy of the unlicensed company so far as getting his money is concerned. It pays to insure only with companies licensed to do business in this country and which have a deposit with the Government here for the protection of Canadian policyholders. In that event payment of any valid claim can be enforced in the local courts if necessary. This company is the one against which a warning was issued on November 14 by Ontario Superintendent of Insurance R. B. Whitehead, K.C., as it appears that this company is attempting to circumvent the provisions of The Insurance Act by advertising in Ontario newspapers for representatives to be known as "membership counsellors." As he pointed out, it is an offense under the Act for a person to act on behalf of or as agent of an insurer not licensed under the Act or to receive any remuneration for so doing.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 51)

toward the belief that there are not available in the ranks of labor many men of a suitable type who are willing to accept underground work," he adds.

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The question of labor was to the fore at the annual meeting of the Western branch of the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy, at Vancouver, where R. J. Ennis, president, suggested that "the answer to labor is to mechanize mines 100 per cent and so cut labor costs," and Hon. R. C. MacDonald, B. C. Minister of mines, blamed irresponsible labor leaders for heavy losses in British Columbia's mining industry. R. J. Ennis, who is vice-president and general manager of McIntyre Porcupine Mines, had praise for new developments in the industry, pointing out that mining is always in a state of improvement. "At present, the trend is toward mechanization as a means of combatting the 'gimme-gimme-do-littles' who lead labor into the spiral of wages and prices now existent" he said. Unless labor will give a definite undertaking to deliver "value received" for the increases it is demanding, Mr. Ennis claimed, innumerable marginal mines will have to cease operating, and may never be reopened. He pointed out that 27,000,000 tons of ore in Ontario and Quebec, which is now of commercial value, would be left in the ground to become complete waste.

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Shares of three more mining companies have been listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. They are Chimo Gold Mines, Cheskirk Mines and Winchester Larder Mines. Chimo Gold Mines authorized capitalization is 3,500,000 shares of which 1,835,086 shares are issued. Property is held in Vauquelin and Louvicourt townships, Quebec, and adjoining Osulake Mines, in the O'Sullivan Lake area, northwestern Ontario. Diamond drilling on the 1,000 acre property in Vauquelin township has established a gold-bearing zone 800 feet long. The zone is open at both ends and continues strongly to the west where the latest diamond drill hole, No. 34, returned an average assay of $17.17 per ton, across the width of ten feet. Visible gold has been noted in the majority of the holes. Consideration has been given to putting down a shaft to permit bulk sampling and determination of the average grade for the zone, which shows gold across widths ranging from 20 to 60 feet, but before this is done further drilling is planned to extend the knowledge of the zone and test other known ore possibilities. The company is well financed for the proposed work reporting over $122,000 in the bank at the end of September.

•

Of the other new listings, Cheskirk Mines is capitalized at 3,000,000 shares of which 2,000,005 are issued. The company owns 173 acres in Rouyn township, Quebec, adjoining Osisko Lake Mining Company on the south. Considerable diamond drilling was carried out last year, a large part from the ice of Osisko Lake, and this work showed a well-mineralized shearing in rhyolite rocks. Three holes, covering a length along the shear of 400 feet, gave gold values across widths up to 22.5 feet. Further drilling will be done here as soon as ice conditions permit. Diamond drilling is scheduled to start this month on a shear zone, with quartz stringers in diorite, disclosed by rock excavation for street widening in the town. The company has $40,000 in its treasury.

•

Winchester Larder Mines has an authorized capitalization of 3,000,000 shares of which 1,887,006 are issued. The property consists of 13 claims in one group in McGarry and McVittie townships, Larder Lake area. A diamond drilling campaign has commenced to test a recently discovered surface showing. The zone is reported to have been traced for a distance of 1,000 feet and a strong shearing is in evidence with carbonization in places. The company is reported to have about $70,000 in its treasury for the exploration program.

•

With completion of the station at the fifth level, expected by the end of this month, Rouyn Merger Gold Mines, about nine miles east of Noranda, plans to suspend further sinking and carry out lateral work on the third, fourth and fifth levels. Sinking of the shaft, scheduled to go to a vertical depth of 1,300 feet, will be resumed next year. Approximately 150 feet of crosscutting will be required to

(*Continued on Page* 56)

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BREWERIES LIMITED
DIVIDEND NOTICE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Year-end Dividend (No. 70) of 25 cents per share on the No Par Value Common shares of the Company, issued and outstanding, has been declared payable on the 26th day of December, 1946, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 27th day of November, 1946.
By Order of the Board,
I. N. WILSON,
Comptroller.
CALGARY, Alberta,
November 19th, 1946.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited
DIVIDEND NUMBER 390
A dividend of 7c per share has been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 30th day of December, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 2nd day of December, 1946.
DATED the 22nd day of November, 1946.
P. C. FINLAY,
Secretary.

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND
Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited
NOTICE is hereby given that a regular quarterly dividend of Twenty Cents (20c) per share plus an extra dividend of Five Cents (5c) per share has been declared for the quarter ending December 31st, 1946, on all issued common shares of the Company, payable on Saturday the 21st day of December, 1946, to shareholders of record at the close of business on Saturday, the 7th of December, 1946.
By order of the Board.
N. G. BARROW,
Secretary.
TORONTO, November 19th, 1946.

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"THE SAFETY-MINDED COMPANY"

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE • TORONTO

STATEMENT AS AT 31st OCTOBER, 1946

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from Banks and Bankers		$ 182,087,592.17
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks		37,421,893.97
Government and other Public Securities	Not exceeding market value	848,675,488.91
Other Bonds and Stocks	Not exceeding market value	24,787,677.28
Call and Short Loans (Security held of sufficient marketable value to cover)		23,550,763.63
Total Quick Assets (80.99% of Total Liabilities to the Public)		$1,116,523,415.96
Loans and Discounts (After full provision for bad and doubtful debts)		271,239,460.94
Acceptances and Letters of Credit for Customers (See below)		34,082,961.04
Bank Premises		15,210,047.89
Deposit in Circulation Fund, held by Dominion Government		300,000.00
Other Assets (including refundable portion of Dominion Government taxes amounting to $273,529.05)		4,225,843.09
Total Assets		$1,441,581,728.92

LIABILITIES

Notes in Circulation	$ 4,586,330.57
Deposits	1,338,291,444.05
Acceptances and Letters of Credit (See Above)	34,082,961.04
Other Liabilities	1,640,419.98
Total Liabilities to the Public	$1,378,601,155.64
Capital Paid Up	30,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	30,000,000.00
Dividends declared and unpaid	620,991.49
Balance of Profit as per Profit and Loss Account	2,359,581.79
Total Liabilities	$1,441,581,728.92

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT
Year Ended 31st October, 1946

Profits for the year ended 31st October, 1946, before Dominion Government taxes but after appropriations to Contingent Reserves, out of which full provision has been made for bad and doubtful debts		$5,153,578.04
Less:		
Provision for Dominion Government taxes (of which $24,257.00 is refundable under the provisions of The Excess Profits Tax Act)	$1,550,891.95	
Depreciation on Bank Premises	751,446.53	2,302,338.48
Net Profits after the foregoing deductions		$2,851,239.56
Dividends		2,250,000.00
Amount carried forward		$ 601,239.56
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1945		1,758,342.23
Balance Profit and Loss Account 31st October, 1946		$2,359,581.79

A. E. ARSCOTT, *President*
S. M. WEDD, *General Manager*

Company Reports

Can. Bank of Commerce

THE financial statement of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at the close of its fiscal year, Oct. 31, shows record assets of $1,441,582,000, an increase of $157,000,000 over those of the previous year.

Quick assets total $1,116,523,000, as compared with $1,022,474,000 in 1945, and represent 81 per cent of total liabilities to the public.

Current loans and discounts in Canada rose by nearly $51,000,000 to $238,000,000. Those outside Canada stand at $27,325,000, as against $24,128,000 a year ago.

Of the bank's liabilities, total deposits advanced to the record level of $1,138,000,000 from $1,203,000,000 last year.

The amount of $10,000,000, which was transferred from the reserve fund in 1933 for possible contingencies at that time, has been restored to the reserve fund, bringing it back to its former amount of $30,000,000.

Profits on the year's operations amounted to $5,153,578 before the deduction of $1,550,892 for Dominion Government taxes but after appropriations to contingent reserves, out of which full provision was made for bad and doubtful debts. Deductions for the above-mentioned taxes and depreciation of $751,446 on bank premises, leave net profits of $2,851,239. After the distribution of dividends amounting to $2,250,000 (at a rate of 6 per cent from November, 1945, to February, 1946, and 8 per cent thereafter), $601,239 was carried forward, which, with $1,758,342 in last year's profit and loss account, left a balance of $2,359,581.

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Bank of Montreal

REVEALING increases in practically every department of its operations, the Bank of Montreal's statement for the year ended Oct. 31, 1946, reports deposits of nearly one and three-quarter billion dollars and assets at a record level. The record deposit figures were paralleled by an increase in total resources of the bank to a new high of $1,843,000,000.

The statement, which is the 129th report of the bank, reflects the continuance of a highly liquid position, with the percentage of quickly available resources to public liabilities at 85.35 per cent.

A substantial increase in loans indicates a heightened activity in business generally, reflecting the transition from wartime to peacetime pursuits.

The increase in commercial and other loans was $81,000,000 during the year, to bring the total to $301,000,000. Call loans were down slightly at $59,000,000.

The statement shows profits after taxes at $4,487,782, as compared with $2,934,681 last year. This represents a return of 5.66 per cent on the shareholders' equity, as compared with 3.72 per cent for 1945 and 3.45 per cent for 1944.

After dividend payments, an amount of $1,067,782 was added to the balance of $3,188,502 in profit and loss, bringing the balance in this account to $4,256,285. From this, a transfer of $3,000,000 was made to rest or reserve fund—the first increase in the reserve fund since 1936, when it was increased by $1,000,000. Thus, the balance in profit and loss carried forward stands at $1,256,285.

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Imperial Bank of Canada

THE financial statement of the Imperial Bank of Canada for the year ended Oct. 31, 1946, shows substantial increases in deposits by the public, a big gain in commercial loans, an overall increase of $24 million in assets to a new high in the bank's history at $403.6 million, and a moderate growth in profits.

Profit and Loss Account
Years ended Oct. 31:

	1946	1945
Net Profits	$ 940,096	$ 915,420
xDividends	700,000	560,000
Written off bank premises	222,797	213,976
Year's surplus	17,299	141,444
Previous surplus	1,123,707	982,262
Carried forward	1,141,006	1,123,706

x—Earned on common after bank premises writeoff: $10.25 in 1946 and $10.02 a share in 1945.

Investment securities increased and indicate a shift from shorter to longer term. There is an increase of nearly $24,000,000 in current loans. These loans reflect the activity in postwar business and now total $105,688,527.

Cash and its equivalent, including deposits with the Bank of Canada, total $38,474,918, and is 10 per cent of the total liabilities to the public. The quickly realizable assets are 75 per cent of the total liabilities to the public.

Interest-bearing deposits by the public have increased more than $35,000,000.

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News of the Mines

(*Continued from Page* 55)

reach the main ore zone on the fourth horizon, but a surface drill hole showed 20.5 feet of better than $10 grade about 30 feet from the shaft location on the fifth level. Two flat drill holes recently drilled from the station at the fourth level (650-foot) suggested expanded ore possibilities. The intersections obtained in the main zone show the orebody extending up higher than was indicated by the surface drilling.

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A total of 4,440,000 tons of ore, averaging 1.19% nickel and 0.59% copper, to a depth of approximately 1,000 feet, has been indicated by diamond drilling in the "A," "B" and "E" orebodies at the Lynn Lake property of Sherritt Gordon Mines, in Northern Manitoba, it is officially reported. A considerable further extension to depth may be anticipated as all ore bodies are said to be still going strong at that depth. Diamond drilling is continuing, with two drills extending the "E" orebody and two others exploring the new orebodies. Preparations are being made for underground development of the "A" and "B" orebodies next year. A large block of claims was staked during the third quarter of the current year to cover a new body of nickelbearing rock, which was located to the south of the original stakings. A fairly large block of claims was staked around an encouraging gold discovery some 20 miles to the east-southeast of Lynn Lake. At the company's main operation, at Sherridon, the supply of underground labor reached an all-time low during the third quarter, with a resultant reduction in the tonnage treated. Realized profit, before write-offs, for the third quarter was $186,704 as against $154,409 for the previous three months. For the first nine months the realized profit, before write-offs, was $612,778, against $590,840 in the like period of 1945.

•

Marlon Rouyn Gold Mines, in Rouyn township, Quebec, where the shaft is nearing its objective of 525 feet, expects to commence lateral work on the first two levels any time now. The fourth level station has been cut at 450 feet. It is expected an average distance of about 275 feet will be required to reach the ore on the first two horizons. The shear zone through which the shaft has been put down has been increasing in mineralization at depth, although it has not shown appreciable values. The main zone was probed by diamond drill for a length in excess of 2,000 feet. The property is a short distance north and west of Noranda Mines.

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A two-compartment shaft to a depth of 225 feet and 1,000 feet of lateral work has been recommended for the north showing of Salmita Northwest Mines, in the Mackay-Courageous Lake area, N.W.T., by Dr. A. F. Banfield, consulting geologist. Although results of drilling on the south showing did not come up to expectations, three new gold-bearing veins were discovered, and Dr. Banfield states the "B" vein is responding well under development. Diamond drilling was temporarily discontinued late in September because of climatic conditions, but will be resumed as soon as possible. Operations will be carried on throughout the winter. At least four parallel veins are known to exist on the north showing area, Dr. Banfield states.

•

The shortage of men during August and September slowed up production, exploitation and development work at Stadacona Mines (1944) during the third quarter of 1946, although some improvement in the situation was obtained at the end of September. The grade of ore milled was lower due to the reduction in the number of places worked, the recovered grade being $6.73 per ton. During the period 30,210 tons of ore were treated for a gross production of $202,088, as compared with $233,565 from 32,310 tons in the preceding quarter. Operating costs, before depreciation and provision for taxes, were slightly higher at $5.30 per ton. Net operating profit for the period was $29,653 as against $49,979 and $22,405 in the second and first quarters, respectively.

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Value of production from Ontario's gold mines in the first nine months of 1946 was $49,221,340, an increase of 13.53% over the comparable period last year. During the period 5,387,910 tons of ore were milled, a gain of 19.29%, which contained 1,314,636 ounces of gold and 214,848 ounces of silver. The advance in gold recovery was 16.90% and in silver 10.77%. In September, 41 gold mines treated 575,097 ons of ore and recovered 146,883 ounces of gold and 29,241 ounces of silver, valued at $5,165,102. The grade of ore in September rose to $8.98, but the daily average tonnage handled by the mills at 19,170 was the lowest reported since January.

"Chrislea Ace", four-seater runabout plane, has just undergone tests at a London airport. It will cruise for 300 miles at 110 m.p.h., with 20 miles to the gallon. It is expected to sell for less than £1,000.

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